THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

THE DAY OF SPIRITUAL UNION OF THE FREE PEOPLES

NEVER BEFORE has England officially celebrated America's Independence day; never before have French and Italian cities vied with each other in honoring an American President on America's national birthday; never before have South-American nations adopted that holiday as their own; never before has our own commemoration of the day taken the form of demonstrations of our national unity by scores of races who have made America their home. The day is no longer ours alone, but is to be hereafter, in Hall Caine's phrase, "the Independence day of the world." "The democracy of the world has adopted" our Fourth of July, says the Springfield *Republican*, predicting that July 4, 1918, will stand out in the world's history as marking the cementing of "a brotherhood among many peoples as they have joined to insure the world's safety and progress and freedom." And for us here as well as for the world the day has become significant of a new unity, the same daily remarks, as it recalls the parades in all our great cities, in which Americans of foreign stock proclaimed their undivided allegiance to the Stars and Stripes, to the principles of the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Gettysburg address. The greatest of these parades was, naturally, held in New York where a hundred thousand marchers of forty-two different nationalities tramped all day long up Fifth Avenue. The list of races whose representatives thus "snapt their hyphens" and "tossed away the unworthy pieces" is "encyclopedic," as the New York *Sun* notes, for it included "Albanians, Armenians, Austrians, Belgians, Bohemians, Bolivians, Canadians, Cubans, Chinese, Central Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Finns, Greeks, Germans, Hollanders, Hungarians, Irishmen, Jews, Japanese, Lithuanians, Mexicans, Norwegians, Peruvians, Poles, Portuguese, Russians, Roumanians, Servians, Scotchmen, Swiss, Ukranians, Venezuelans." In Philadelphia an almost equally spectacular parade was accompanied by the signing at Independence Hall of a pledge of allegiance to the country of their adoption by representatives of thirty nationalities.

But the climax of all these celebrations was the pilgrimage of the President of the United States to Mount Vernon, in company with representatives of every group of foreign-born who have been admitted to American citizenship, to place wreaths on the tomb of Washington. The spokesman for the Committee of the Foreign-Born was appropriately a Belgian, who told the President and the country what it meant to them that this year's Independence day should be celebrated as a festival of loyalty on the part of foreign-born American citizens and their sons and daughters. Their allegiance to our flag is no empty form of words, he said, for "when to-morrow the casualty list brings heaviness to some homes and a firm sense of resolution to all, we shall read upon the roll of honor Slavic names, Teutonic names, Latin names, Oriental names, to show that we have sealed our faith with the blood of our best youths."

President Wilson's address in response aimed to make the principles of Washington and Lincoln a world-program to the end that liberty and union may forever be inseparable in the minds of the people of all nations. Our participation in the present war is but the fruitage of what our Revolutionary forefathers planted, according to President Wilson. There can be no compromise, no half-way decision, the President affirmed, when "the Past and the Present are in deadly grapple, and the peoples of the world are being done to death between them." He then restated as follows his conception of the ends for which we and the nations associated with us are fighting:

> "I.—The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world; or, if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least its reduction to virtual impotence.
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> "II.—The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement, or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.
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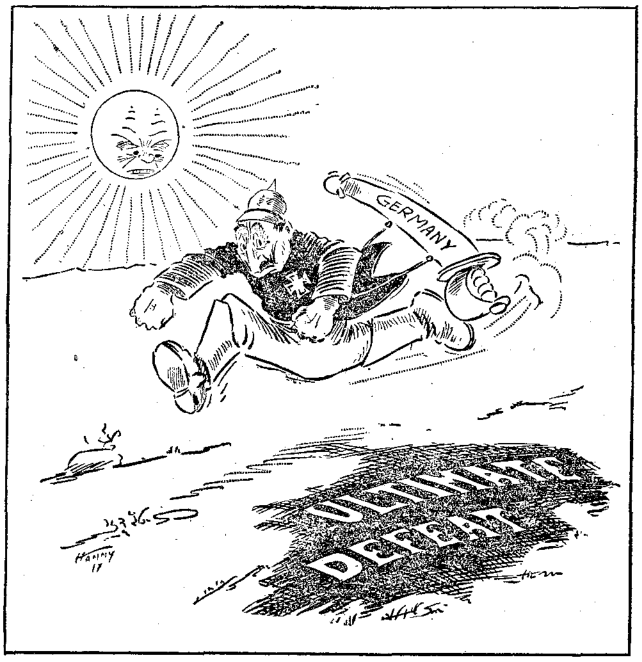
> "III.—The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct toward each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern states in their relations with one another; to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots or conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity, and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of a mutual respect for right.
>
> "IV.—The establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right and serve to make peace and justice the more secure by affording a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit and by which every international readjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the peoples directly concerned shall be sanctioned."

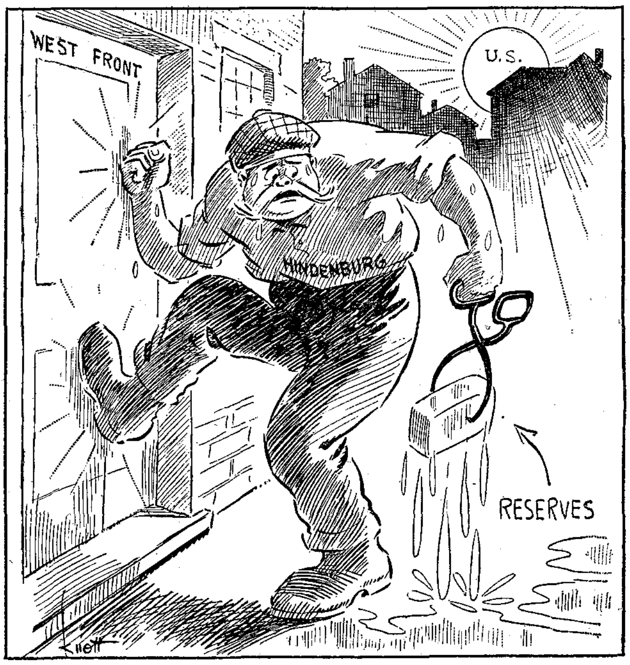
In other words, as President Wilson added, "what we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind."

Our unity at home and abroad was further emphasized by the speeches of Cabinet members and others in various parts of the country on the Fourth of July. Meyer London, our only Socialist Congressman, told his New York East Side constituents that "so far as fighting militarism and Kaiserism are concerned, the American people are one," and that "we must do our duty as Socialists and not let any party monopolize the American flag." At the same time, notes the New York *Sun*, the polyglot population of Passaic, N. J., was being "aroused to a frenzy of patriotic enthusiasm by the fiery utterances of Col. Theodore Roosevelt," who preached his favorite doctrines of "straight-out Americanism" and "fighting the war through."

The "International Fourth," or "Liberty day," was recognized by more peoples than some of our editors say they can count. The day was celebrated throughout all South America, and



BUT HE CAN NOT GET AWAY FROM HIS SHADOW.
—Hanny in the St. Joseph *News-Press.*



THE DESPERATE ICE-MAN.
—Knott in the Dallas *News.*

HIS PLACE IN THE SUN.

several of our sister nations to the south officially adopted it as a national holiday. Not the least significant recognition of the meaning of July 4 was the fact that this date was chosen by a Socialist member to make in the German Reichstag an open declaration of the desirability of a revolution in Germany. The greatest interest, however, attaches to the nation-wide celebration of the day in Italy, France, and Great Britain. Italians joined the names of Garibaldi, Rizzo, and Wilson in their enthusiasm; Capri was a forest of American flags; Florence conferred the freedom of the city upon Mr. Woodrow Wilson.

In France the Fourth of July was celebrated as devoutly and loyally and almost as universally as it was in this country. According to one dispatch it was the gayest day in France since the beginning of the war. Provincial towns vied with Paris in official recognition of the day and in unofficial tributes to America. The newspapers were filled with Fourth of July editorials and special articles from such writers as Maurice Barrès, former Premier Painlevé, Gabriel Hanotaux, Eugène Brieux, and Édmond Rostand. At a Paris luncheon André Tardieu, French High Commissioner to the United States, described America's efforts in the war, and concluded:

> "All that the war has demanded of America has been granted. All that it has represented she has understood, and all that is required for victory she has given."

French and British generals in the field exchanged congratutions with General Pershing, or issued statements of appreciation of what America has done. The day before Independence day the French General in charge of the sector renamed Belleau Wood, which had been taken from the Germans by our soldiers, "Wood of the Americans," or "Bois des Américains." Our friends, the Anzacs, celebrated the Fourth in a most practical fashion by capturing the village of Hamel and more than a thousand Germans with the aid of American infantry detachments.

For France to celebrate our Fourth of July is "a tender and heartening thing," but the Boston *Transcript* thinks it should be freely acknowledged that "it is a nobler thing for England to celebrate it." Lord Derby, British Ambassador to France, broke an old precedent by being the first British Ambassador to attend a commemoration of American Independence. In an impromptu speech at a luncheon in Paris, he said:

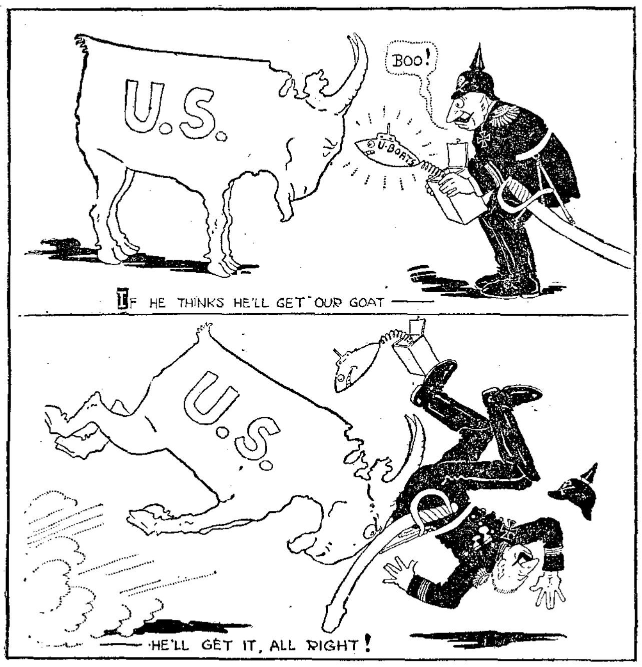
> "As in the days of my youth a teacher spanked me, saying: 'You will thank me later for this,' I say now that I wish to thank America for the best licking we ever got. It has done us both a lot of good. We are grateful to you because that licking taught us how to treat our children; it is the reason why we now have Australia and Canada, and even South Africa, fighting beside us to-day."

At the great Fourth of July fellowship meeting in London, Viscount Bryce presided and pointed out that "what has been a day of anger on one side and grief on the other has become for both a day of affection and of rejoicing." At the same meeting Winston Spencer Churchill, British Minister of Munitions, called attention to the harmony which "exists between the spirit and language of the Declaration of Independence and all we are fighting for now." The British people entered the war without thought of reward, said Mr. Churchill, but a reward is coming which is "beyond our dearest hopes." It is this:

> "Deep in the hearts of the people of these islands is the desire to be truly reconciled to their kindred across the Atlantic, to blot out the reproaches and redeem the blunders of a bygone age and dwell once more in spirit with them. That was the heart's desire which seemed utterly unattainable, but which has been granted.
>
> "Be the years of the struggle never so long, never so cruel, that will make amends for all. That is Great Britain's reward."

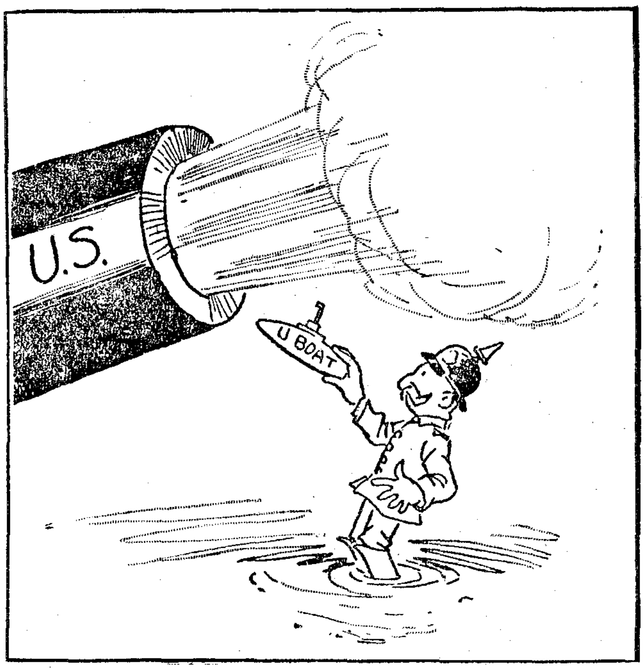
Mr. Churchill further pointed out that the German people themselves will be protected by the principles of the Declaration of Independence, the principles for which the Allies are fighting. For when their military weapons and preparations have failed them "the German people will still be protected by our fundamental principles of right and freedom against which they have warred so long and so vainly." Speaking for America, Maj. George H. Putnam, of New York, raised a roar of applause when he declared "what God hath joined together no power of Germany can ever put asunder."

Mere reports of speeches cannot give any idea of the enthusiasm with which London and the rest of England threw itself into the commemoration of America's great national holiday. The celebration of the day dominated the morning newspapers. There were special articles in the news columns, cablegrams from America, and editorials dealing with America's war-aims and war-preparations. In London eighteen thousand people, including King George V., went to a real American baseball game, in which a picked Navy team defeated an Army team.


U.S.
BOO!
U-BOAT
IF HE THINKS HE'LL GET OUR GOAT ——
U.S.
—— HE'LL GET IT, ALL RIGHT!

GETTING OUR GOAT?

—Shafer in the Cincinnati *Post*.



GOING TO CORK IT UP.

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

OUR ANSWER TO THE *U*-BOAT.

OUR GREAT SHIP-BUILDING VICTORY

THE MOST INSPIRING NEWS we have sent to our forces in France is that we were launching nearly one hundred ships on the Fourth of July. No less an authority than General Pershing is responsible for this statement, made in a cablegram to Chairman Hurley, of the Shipping Board, in which the General said further: "All ranks of the Army in France send their congratulations and heartfelt thanks to their patriotic brothers in the shipyards at home. No more defiant answer could be given to the enemy's challenge. With such backing we can not fail to win. All hail American shipbuilders!" The great Fourth of July splash that, according to Chairman Hurley, was heard round the world, began at the Great Lakes at one minute after twelve A.M. The next launching was at sunrise in New York Harbor, and then for twelve hours, as we read in the New York *Tribune*, steel and wooden ships of from 3,400 to 12,000 tons hit the water in clouds of smoke and spray at the rate of one every seven minutes, while not less than a million spectators shouted approval of the greatest spectacle that ever graced a Fourth of July. The shores of Puget Sound, San Francisco Bay, Columbia River, the Gulf of Mexico, the Delaware, Chesapeake Bay, New York Bay, and all the coasts of New England, and the Great Lakes, were laved by the backwash of the great ships of the Liberty Fleet rushing to their proper element, adds *The Tribune*, which informs us that there were about fifty ships of wood and fifty of steel, comprising a total tonnage of about 470,000 tons dead-weight. On the eve of the greatest ship-launching day in history, we learn from Washington dispatches, the Bureau of Navigation of the Department of Commerce announced that in the twelve months ended June 30, 1,622 new ships of 1,430,793 gross tons were numbered by the bureau, more than double the output of German yards in peace times. Premier Lloyd George sent a cable to President Wilson on the launching of the ships, in which he extended "heartfelt congratulations on this magnificent performance," and in an Independence-day speech Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels said in part:

> "We are launching this day far more tonnage than that of all the American vessels sunk by submarines since the war began. We are launching to-day more than the Germans sank of the ships of all nations in the last month for which we have the official figures. The recent enemy submarine activities off our coast resulted in the loss of 25,411 dead-weight tons of American shipping. During this same time 130,000 gross tons of shipping were built.
>
> "To give some idea of the tonnage situation with reference to American shipping, it may be of interest to know that the total tonnage of American vessels lost prior to the entry of the United States into the war was 67,815. The total American tonnage sunk since the entry of the United States into the war is 284,408, or a total of 352,223 tons sunk during the whole period of the European War. As against this loss, the gross tonnage of merchant ships built in the United States since the commencement of the European War is 2,722,563 tons, 1,736,664 gross tons of which have been built since the entry of the United States into the war. In addition to the tonnage thus built 650,000 tons of German shipping have been taken over. This does not include the tonnage acquired of Dutch, Japanese, and other vessels. It will be of further interest to know that to-day there will be launched in the great shipyards of this country over 400,000 dead-weight tons. These figures are in addition to those previously given."

At San Francisco on July 4, Mr. Charles M. Schwab, Director-General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, said to the ship-workers: "If you stand up to your job, we'll make the Kaiser take his medicine lying down." Mr. Schwab also ventured the statement that this Fourth of July shows the greatest record of launchings for a single day in the world's history, and added:

> "Every time we launch a cargo or troop-ship or tanker we add to the certainty that German submarines can not win this war. Already we have the *U*-boats on the run, and if we keep up the pace we will have them beaten by next year. And when we achieve this victory it will be you who will deserve the credit.
>
> "In 1915 all the shipyards in America turned out 215,602 dead-weight tons of shipping. The next year our output jumped to 520,847 tons. In 1917 the hot pace continued until we very nearly doubled the output of the previous year, completing a total of 901,223. I am confident now that if we pull together and every man stays on the job, we will produce more than 3,000,000 dead-weight tons in 1918—the greatest output of any nation in the world in a single year."

The launching of nearly one hundred ships on the Fourth of July, tho wonderful in itself, remarks the New York *World*, is bigger in its promise for the future, and if, as Mr. Schwab predicted, the year's output will reach three million tons, "there need be no further misgivings on the question of transportation." The New York *Herald* recalls "unfortunate conditions" surrounding American ship-building and the early history of the Shipping Board, but points out that all is well that ends well.

From "L'Illustration," Paris.

OUR INFANTRY "GOING OVER THE TOP" TO TAKE CANTIGNY, SUPPORTED BY FRENCH "TANKS.

OUR FIRST MILLION IN FRANCE

DELUDED GERMANY, hoodwinked by its leaders into the belief that American troops could never play an important part in the war, "may well reel with amazement," as the British Ambassador remarks, at the news that more than a million of our soldiers have already been sent overseas. Nor will it find reassurance in President Wilson's pledge, in the name of the American people, that "it is their fixt and unalterable purpose to send men and materials in steady and increasing volume until the forces of freedom are made overwhelming." Lloyd George, paying tribute in the House of Commons to "the amazing piece of organization which has enabled the bringing of such vast numbers of first-rate American troops to France," states that "enough Americans have arrived to satisfy the Allies and to disappoint and ultimately defeat our foes." "Necessity has made possible what seemed impossible," exclaims Andrew Bonar Law, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, adding: "America isn't coming into the war; she is in it." "The day is not far off," says General Pétain, "when the great American Army will play the decisive rôle to which history calls it on the battle-fields of Europe." The bravery of American soldiers and their numbers, declares Premier Clemenceau, "make the doom of the German hopes of victory certain." General Foch, too, supreme commander of the Allied forces, hails America's sword as "the certain pledge of victory." And our own Chief of Staff, General Peyton C. March, is forced to admit that "so far, whenever the test has come, the American troops have done well."

From "L'Illustration," Paris.

IN THE SMOKE OF THE FLAME-THROWERS AT CANTIGNY

German soldiers leave their shelters to surrender.

These tributes refer to both the numbers and the quality of our forces in France, and it is interesting to glance at some of the facts by which they are inspired. Turning first to numbers, we have the President's announcement that by the end of June 1,019,115 American troops, including 14,644 marines, had embarked for France. Of these, the Secretary of War states, between 65 and 70 per cent. are actual combat troops. On June 21 American soldiers, in addition to being brigaded with the French and British at various points from Flanders to Alsace, held thirty-nine miles of the Western battle-front, according to information given before the House Committee on Military Affairs. At that date, we are told, there were American-held sectors near Montdidier, in the neighborhood of Château Thierry, at Toul, and in Alsace. By July 1 correspondents had also reported American soldiers in Italy and a detachment of American marines in Russia, where they were helping to guard Allied supplies at the harbor of Kola.

When President Wilson, to "give additional zest to our national celebration of the Fourth of July," announced that we had more than a million soldiers in France, he also made public the following interesting data, showing the progressive stages of our overseas effort:

"The first ship carrying military personnel sailed May 8, 1917, having on board Base Hospital No. 4 and members of the Reserve Nurses Corps.

"General Pershing and his staff sailed on May 20, 1917. The embarkations in the months from May, 1917, to and including June, 1918, are as follows:

"1917—May, 1,718; June, 12,261; July, 12,988; August, 18,323; September, 32,523; October, 38,259; November, 23,016; December, 48,840.

"1918—January, 46,776; February, 48,027; March, 83,811; April, 117,212; May, 244,345; June, 276,372.

"Marines, 14,644.

"Aggregating 1,019,115.

"The total number of our troops returned from abroad, lost at

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"MOPPING UP" WITH HAND-GRENADES AS AMERICAN SOLDIERS DRIVE THE GERMANS FROM BELLEAU WOOD.

sea, and casualties, is 8,165, and of these, by reason of the superbly efficient protection which the Navy has given our transport system, only 291 have been lost at sea.

"The supplies and equipment in France for all troops sent are, by our latest reports, adequate, and the output of our war-industries in this country is showing marked improvement in practically all lines of necessary equipment and supply."

This represents, says the New York *World*, "the most remarkable achievement of its kind known to military annals." And in an Associated Press dispatch from Washington we read:

From "L'Illustration," Paris.

THE LAST GERMAN IN THE CELLAR

Is climbing out to become a prisoner of the captors of Cantigny.

"The accelerated troop-movement to France has been designed to meet the emergency created by the German effort to achieve victory before America's man-power could exert its full force. How long the present rate of transportation will be maintained depends upon developments in France and the length of time the surplus ship tonnage furnished by Great Britain can be employed for this work.

"In this connection, Secretary Baker said to-night that he disapproved of speculations as to the future records in troop-movements, declaring that he did not desire to have 'past performances made the basis of speculations for the future.'

"As reserves for the million and more men now in France, more than another million are now training in the United States. It has been officially announced that 3,000,000 American soldiers will be under arms by the end of this month.

"General Crowder recently told the Senate Military Committee that Class 1 registrants would be exhausted by the first of the year, and he added the significant statement that 'everybody expected heavy calls to be made during the first six months of next year.'

"In discussing the heavy movement of troops in the last three months, Mr. Baker said it was worthy of mention 'that the month in which German submarines were operating off our coast was the month in which we made the record number of shipments.'"

In line with the President's frankness, says a Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, was the action of the House Committee on Appropriations in "removing the seal of secrecy from testimony given by Brig.-Gen. R. E. Wood, Acting Quartermaster-General, to the effect that the military strength of the country by January, 1919, would be 4,000,000 men. And to this General Wood added the encouraging information that these 4,000,000 would be thoroughly equipped and those sent overseas would carry supplies and equipment for three months." The Acting Quartermaster-General also stated that the Army now numbered 2,500,000 men overseas and at home. To quote from his testimony:

"On February 28 the General Staff gave General Goethals the military program which was supposed to go until June 30, 1919. That called for 100,000 men per month to be called during 1918—that is, 100,000 men in March, 100,000 men in April, 100,000 men in May, 100,000 men in June, etc. After this drive began, with less than thirty days' notice, the call for April was increased to over 200,000 men during April, the call for May was increased to over 300,000 men, and last month, without any notice, the June call was increased to approximately 300,000.

"That meant that the net increase in three months was 800,000 men, less 300,000, or 500,000 additional men called to the colors with practically no notice at all, which was almost equal to the entire draft of last September. So far as I know—and I imagine we would hear from it right away—there is no soldier who has not been properly fed, clothed, and equipped. We are getting by. It has pulled our stocks in certain articles down very low, but by making some big spot purchases, and that has accounted for some of this money, we have got through. In April and May we bought several million suits of summer underwear. We got them from the jobbers, not the manufacturers. We bought what was on the jobbers' shelf. We have got by, and the production is speeding up. We have been speeding up the

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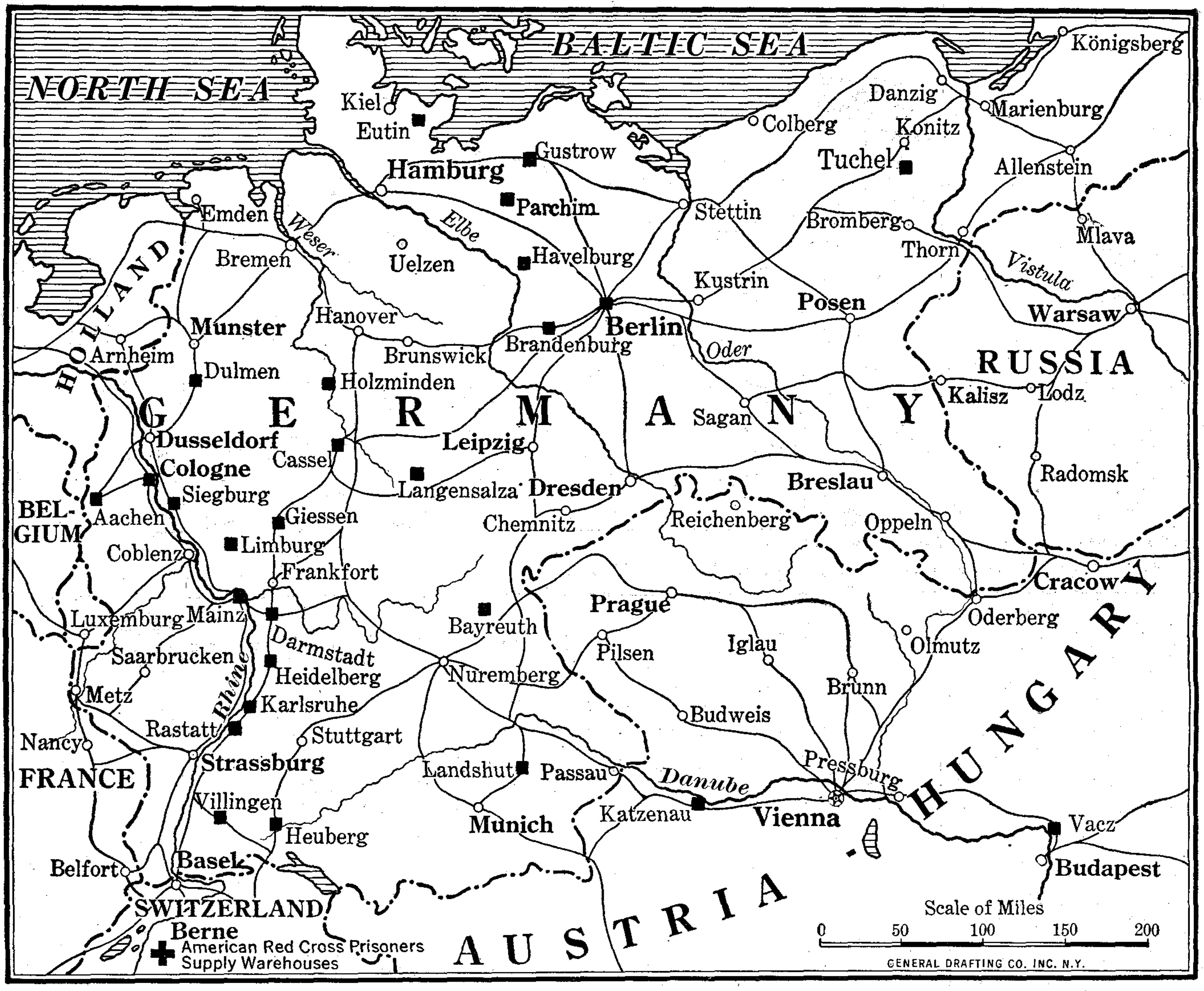
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Berne
American Red Cross Prisoners Supply Warehouses
GENERAL DRAFTING CO. INC. N.Y.

WHERE GERMANY IS KEEPING CAPTURED AMERICANS.

The black squares show 27 of the German prison-camps. The chief camp is said to be at Tuchel, in West Prussia. The Red Cross reported 231 Americans in these camps at the beginning of June. Two hundred more American prisoners are thought to be on the way to camps. Our Red Cross has stored at Berne, or in transit, supplies enough to maintain 22,000 prisoners six months.

production, and I feel confident that we will get through, even if we call 300,000 men per month for the balance of this year."

In France the temporary arrest of the German offensive gave opportunity for the organization of the first American Army Corps, under Major-General Hunter Liggett. Says a Washington dispatch to the New York *Tribune:*

"There are great stir and movement among the Germans before the American lines around Château Thierry. Part of the drive may be directed against this front in a renewal of the thrust at Paris through the Compiègne gateway. If so, an army corps of American troops will stand shoulder to shoulder with the French again to block the road.

"America's first army corps, composed of six divisions, is now operating in France under the command of Major-General Hunter Liggett, according to information reaching the War Department from the American Expeditionary Forces. The new corps contains 220,000 men.

"The composition of the corps includes the First, Second, and Third regular Army divisions, commanded by Major-Generals Robert L. Bullard, Omar Bundy, and Joseph T. Dickman, respectively, and the Pioneer National Guard divisions in Pershing's forces, the New England troops, commanded by Major-General Clarence R. Edwards, and the Rainbow Division, made up of representatives from all but the New England States, in command of Charles T. Menoher, together with the marines, in command of Brigadier-General James Harboard.

"With an American army corps in the theater where great events are believed to be pending, the expected German thrust assumes new significance here. The opinion is general among officers that the blow now in preparation is to be the heaviest yet struck. Unless they mistake the signs, the Germans are getting ready for the crucial moment in their great effort to wrench victory by force before full American fighting power can be brought to bear against them.

"The belief of General March, Chief of Staff, that the Allied situation is 'extremely favorable,' as exprest in a carefully weighed statement last Saturday, is believed to be shared by the Allied leaders."

It will be remembered that when the United States entered the war fifteen months ago the German people were told by their press that American soldiers, being neither fish nor birds, could not possibly reach Europe through the *U*-boat blockade in sufficient force to have any military effect. Now that the absurdity of this assertion is becoming patent, they are being fortified with the assurance that the "lightning-trained Yankees" are still only "play soldiers," who are at a hopeless disadvantage when matched against the seasoned German fighters. Thus in an Amsterdam dispatch to the New York *World* we read:

"Inspired military molders of German public opinion, while no longer attempting to fool the people into believing that there are an insignificant number of Americans in France, seek to reassure the public by arguments along three lines:

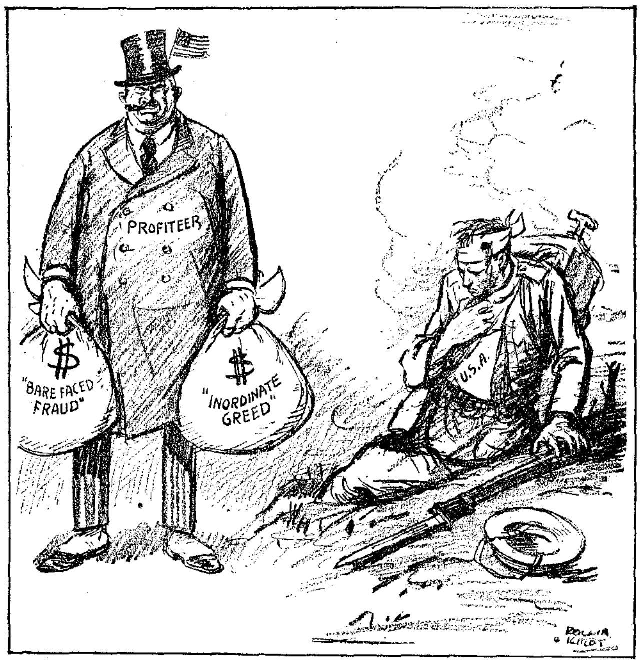
"*First*—That while there is a large number of Americans in France, at least half of them are not effectives, but are tied up in lines of communication, while the effectives are inefficient, untrained, and hopelessly inferior as first-line troops.

"*Secondly*—That General Foch's reserves, being exhausted, the Americans have come too late to save France.

"*Thirdly*—That tho a large number of Americans may be in France, this is really to Germany's advantage, since an immense tonnage is needed to supply 1,000,000, and that the Army in France will deflect vital food tonnage from England."

TO TAX THE PROFIT OUT OF PROFITEERING

PRIVATION AND SUFFERING will be borne patiently by Americans at home as they do their bit behind their men on the Allied firing-lines, but they will not tolerate profiteering in industries that affect their daily life and the conduct of the war. This is the tenor of much of the press comment on the report of the Federal Trade Commission, which charges that the profiteers have taken advantage of "the necessities of the time, as evidenced in the war-pressure for heavy production," while "some of it is attributable to inordinate greed and barefaced fraud." The report was submitted in response to a resolution of the Senate following President Wilson's assertion that the Government has evidence of profiteering, we read in a Washington dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune*, and the evidence is expected to warrant an increase by Congress of war-taxes on excess profits and individual and corporation incomes. The principal industries charged with profiteering, we are told, are those engaged in handling meat, flour, steel, leather and leather goods, salmon, canned milk, copper, sulfur, petroleum and its products, coal, and lumber. The report charges also that reappraisements of properties were made by great concerns when it became evident that the Government would fix prices on a basis of return on investment, and salaries, allowances, and expenses were in many instances padded to show increased costs of conducting business. One firm paid salaries running up to $200,000 and $300,000 a year. According to the report, the profits of the meat-packers and those allied with them and of the flour-millers stand foremost, despite the fixing of prices by the Government. The Federal Trade Commission lifts into plain view conditions "scandalous in the extreme," according to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which holds that the corporation or individual making more than a fair profit under war-time conditions is "coining wealth from the perplexities of the Government and the necessities of the people as multiplied by the pressure of a great emergency and incalculable human suffering." Something must and will be done, and *The Eagle* cites the recommendation of the commission that excess profits be heavily taxed, and adds:



TWO KINDS OF AMERICANS.
—Kirby in the New York *World*.

> "That has been done in England with excellent results. Such a policy would increase the revenue of the Government, check the tendency toward inflating prices, and, in some measure at least, diminish the burdens put upon the shoulders of the consumer of small or moderate means. We have as yet discovered no satisfactory method of price-fixing. If a satisfactory method could be found it would accomplish more than an excess-profits tax; but it is idle to talk of price-fixing unless Congress is ready to extend it to cover all the necessities, including food-commodities, in the production of which agricultural interests exercise a control with which Congress has yet shown not the slightest disposition to interfere."

Expressions in favor of war-profits taxes are found in other journals, among them the New York *Globe*, which reminds us that the British Government has worked out a system under which prices are stabilized at a level stimulative of production by giving the poorly located or badly equipped business institutions a chance, and then, by a heavy tax on gross profits, taking away from the efficient a large percentage of their profits. The fundamental thing which the Federal Trade Commission sets forth clearly, the New York *Evening Mail* thinks, is that all industries in a given line do not produce at the same cost. It follows that if they all get the same price—and they do, whether there is price-fixing or competition—the more favorably situated industries earn an extra heavy return. Because all industries must be going, *The Mail* proceeds, our Government's fixt price must be sufficient to pay cost of production and profits to the most unfavorably situated ones. The consequence is the luckier fellows earn large war-profits, which should be taken by a tax, as in England, where—

> "They tax 80 per cent. of corporate earnings in excess of the prewar-earnings. Here in the United States we have not a war-profits tax, but an 'excess-profits tax.' We tax all earnings in excess of 7 to 9 per cent. As our tax works out it takes on the average 31½ per cent. of the actual war-profits.
>
> "If Congress will abolish the ridiculous and inadequate excess-profits tax of 1917 and substitute a 1918 war-profits tax, on the British model, we shall raise something more than twice the amount raised by the unjust 1917 tax. Moreover, we shall view with unconcern the inevitable stream of war-profits flowing into the treasuries of the more favorably situated mine, factory, lumber company, trading concern. We can simply tap this stream and divert 80 per cent. of it into the public treasury.
>
> "A large part of the remaining 20 per cent. we can reach by means of a revised income tax."

The charges against the meat-packers in the report are denied in statements to the press by Mr. J. Ogden Armour, Mr. L. F. Swift, president of Swift & Co., and Mr. Edward Morris, Jr., president of Morris & Co. They claim that profits on meat are small, and, as Mr. Swift says, "deeply resent the spirit and the manner in which this report was issued," for

> "It tended to throw suspicion about an essential industry which it is publicly recognized has fulfilled tremendous war-demands from the beginning perhaps better than any other industry in the country. It is not fair to harass an honestly conducted industry that is straining every effort to meet these tremendous obligations to our own and Allied governments."

A steel man is quoted by *The Wall Street Journal* as saying that "if the steel companies are permitted to keep all they earn, then they can be put down in the profiteering class." Last year the Steel Corporation paid over to the Government nearly half of its earnings in taxes, and we read:

> "Take, for example, in 1917 United States Steel reported a surplus of $107,505,437, from which was deducted $55,000,000 for new construction, leaving a surplus of $52,505,437. An additional $62,000,000 was spent for construction, which was not deducted from the year's earnings. If there is an 80 per cent. excess-profits tax this year, payments will greatly exceed receipts."

The New York *Evening Post* says the Commission's allegations "ought at once to be followed by prosecutions," because—

> "The juggling of books, the padding of accounts, the falsification of capital charges, the boosting of salaries to incredible figures so as to charge them against expenses—all such things are in violation of the statute."

DRAFT EXEMPTION FOR COAL-MINERS

LET US PROFIT by England's mistakes; but why, it is asked, "go through the formality of duplicating them?" Great Britain took thousands of its coal-miners into the Army, but later was forced to return nearly 200,000 of them to their collieries to ward off a coal famine. This, say various fuel authorities, is precisely what we are doing. At a time when the increased demand for coal calls for more rather than for fewer miners, thousands of the most skilled and most efficient mine-workers have been drafted into the Army. The demand for their exemption has been voiced by the daily press, both in the coal-fields and through the country at large, by expert writers on coal-trade journals, and has at last been taken up by the Fuel Administrator. The working force of anthracite workers has dropt from 177,000 to 144,000, largely owing to the draft, which means an annual loss of nearly 20,000,000 tons of marketable anthracite, according to one authority. Bituminous coal-miners, says one coal-trade paper, can dig just about so much per day, and to get the needed increase in soft-coal production would require 93,000 more miners than we had last year. But this journal estimates that the draft this year will take 60,000 more miners, which will mean "that the shortage of miners, as compared with the need for coal, will be 153,000." The Scranton *Republican*, published in the anthracite fields, does not hesitate "to predict serious consequences in the fuel situation unless a sufficient force of labor is kept at the mines to get out the coal." Another journal in this region, the Mahanoy City *Record*, asks:

> "Is there any war-industry more essential than coal?
>
> "Coal is the basis of all war-power. There can not be made a pound of powder without the power created by coal. There can not be a cannon turned out without the power of coal. Cripple the mining of coal and the power of defense is crippled."

"The best thing to do," in *The Black Diamond's* (Chicago) opinion, "is to leave the skilled men in the mines—*and exempt them from draft if they remain in the mines and if they work.*"

The editor of *The Coal Age* (New York) points out that coal-mining is a highly specialized trade. He reminds us of the laws in important producing States requiring "that before a man can mine coal he must have had two years' experience as a helper to a miner," and making impossible the employment of women and girls. Furthermore—

> "The men who can and do produce the most coal are the younger men, who are included in the present draft age. It is also a fact that great difficulty is experienced by coal-mining companies in getting men from other industries to consent to work in the mines. . . . At the present time, when all industries are seeking labor and paying record wages, it is not likely that able-bodied men can be influenced to take up this rather unpopular form of labor."

The United Mine Workers' Journal (Indianapolis) agrees with the coal-trade editors about the drafting of miners and declares that "the output of anthracite could be immediately increased by a quarter to a third with sufficient labor."

That the miners who have remained at work are doing their part is indicated by the statement made by the New York *Tribune's* Washington correspondent to the effect that for the last three weeks in June bituminous-coal production passed the record mark of 12,000,000 tons a week. Moreover, he says, "reports indicate that the production per miner is increasing."

When representatives of the coal industry visited General Crowder in Washington to ask for the exemption of miners, he admitted the truth of their contentions, but told them that the only remedy that they had was to extend the draft age limits so as to make a really selective draft of all men between eighteen and fifty-five. His own position under the present law he defended as follows, as the Scranton *Republican* quotes him:

> "Do you realize that my job is to raise an army that will win the war? Do you know that General Pershing is urgently asking for more men to stem the German horde that is slowly battering its way to the gates of Paris? Do you realize that right now American boys are fighting for their very lives against odds on the bloody fields of France? I want to help you and I realize your position in this matter, but I must first of all listen to the call of those across the sea who need our men, and need them more than they ever needed anything in all this world. . . . . .
>
> "Upon my shoulders, to a large extent, rests the responsibility of victory or defeat. The Army comes first—everything else comes after."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE Blue Danube must be a melancholic indigo by this time.—*Newark News.*

MUCH as the Kaiser dislikes it, he has got to "see America first."—*Columbia State.*

WHATEVER Mr. Hoover orders done, we notice there is always enough to eat.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE Kaiser's crack units are beginning to crack.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE thrift stamp gives you a chance to do your bit with two bits.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

THERE is no stopping the Austrians when they start a retreat. They mean business.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

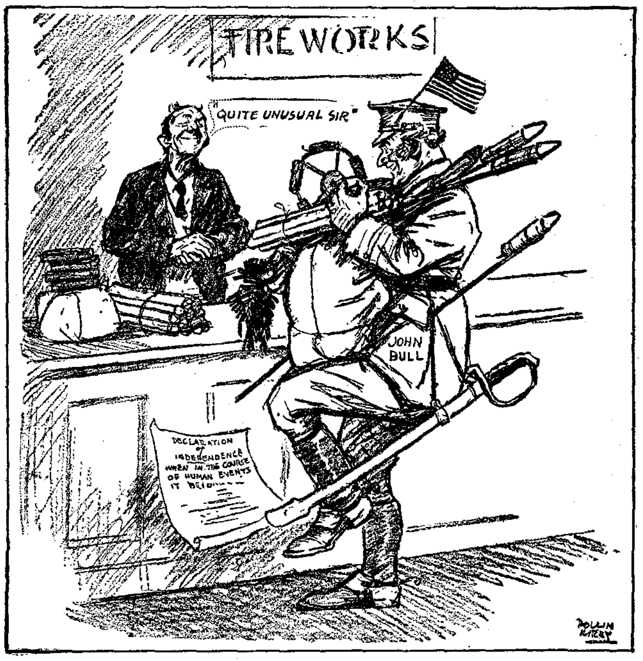
THE Austrian offensive indicates that a drive by driven men is not likely to prove a success.—*Louisville Post.*

"THE German people is destined for great things," says the Kaiser. Including the greatest licking in history.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE shortage of wool in Germany is fast approaching the stage when the Kaiser will no longer be able to pull it over the people's eyes.—*New York World.*

ALTHO they are not of the slightest importance any more, German peace terms are always interesting, particularly to newspaper paragraphers.—*Kansas City Star.*

BURGLARY is increasing at an appalling rate in Germany, according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. The national policy is being individualized, as it were.—*Minneapolis Journal.*


FIREWORKS
"QUITE UNUSUAL SIR"
JOHN BULL
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WHEN IN THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS IT BECO
ROLLIN KIRBY

HIS FIRST CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH.
—Kirby in the New York *World*.

DOLLARS may not go as far as formerly, but they go faster.—*Florida Times-Union.*

TALKING of safety-zones, Kaiser's family seems well supplied.—*Wall Street Journal.*

KEEP the dinner-horn blowing, and the rest of the Austrians will flock in.—*Chicago Tribune.*

AMERICA'S vital need is fewer lynchings and more launchings.—*Springfield Republican.*

IT can be little consolation now to Austria to reflect that she started it all.—*Baltimore American.*

IF anybody wants to raise the price of anything and get away with it, now seems to be the time.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

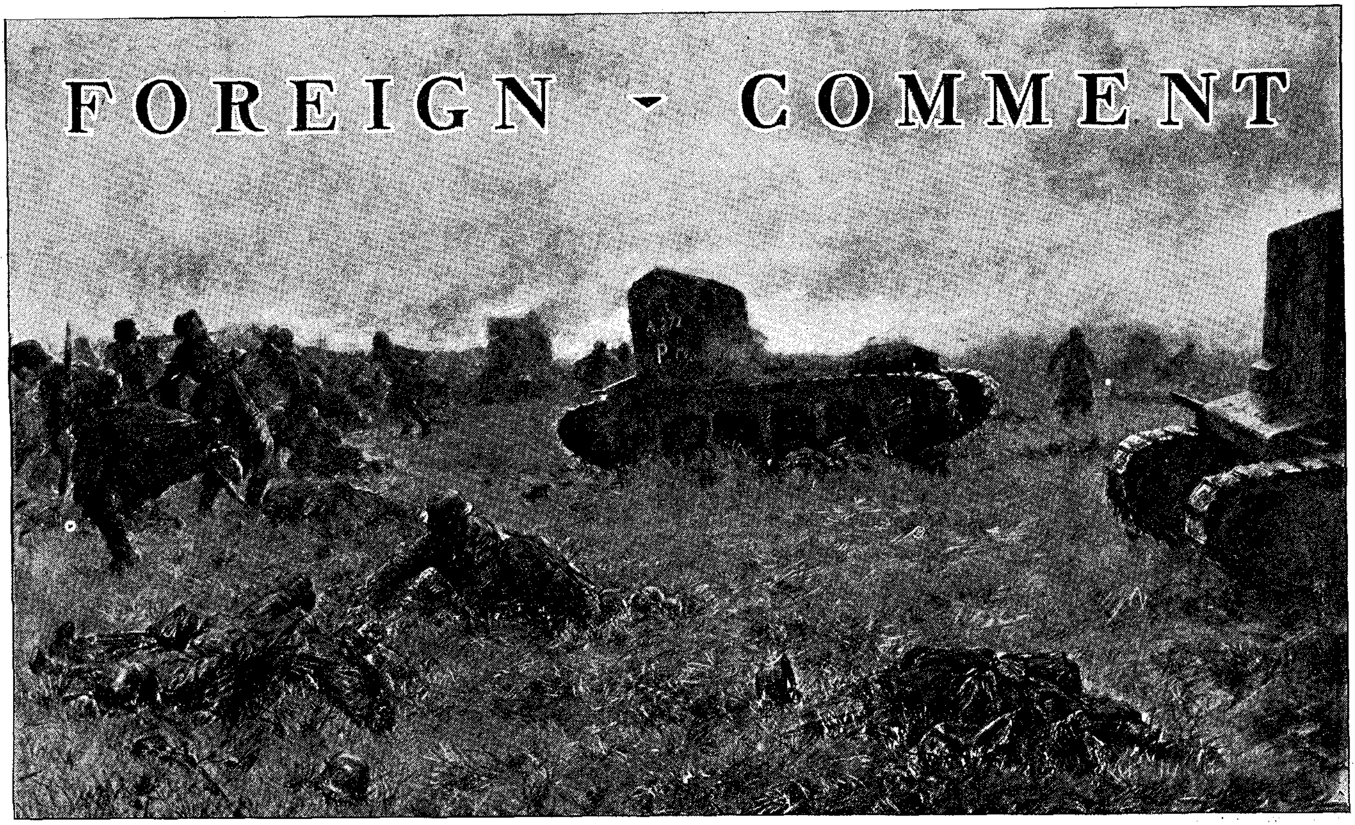
IT is estimated that since April 6, 1917, 483,000 poems have been written bearing the line "sadder and wiser" to rime with "Kaiser."—*Kansas City Star.*

MAYBE these German drives are just a cunning German trick to make the population of Germany fit the food-supply.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

CANNON-FODDER is about the only German ration that has not run low, but there are certain indications that this supply also is not unlimited.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

WE all know upon whom Henry Ford is depending for the votes to get him into the Senate, and there is no denying that there are enough of them, if they'll just take the time to drive around to the polls.—*Kansas City Star.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT



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THE CHARGE OF THE "WHIPPETS," THE NEW FAST BRITISH TANKS.

Much has been heard lately of the new light and fast British Tanks, known as the "Whippets," which took part so successfully in the Tank action at Villers-Bretonneux. Seven of them, manned by twenty men, are said to have put 400 Germans out of action and to have broken up the attack of a complete brigade. They left their base 3½ miles away a little before midday, fought a victorious action, and were back by 3 P.M., after covering ten miles. One was captured, but the crew jumped aboard and were off before the Germans could stop them,

TO FORCE US TO TRADE WITH GERMANY

THE MAGIC WAND which will obtain for Germany everything she desires is the sword, and altho she has been waving it for four years with somewhat dubious success, she still pins her faith in that gentle instrument of peace and hopes by a little further waving to produce, after the war, an overflowing cornucopia of commerce. That delightful apostle of "stedfastness and righteousness," as "the qualities which the German people value in the highest degree," our whilom friend and instructor, Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, has been telling the Allies very plainly in the congenial columns of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* that Germany will put up with no nonsense of the "economic league of nations" sort. He expatiates upon Germany's need for freedom of the seas and a supply of raw materials. These requirements, he explains, "must not only be demanded, but it must be possible, if need be, to extort them by force."

The League of Central German Manufacturers recently met at Frankfort in a very determined mood, and they, like Dr. Dernburg, still seem to have a pitiful faith in that all-powerful German sword. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* tells us that these good German merchants were busy as bees arranging what they were going to do after the war, and they certainly put together a nice, comprehensive little program. They passed resolutions formulating the following modest demands:

> "The prevention of any form of commercial boycott by Germany's enemies.
>
> "The peace treaty shall include provisions which will prevent the enemies of Germany from imposing any restrictions on exports or imports.
>
> "Germany shall secure from all neutral countries the abolition of all export or import restrictions.
>
> "Substantial indemnities shall be paid by Germany's enemies.
>
> "The Government shall take control over the distribution of raw materials obtained after the conclusion of peace from Germany's enemies.
>
> "Every precaution shall be taken to insure that German manufacturers and merchants shall enjoy after the war absolute equality of opportunity with their competitors."

The Socialist Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung* does not share the "childlike and bland" faith of the League of Central German Manufacturers, and it has a shrewd idea that when the war is over Dr. Dernburg and his friends will not find Germany's enemies quite as sweetly forgiving as they seem to expect. This Socialist paper denounces the recent Austro-German economic treaty and says the effect of any more such arrangements will be "not free trade with Germany, but increased protection against the rest of the world." It continues:

> "It is precisely for the Central Powers that the economic war after this war is the most terrible danger. We shall need after the war raw materials in enormous quantities from overseas—cotton, hides, jute, copper, rubber, phosphate, oil-plants, etc. All these things will be scarce, supplies will lag far behind the gigantic world demand, and all these things are controlled by the Entente. The Entente can strike us tremendously hard by refusing to supply us with these raw materials. . . . Is it not suicide to embark in an economic policy that must permanently close in our faces the money markets of New York, London, and Paris and confine us exclusively to the already overburdened and inadequate Berlin money market?"

Even in Germany there are long-sighted men who know that saber-rattling does not produce business, and they view with something like terror the idea of Allied economic retaliation. For instance, Emil Zimmermann writes in the Berlin review, *Das Grössere Deutschland:*

> "Foreign countries know that without raw materials we can make no goods. When we act as if we intend to have the raw materials without telling foreign countries how we propose to get them—against the will even of England—the world gets the impression that we have still failed to understand the full seriousness of the war."

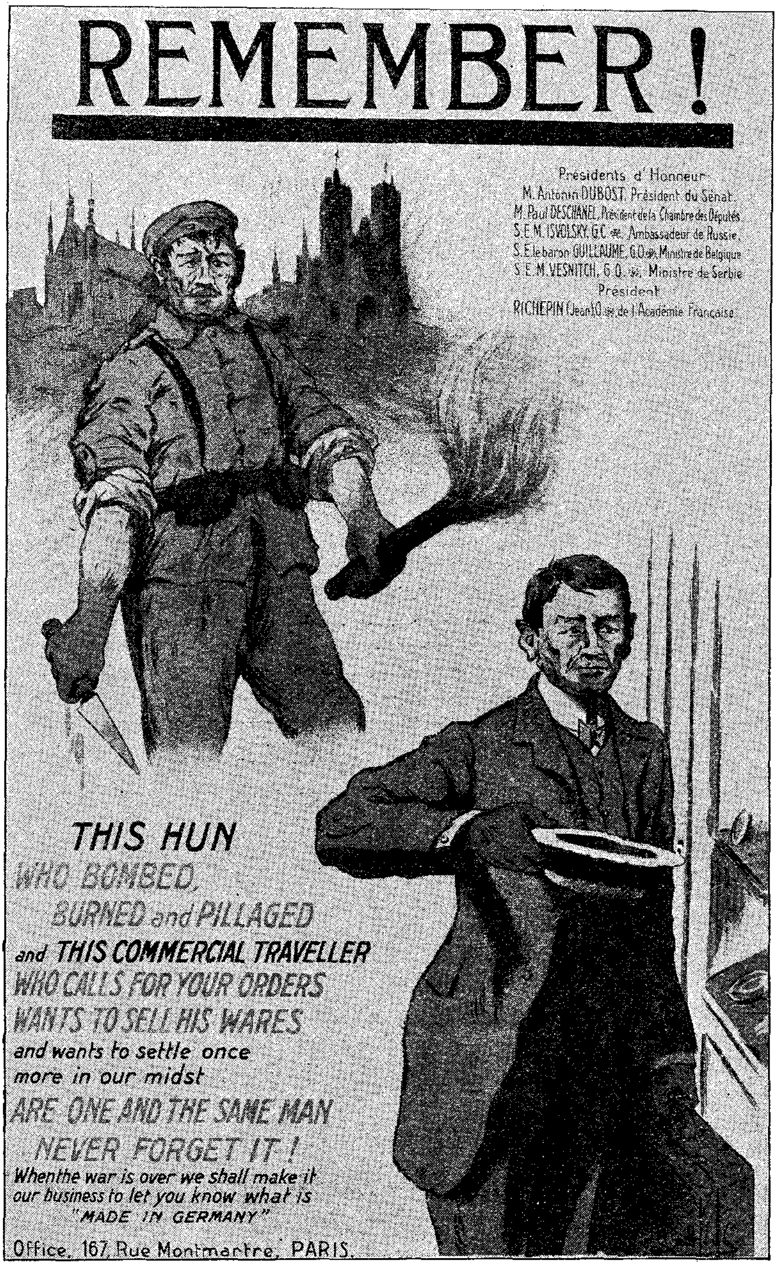
In the London *Everyman* Mr. James Martin makes it quite clear that the German economic fire-eaters are living in a fool's paradise. He writes:

"Next to agriculture, textiles are the most important German industry. Cotton, apart from the limited supplies in Turkestan, comes from the United States, India, and Egypt. Most of her wool came from Australia and South Africa. Half her silk came from Italy, and France supplied most of the remainder.

"Her metal industries are not much better provided for. Germany had contrived to obtain financial control of a great part of the world's metal supplies, but that power has now been taken from her irrevocably. Nearly all her lead came from Australia, where legislation has since freed the industry from Germany's grip. Half her zinc supplies likewise came from Australia. Her tin came from Bolivia, which has acted in sympathy with the United States all through the war. Germany's copper nearly all came from the United States, and the other sources of supply are not likely to be friendly to her. For aluminum she depended on French bauxite. Among other metals and substances indispensable to her trade, nickel is controlled by Canada and France, molybdenum and tungsten come mainly from Australia, and asbestos, borax, shellac, and gums are in the hands of the Allies. Jute came to Germany only from India; and the only neutral source of rubber now open to her is the Dutch colonies, which can not adequately supply her needs. German economists are under no illusion whatever as to their hopeless situation."

He tells us that the Germans believe that since they had a prewar monopoly in many indispensable commodities, they will be able after the war to force us to give them raw materials in exchange. This, he says, is a pipe-dream:

"Before the war Germany controlled the most important supplies of potash, dyes, drugs, and surgical instruments, sugar, and (for France) coal. She has lost her markets for every one of these 'indispensable' commodities. The Allies have healed their wounded for four years without German aid. New sugar-industries have grown up that can already supply the entire demand on which Germany formerly could count. And France has now formed all her connections for coal with England. Potash is a question of Alsace-Lorraine, and those stolen provinces must be restored to France. In any case, the supply of potash mainly concerns the United States, and potash has been lately discovered in Nebraska. The German monopoly of dyes was purely artificial, and depended on certain trade secrets which have since been discovered, and on the powerful organization of the industry. Since then the new British dyes industry has been firmly established, and is capable of immense expansion, whereas the Germans in this, as in all their exporting industries, have lost every connection they had with foreign markets."


REMEMBER!
Présidents d'Honneur
M. Antonin DUBOST, Président du Sénat.
M. Paul DESCHANEL, Président de la Chambre des Députés.
S.E.M. ISWOLSKY, G.C. ✠, Ambassadeur de Russie.
S.E. le baron GUILLAUME, G.O. ✠, Ministre de Belgique
S.E.M. VESNITCH, G.O. ✠, Ministre de Serbie
Président
RICHEPIN (Jean) C.O. ✠, de l'Académie Française
THIS HUN
WHO BOMBED,
BURNED and PILLAGED
and THIS COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER
WHO CALLS FOR YOUR ORDERS
WANTS TO SELL HIS WARES
and wants to settle once
more in our midst
ARE ONE AND THE SAME MAN
NEVER FORGET IT!
When the war is over we shall make it
our business to let you know what is
"MADE IN GERMANY"
Office, 167, Rue Montmartre, PARIS.

"NEVER FORGET."

This poster is circulated by the French "Never-Forget League," which would like to see an economic boycott of Germany started by the Allies to counteract the demands for preferential treatment that Germany hopes to extort from us at the sword's point.

DEMISE OF THE IRISH DRAFT

All the protests of Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons that he means to enforce conscription in Ireland some of these days do not change the fact, say the Irish papers, that Lord French's proclamation calling for voluntary recruits, with a promise of land to those who enlist, has definitely and forever killed the possibility of conscription. This is the view both of the Nationalist and of the Unionist papers in Ireland, as can be seen from the comments of the Unionist Belfast *News-Letter:*

"The proclamation throws further light on the Government's new Irish policy, and the more it is examined the more reprehensible does it appear. There is nothing consistent or straightforward about it. It was generally assumed that conscription had been abandoned and the new proclamation confirms the assumption. A bribe is offered to recruits. The appeal is not made to their loyalty or their patriotism but to their land-hunger. The whole recruiting policy of the Government is wrong, as Ireland should be dealt with exactly as England and Scotland."

The equally stanch Unionist Belfast *Northern Whig* also thinks that, despite all assurances to the contrary, the voluntary recruiting proclamation is camouflage to avoid enforcing conscription:

"All over Ireland the proclamation will be regarded as the epitaph on the grave of conscription and as a pretext to enable the Government to escape from their pledges on the subject."

The Ulster Nationalist view-point is given by the Belfast *Irish News*, which remarks:

"French does not convey the slightest hint that the 'world struggle for liberty' involves national liberty for Ireland. If he does not mean that, this country is to fight on, but not to be free. He ought to draft another proclamation without delay. Tho he may not be aware of the fact, there is a great amount of intelligent curiosity on the point among Irishmen of all ages. He may be able to satisfy it; we believe he is not."

Turning to the press of the capital, we find only one paper that has a good word for the Viceroy's scheme, and that naturally enough comes from a Unionist organ. *The Irish Times* says:

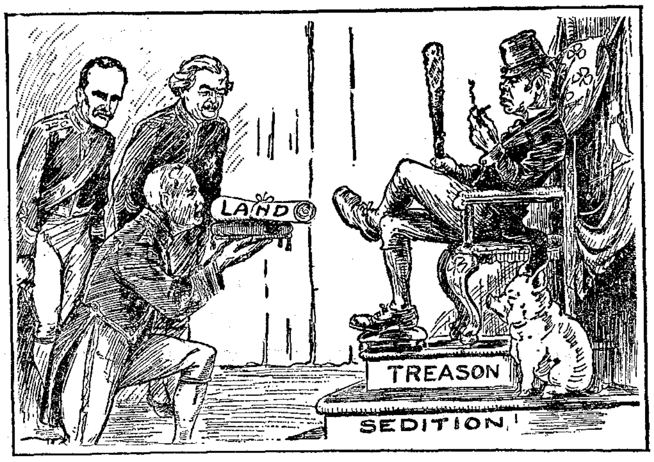
"Lord French's scheme, with its minimum of demand and maximum of inducement, can hardly fail to displease the English people. They will see in it yet another sop to the most spoiled and most ungrateful member of the Imperial family. Nevertheless, Lord French's almost astonishing moderation has one great merit. His offer will be an absolutely convincing test of Ireland's loyalty to the Allied cause and her fitness for self-government in the near or distant future."

The Nationalist *Freeman's Journal* heaves a sigh of relief, believing that conscription has vanished.

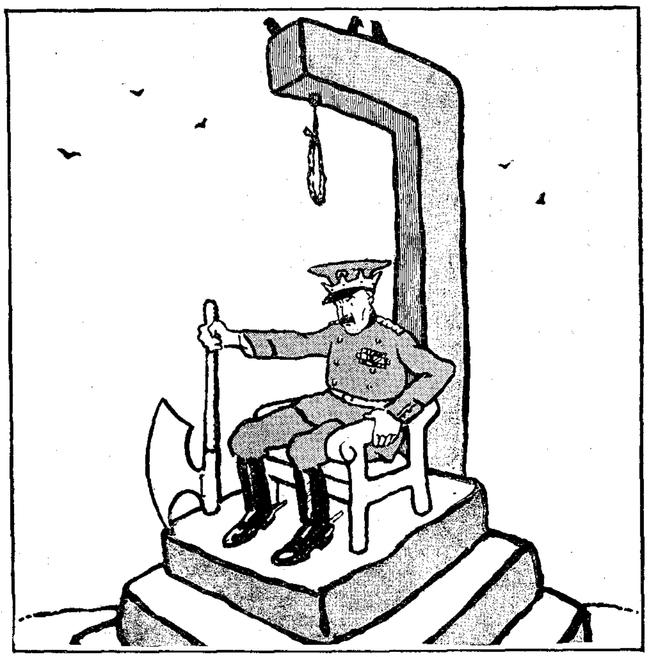
"From one point of view at least Lord French's appeal for recruits for Irish divisions will commend itself to the Irish people—as a practical abandonment of the policy of conscription. It will come as an intense relief to all classes in Ireland, and to every responsible man who has any true conception of what the forcible conscription of the manhood of the country would inevitably have been."

More "clumsy bungling" is seen by the Independent Nationalist *Irish Independent*, which has these tart remarks:

"The Government has an unhappy knack of doing everything wrong in this country. With an act applying conscription on the statute-book, and with the Government resorting to every mean, petty, and discreditable device to cheat us out of self-government or to tender us only some kind of Home Rule, it does appear to us that the Government itself is not giving a chance to voluntary enlistment."



IRELAND'S UNCROWNED KING.
—*The People* (London).

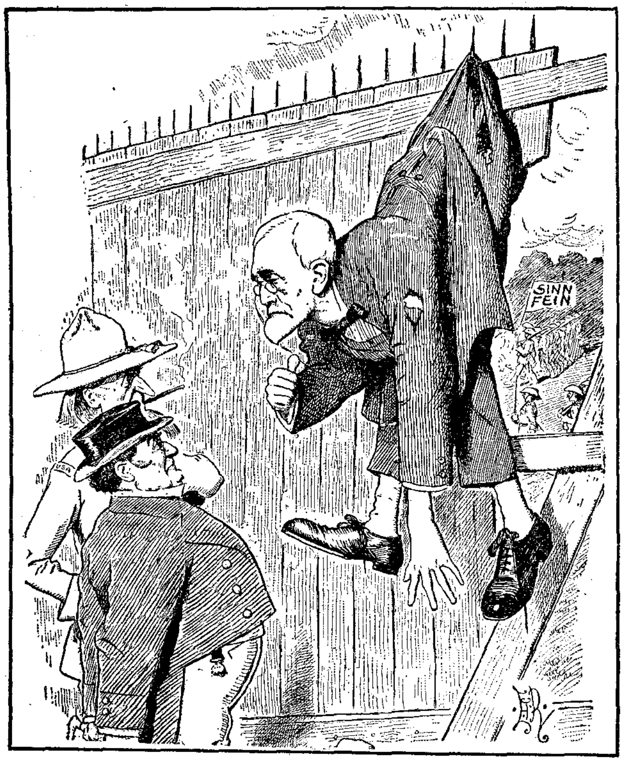


A GERMAN SLANT ON IRELAND.

LORD FRENCH—"If the men won't fight, I can at least kill off the women and children."—*Ulk* (Berlin).

Turning to the German papers, we find the *Kölnische Zeitung* still expecting some sort of a rising in the Emerald Isle, about which it writes in a lofty and contemptuous tone:

"It is not worth cracking our heads over the question whether a new uprising in Ireland is probable or not. In these days of machine guns and heavy artillery it is an enormously difficult thing. What is certain is that the spirit of revolt is at the zenith and that England must retain in Ireland a very considerable mass of troops, at least hundreds of thousands, at a time when every man is urgently needed on the Continent. It is at least extraordinarily improbable that even this gigantic English force will be able to overcome the opposition of united Ireland to conscription. The Irish will not decide the war, but because of their stubborn resistance hundreds of thousands of men will be chained to Ireland and Australia either as troops or as civilians who will not fight."



OPEN TO MISCONCEPTION!

JOHN DILLON—"Arrah! No doubt ye'll be afther makin' out that Oi was on that fence. Oi was not!"—*Passing Show* (London).

The ancient bond of sympathy so long extant between France and Ireland has always made the French papers sympathetic toward Home Rule. Here are the views of the influential Paris *Temps* on the situation in Ireland to-day:

"The arrest of the Sinn-Fein leaders has not provoked grave disorders in Ireland up to the present. Lord French has thus succeeded in upsetting the plans for the insurrection which was being prepared without provoking an immediate rising, which was predicted by all the advocates of the do-nothing policy. This result disproves the value of the policy of wait-and-see which has been pursued for too long by the authorities at Dublin, and it justifies the opinion of the men who have maintained that the first duty of the British Government in Ireland is to govern. In fact, Roman Catholic Ireland suffers from a great weakness. It is a people without real leaders.

"The Roman Catholic clergy, which dominates the whole life of Ireland, can play a decisive part in the present crisis. They might imitate the Canadian clergy, who, under the inspiration of Monsignor Mathieu, have so successfully worked toward the reestablishment of harmony between French and British Canadians, and favored recruiting in Quebec. If this course were adopted in Ireland, it would be in the interests of all. The Irish clergy, if they do not know how to direct the popular aspiration toward high aims, will run the risk of seeing those aspirations sooner or later turning against them."

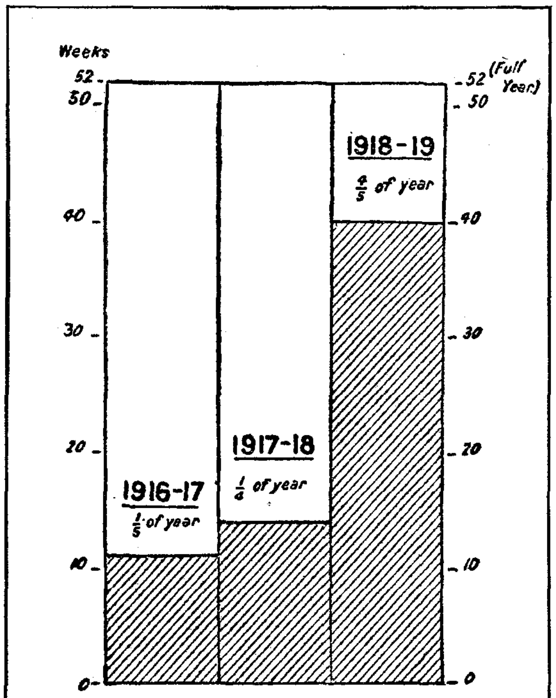
HUNGARY'S MISERY—According to the Budapest papers, Hungary, which is admittedly better off than any other part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, does not seem to be having any too cheerful a time. The *Pesti Naplo* writes:

"Hungary to-day resembles a hospital. In the provinces the situation is the same as it was in the middle ages. There are neither water nor sewers, the hygienic English installations are but remembrances of the past. The capital of the country, Budapest, will this year be the breeding-ground of contagious diseases. We could enumerate a thousand other miseries. Light, water, shoes, clothing, coal, meat, fats, vegetables, the satisfaction of the most elementary wants, all have failed us. We must prepare for a terrible summer and an even more terrible winter."

ENGLAND NEARLY SELF-SUPPORTING

LOVERS OF WHITE BREAD, who have been patriotically stifling their murmurs and heroically swallowing war-bread, may now see the dawn of hope upon the horizon. One, at least, of our allies is nearly self-supporting, and next year we shall be able to keep millions of bushels of wheat at home which, under the conditions of previous years, would have been exported to feed England. What agricultural strides have been made there since the war began can be seen from a paragraph in the London *New Statesman:*

> "In 1918, as against 1916, the acreage (England and Wales) under oats is up by 35 per cent.; that under wheat by 38 per cent.; that under barley by 11 per cent.; that under other grain by 69 per cent.; that under potatoes by 50 per cent. The number of allotments (1,300,000) has increased by 140 per cent. The Report of the Food-Production Department. . . is as satisfactory as we could wish; the number of acres under cultivation in the United Kingdom has gone up by over four millions in two years, all records being broken.
>
> "This figure ignores the great increase in gardens and allotments, and it is estimated that, on the present scale of consumption, this year's home harvest will be sufficient to feed the population for forty weeks. The supply before the war was only enough to meet a ten weeks' consumption. Breadstuffs are not everything; and even of them one-fifth still has to be provided. But granted that we can keep this rate of production up, and—in spite of the drains of the Army upon our labor—can, with the help of women and prisoners, save what we produce, the wolf has now been driven a considerable distance from the door. With sinkings diminishing and ship-building on the increase, we can, we think, congratulate ourselves on the final failure of the German attempt to starve us out."



BRITAIN'S HOME-GROWN BREAD.

Shaded portions show number of weeks during which the United Kingdom has been, or will be, self-supporting in the years 1916–17, 1917–18, and 1918–19 as regards breadstuffs.

Much of the increased cultivation has been done by women, we are told, and Mr. Prothero, the British Minister of Agriculture, had a cheerful picture to paint when appealing for recruits for "the Women's Land Army." As reported by the London *Morning Post* his speech ran:

> "To-day the acreage under wheat, barley, and oats is the highest ever recorded in the history of our agriculture. That is one of the finest achievements of the war. In the same period the number of allotments has been increased by 800,000, which means something like 800,000 tons of produce raised additionally, a big saving in transport, and an improvement socially and morally. This advance has been effected in spite of the fact that there are 500,000 fewer laborers on the land. It is because of that decrease of labor that the appeal is being made for more women. I do not believe that any assembly of British farmers will hold back men who can possibly be spared when the alternative is our troops being driven back by overwhelming numbers and butchered on the beach by German guns. The promise of the harvest is not yet fulfilled, and there is much to be done. Women's work on the land is a vital necessity. I know the work they are asked to do is hard, bringing with it discomforts, and, comparatively speaking, is poorly paid. Life on the land is not luxurious, but it brings health with it, and the women have the conviction that they are doing something in one of the most important fields to make victory sure."

Dispatches from Rome and Paris also tell of splendid food-crops in Italy and France. Italy, in fact, may need no grain imports after the harvest.

A GERMAN SNUB FOR TURKEY

SOME ROSY VISIONS rose before the Turkish mind when Russia fell to pieces. The Sultan, convinced that his dear brother, Hadji Wilhelm, would be complacent and permissive, saw himself the ruler of a great Turkish Empire extending all around the Black Sea. He invaded the Caucasus and entered into a pretty flirtation with the Russian Mohammedans who inhabit the Crimea, and who were as anxious to fall into the Sultan's arms as he was to welcome them there. But alas for the poor Sultan! From the Berlin *Kreuzzeitung* we see very plainly that Germany does not intend that Turkey should be anything more than a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for the Constellations of Potsdam. The *Kreuzzeitung* says:

> "The Crimea is the subject of dispute between Turkey and the Ukraine. The province of Tauridia, of which the Crimea forms a part, belongs both nationally and geographically to the Ukraine, which also claims the town and fortress of Sebastopol. On the other hand, the Tatar Republic, which has been formed in the Crimea, is striving for union with Turkey, a union which is also desired by the latter. The Turkish papers emphatically demand that the Ukraine shall not become a great Black Sea Power, and they therefore demand not only the ports but the Russian Black Sea Fleet, too, for Turkey."

Germany apparently is going to live up to the strict letter of its promise to Turkey—that it would defend the present Turkish frontier; but as we read between the lines of the *Kreuzzeitung* we can see very plainly that if Turkey thinks that she is going to gain any territory out of this war she has another guess coming. The Berlin military organ goes on to say:

> "Turkey's idea seems to be to make the Caucasus region into a strong rampart between Turkey and Russia, to safeguard absolutely its communications with Persia, and to gain a dominating position on the Black Sea, making the Pan-Turkish idea paramount there. . . . When Germany entered the war she guaranteed Turkey's present frontiers, and she will, of course, continue to fight for those territories lost to Great Britain, since both Turkey and Germany have the greatest possible interest in them.
>
> "Germany, therefore, has the right to oppose Turkish desires in the northeast and east, which go far beyond any of the possibilities ever contemplated at the beginning of the war."

Nor has Turkey had any better luck in the Balkans, where Germany is determined that Bulgaria shall play the leading rôle. After Roumania was forced to make peace and surrendered to Bulgaria the whole of the Dobrudja, Turkey thought that Bulgaria should return to her the strip of territory she gave up to secure Bulgarian participation in the war. The two countries apparently are still squabbling over the matter, and the Budapest *Pesti Napl* tells us that German support tends toward Bulgaria. It proceeds:

> "The relations of Germany and the Monarchy on the one side and Turkey and Bulgaria respectively on the other, are completely arranged, but the interrelationships of Bulgaria and Turkey still require adjustment. With regard to the rearrangement of the Turco-Bulgarian alliance, the Central Powers desire that close military, political, and economic relations may be retained after the war."

From the German Budapest paper, the *Pester Lloyd,* we learn that Germany wishes Bulgaria to be dominant in the Balkans.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE LIBERTY MOTOR

THE CHEERFUL NEWS that "recent tests of a seaplane equipped with the Liberty motor resulted in 'better performance as regards climbing and load-carrying' than similar airplanes equipped with one of the best types of European engines," is contained in a dispatch to Secretary Daniels from Admiral Sims, who commands our naval forces in European waters. This announcement gives a fitting climax to what we are assured is the whole story of the Liberty motor as contributed to the New York *Tribune* by Theodore M. Knappen. It should be of interest to timid souls. According to Mr. Knappen the much-berated delay in motor-production was due to necessary changes in the motor, made at the advice of an official committee, who were unwilling that we should turn out anything but the very best work, "program or no program." Final tests were not made until April last, and thereafter the motors began to be turned out fifteen or twenty a day. At the date of Mr. Knappen's writing they were being produced fifty per day, and he assures us that the rate is rapidly rising. The whole trouble has been, he thinks, "premature official publicity." We now have a good motor with delayed production, which very properly gives that publicity the lie; we might have made good on the publicity program and lost the lives of our aviators by thousands. Who is sorry for what we actually did? Writes Mr. Knappen:

"There is nothing to write about the Liberty motor now except history, but history may still be interesting.

"The natal days were most exciting. Messrs. Vincent and Hall, locked up together in a hotel, were incubating the Liberty motor. Engineers and officials and British and French officers came and went from the sacred suite almost on tiptoe. At the bidding of the two aircraft consuls great engineers and manufacturers arrived and departed. Drawings, tracings, and blueprints piled up on the beds and tables and dressers.

"It was on or about May 25 [1917] that the idea of an American motor was born. On the 28th Messrs. Hall and Vincent began their historic session. On June 4 the draft of the general design was complete and was submitted to a joint meeting of the Aircraft Board and the Army and Navy technical board. It was for an eight-cylinder engine that was to develop somewhere around 300 horse-power. It looked good on paper and everybody was jubilant. The whole affair was dramatically staged and chronicled. The superheated air was provided at the start.

"The joint board approved the design and forthwith orders were telegraphed to various shops to make the different parts *instanter*. Draftsmen worked feverishly over drawings, and there was much rushing back and forth.

"Then, on July 3, twenty-eight days later, occurred the miracle that upset all conservatism. The parts were brought together from far and near and assembled into a motor that worked like a charm.

"However, on foreign advice it was decided to increase the motor's power and make it a twelve-cylinder type. It was originally intended to make the motor in four, six, eight, and twelve cylinders, but in the end all other forms were abandoned in favor of concentration of production on the twelve-cylinder. More power was the cry from the Allies. They had exhausted the possibilities of low-power engines. The big engine—big in power and light in weight—was to be the peculiar American contribution.

"The twelve-cylinder model passed all tests with flying colors on August 25. A trip to Pike's Peak gave it an altitude experience. There were more drawings and more consultations and more changes, and finally, after August 25, the motor was ordered into quantity production. On October 29 the first motor that could be roughly called the result of quantity production was tried in a De Haviland 4, at Dayton, Ohio. The result was so satisfactory that everybody thought it was all over but the shouting for both plane and engine.

"But presently troubles began to develop. There were rumors of disappointing tests and whisperings that the Liberty motor was a failure after all. Gutzon Borglum was permitted to run amuck, and in the meantime Secretary Baker, doubtless carried away by the enthusiasm that infected everybody associated with the motor, began to anticipate the schedule in his deliverances to the press. What the enthusiasts, after being driven into advancing their own confident schedules by two months, said about what they would do was taken literally. Every bit of good news was magnified. At length came the day when fifty motors had been completed. Somebody told Secretary Baker they were to be shipped to France. He said so. They were shipped, but only one of them ever got to France. The rest were diverted.

"Quantity production on a large scale was due to begin in December. We were to have three thousand motors in March. December came and there was no quantity production. Howard Coffin, chairman of the Aircraft Board, then appointed a committee of engineers to find out what the trouble was. This committee soon found that various parts of the motor were not strong enough and that others were not well adapted to it. The connecting-rods were found to be weak. The lubrication system worked splendidly on the ground but was inefficient in the air. The crankshaft was not strong enough, and so on.

"This committee insisted on changes. Program or no program, they said, America could not afford to have anything but the best. It would never do to let a motor of exceptional design be ruined by mistakes in the parts. There was, of course, some trouble in getting the right amount of radiation. There always is in motors, and always will be. Sufficient radiation for the ground is too much for 12,000 feet. You must have too much or too little at some time. Finally, however, a satisfactory compromise was arranged in radiation.

"It was not until April 28 that the committee of engineers made its final fifty-hour tests on motors with all the essential changes and improvements installed. Besides these basic changes there were a great many lesser alterations suggested, chiefly by the manufacturers, who kept in touch with each other through an unofficial committee and passed on all changes as they were suggested. The strengthening of the connecting-rods was, however, the chief cause of delay. That set back real quantity production at least seventy-five days.

"These delays, rumors of which got to the public at the same time Gutzon Borglum was doing a cubistic feat in investigation under the shelter of Presidential authority, and the Providence *Journal* was hinting a pro-German conspiracy in high places, and the New York *Times* was actually enunciating charges of another sort of conspiracy, aroused a general feeling in the public mind that the whole aircraft program was a total loss and no insurance.

"All this time the men who were making the motor and the responsible officials knew that the worst thing that had happened was an official publicity, bathed in rosy pigments, that insisted on keeping up the fiction of everything going according to a hectic program and at the same time preventing any authentic unofficial publicity. Had the War Department permitted the aircraft board and the aviation officials to grant that splendid freedom of access to the facts that the shipping board grants in regard to the ocean fleet, there would not have been all this commotion.

"Through it all production was advancing.

"In April the motors began to come out at the rate of fifteen or twenty a day. Production—now fifty a day—increases in volume weekly."

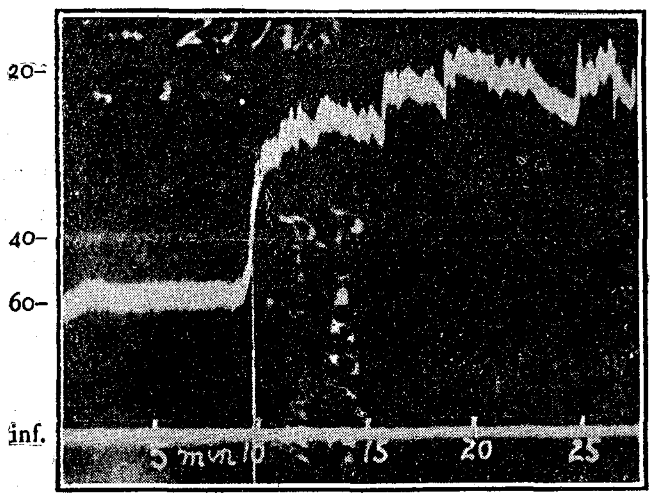
Testimony to the value of this motor was given in London on June 26 by Sir William Weir, new Secretary to the Air Ministry, who presided at the Wilbur Wright lecture delivered by Dr. Durand, scientific attaché of the American Embassy, in the Central Hall at Westminster. He said in part:

"Tests which have been recently applied in France and in this country to the latest American engine justify us in predicting that it will prove a most valuable contribution to the Allied resources. The United States can go ahead and push the production of this motor with every confidence. The results of the experiments so far obtained have placed the engine in the very first line of aeromotors. It is well understood that some criticism will be directed against the slowness of production of these motors during the last three or four months, but I would like to point out that a considerable interval will, and always must, elapse between the experimental and commercial production of any new motor.

"Every engine, even the best designed and in a country with the greatest resources and facilities, can not escape a period of what may be called 'teething troubles' before the motors can be produced on anything like a large scale."

THE NERVE RECORD OF AN AIR-RAID

JUST HOW A LONDON AIR-RAID affected the nerves of an English lady may be seen from the accompanying diagram, which is part of a report made by Dr. A. D. Waller to *The Lancet* (London). Our quotations are from a review in *Nature* (London, May 16). Dr. Waller describes interesting results obtained by studying what he calls the "emotive response" or "psychogalvanic reflex" on various individuals. The person experimented upon has the electric current from two battery cells sent through the thickness of the hand from back to palm, or *vice versa.* Measurement of this current by means of a galvanometer shows that it varies with the emotional experiences of the subject. There is an "emotive response" not only to physical stimuli such as burning, unexpected noise, or smell, but also to mental stimuli such as apprehension, questions, and thoughts, pleasant or unpleasant:



HOW AN AIR-RAID AFFECTS THE NERVES.

At the tenth minute of observation the air-raid noises began, and the subject's resistance (measured in thousands of ohms at the left) at once fell from about 60,000 to 20,000 ohms.

"From many experiments made on different subjects, besides the big variation in actual resistance, there is a marked difference in emotive response; also in the change of resistance which takes place during an experiment, and in the response of the subject to the same stimulus at different stages of the experiment. In some individuals a greater physiological change may be caused by an imaginary than by a real excitation. This is especially the case in imaginative subjects, such as members of the literary, artistic, and scientific professions. A very interesting record is given of the response of a subject taken during an air-raid.

"It would be of extreme interest to know the nature of response in series of subjects who have successfully withstood many nerve-trying ordeals—as, for example, the fighting air-pilot. It is possible that this test would be of value in special cases in the selection of air-pilots, and also invaluable to the military authorities as an adjunct to the ordinary medical examination in classifying doubtful 'nerve' cases, *e.g.*, shell-shock, neurasthenia, and malingering."

CORSETS FOR WOMEN WORKERS

NOT LONG AGO we quoted from an article in which a medical authority held that women will become masculine if they do men's work, and that they must not wear corsets when doing it. "He is wrong on both questions," says Dr. Alice L. Cutler, of Westboro State Hospital, Massachusetts, in a letter to THE LITERARY DIGEST. Women must be properly corseted (she bids us note the adverb) to a corset which supports the lower part of the abdomen. We are a corset-wearing nation, she says, and naturally our abdominal muscles are weakened by our method of dressing. Some abdominal support is needed by our women while working, or else serious troubles will develop. For the last two months Dr. Cutler has been able to visit many different cities, and has gone into the corset departments of the best stores; one especially in Boston with a national fame. The buyer told her of women who have increased their efficiency and health after they had been fitted in the corset department. It is absolutely wrong, Dr. Cutler thinks, to tell women they must not wear corsets while working. "What do men physicians know," she inquires, "of the comfort we women have when we are properly corseted? I know what I am talking about, for I am a strenuous woman myself, and work hard every day." Ammunition-factories do an injustice, Dr. Cutler asserts, when they insist that women employees shall wear only overalls and jumpers; the authorities must go deeper into the question of clothing, for many working women are ignorant of their bodies and suffer in silence, thinking it the patriotic thing to do. Why should we have thousands of invalids among women, from doing all this heavy work, when if a little time and thought are given to them now this can all be avoided? What Dr. Cutler thinks of the corset as a necessary garment for working women may be gleaned from the following article, contributed by her to *The Nurse* (Jamestown, N. Y.), and now reprinted in a separate pamphlet:

"Corsets and shoes are the two most important articles of dress, but, to a nurse, corsets are of greater moment than ill-fitting shoes. In her work, she is expected to get into all kinds of positions, and if she has on an ill-fitting corset it causes a displacement of the internal organs which in time produces a train of bad feelings ultimately resulting in a fagged-out appearance and causing her to do work in a half-hearted manner. . . . All physicians know that corsets have been the cause of much of the trouble that women suffer from; but if a woman wears a corset that fits her anatomically, it gives her the greatest comfort and support. . . . . .

"There is a great difference whether you are fitted by an ignorant saleswoman or by a woman who thoroughly understands her business. Time and time again employees and nurses have shown me corsets that they had bought which were not at all suited to them.

"The majority of women are intelligent, and are taking an interest in the health of their growing daughters and themselves. No one wants to be ill, and when women realize that the constant wearing of an ill-fitting corset helps to keep our hospitals open, they will insist on being properly fitted to corsets instead of buying them hit or miss as most women do nowadays. Back-lace corsets are all right if put on correctly, but the rank and file who wear this style do not put them on as they ought, simply from ignorance. . . . . .

"Last summer, while visiting a city which has many shoe-factories, I met a forewoman who had charge of a number of women stitchers, and during a conversation she said she would give anything if she only knew what could be done to relieve her workers from bad stomach troubles which came on after working a few months over their machines. I asked if I might visit the stitching-room and, after asking several women to open their waists and continue their work, it occurred to me that their corsets were causing the trouble. . . . I told the forewoman that if she would get a pair of corsets which laced in front, I would show her how to put them on, and she, in turn, could show the other women. Several months ago I received a letter from her telling me what a 'blessing' front-lace corsets had been to those in her department and that most of the women were relieved of their stomach trouble.

"If you wish to lace and have a small waist, do not wear a front-laced corset, but if you wish to be efficient in your work, select a pair of corsets that lace in front and be sure to find out just how to put them on; better still, have them fitted by a woman of experience. At the present time, all first-class stores have trained *corsetières*. After a woman has been fitted she is never willing to purchase any kind of corset offered to her, for she finds she can have comfort, style, and health in a proper fitting."

FIGHTING GERMAN GAS

A SPECIAL ARM of the United States Expeditionary Force—and an important one—is the Gas Service. Its workers are busy both in the field and in the chemical laboratory, preparing to "fight the devil with fire" and teaching the soldier how to protect himself against enemy gas-attacks. The defensive measures now in use are described in an article contributed to *Metallurgical and Chemical Engineering* (New York, June 15), by Robert K. Tomlin, Jr. Of our offensive work it is advisable, he says, to say nothing at present. There has been for some time, Mr. Tomlin tells us, a general trend away from the "cloud-attack" in which the Germans generally used gas at first. Practically all of it now comes over in shells, fired either by long-range artillery-pieces or by trench mortars. There are a number of reasons for this change. We read in substance:

"In the first place, the prevailing winds on the front have been against our enemy about 75 per cent. of the time. In the second, a comparatively light gas must be used in a cloud-attack—a mixture generally of chlorin and phosgene—which is less effective than the heavier 'mustard' gas used in shells. Then, too, the wind must be just right before a cloud-attack can be launched.

"In the days of the cloud-attack, cylinders containing the liquefied gas were spaced along the front-line trenches at intervals so that there was available about 25 or 30 pounds of liquefied gas per foot of front. From these tanks pipe-lines of rubber composition or lead were extended over the parapet and forward a short distance. When the valves were opened it was generally the enemy's practise to begin a violent machine-gun fire to mask the hissing sound of the escaping gas. It is said that the Germans, in the early days of gas-attack, started to build some distance behind their front a big manufacturing plant and holder from which gas was to be piped underground to various points of use on the front lines. Allied aviators and artillery, however, by effective bombing and shelling, put a quietus on the central gas-plant project.

"Gas-clouds have been launched by the Germans with a wind velocity as low as two miles per hour. Four miles per hour is considered fairly safe for the attacking party, but the most effective work can be done with the wind blowing at from five to eight miles per hour. Gas-attacks have been made on fronts varying from one to five miles. Even as far back as twelve miles from the front their effects have been great enough to demand the wearing of masks. The lightest gases used in clouds did not produce an effect which lasted more than about twenty minutes, but in dugouts there was danger during a period of three hours or more. The cloud-attack was sometimes launched in one continuous operation and at other times in waves, with a half hour or even greater interval between successive clouds.

"Being heavier than air, the gas will follow the slope of the ground and, if atmospheric conditions are favorable, will sweep down a valley like the flow of a river. The effects of gas are generally confined to points not higher than thirty feet above the general level of the ground. A gas-cloud passing down a valley may, therefore, be largely avoided if there are any high points, such as knolls, which can be climbed. Rain or mist has no appreciable influence on the effectiveness of a gas-cloud attack."

When gas in shells was first tried the enemy used just enough explosive to vaporize the charge. Several kinds of gas were employed before the use of "mustard gas" became prevalent. The detonation of these lightly charged shells was lighter than that of a high explosive shell, and sometimes the gas-shells were mistaken for "duds" (shells which fail to explode properly). Now, however, the charge is being increased, so that almost every bursting shell must be regarded with suspicion so far as gas is concerned. To quote further:

"'Mustard gas,' which has been used by the enemy so extensively in shells for months past, is an organic compound containing chlorin and sulfur, known as dichlorethylsulfide. It is employed in shells of all calibers up to eight-inch. It produces severe burns if it comes in contact with the body and is painful to the eyes. Food eaten after having been subjected to the influence of mustard gas has been known to burn the lining of the stomach. It is a very heavy gas and has a fairly high boiling-point, 400° F., a fact that makes it unsuitable for cloud-attack, for it must be vaporized by an explosion. Gas has killed men as far back as twelve miles from the front. Mustard-gas will linger a long time in the vicinity of shrubbery and woods and, forming pockets in shell-craters, contaminates the earth, which often must be treated with chlorid of lime if there is any chance of men coming in contact with it. With a favoring wind a mustard-gas shell can be shot over troops and dropt only 500 yards ahead of them without placing them in danger.

Photograph by Central News Service, New York.

A GAS-PROOF DOG,

A member of the Belgian sanitary corps, who wears a gas-mask while locating wounded soldiers.

"Nowadays, gas-shell bombardment is to be expected everywhere within the range of artillery—in front-line trenches, communication trenches, camps, billets, etc. The enemy's object, of course, is to catch bodies of men unprotected against gas and to develop a high concentration by heavy bombardment. The practise now is either to mix up the gas and the high-explosive shells, or to use gas-shells containing a fairly large charge of explosive. This makes it very difficult to detect the beginning of a gas-bombardment.

"The instructors from the Gas-Service train our line officers in the proper use of the gas-mask and box-respirator, and this instruction is passed on by the latter to the men in the ranks. The so-called mask is the one used by the French armies and is a face-covering with a pocket containing chemicals through which the breath is drawn and expelled. With the mask one breathes through the nose. The box-respirator, the standard for the English armies, is a more elaborate affair, comprising a face-covering, nose-clip, chemical box with check valves and a flexible tube extending from the chemical box into the mouth, the teeth closing on a rubber strip something like that of a foot-ball nose-guard. Breathing must be done through the mouth, as the nostrils are closed by the spring-clip. The box-respirator is considered the more reliable of the two forms of equipment. It proved to be well adapted to our white troops, but when our negro regiments attempted to use it they found the standard clip entirely unsuited for their broad, flat noses. A detail of the Gas Service, therefore, was assigned the job of designing a special nose-clip for negroes.

"In the American forces a box-respirator or a mask must be carried within twelve miles of the front; the choice is optional. But regulations prescribe that the box-respirator must be worn within the five-mile zone and that a man must be clean-shaven, for a heavy growth of beard prevents close contact between the skin and the face-piece, thus allowing gas to leak in.

"Since all gas used in attack is heavier than air, it collects in low spots, such as dugouts and cellars, unless these are protected. In the case of a dugout the entrance is covered with blankets nailed across the top of the doorway and attached along the bottom edge to a plank upon which the blanket may be rolled up. When the gas warning is sounded these blankets are unrolled and sprayed with water or a mixture of glycerin and water to insure air-tightness.

"After a gas-attack trenches and dugouts must be cleared. For the trenches a canvas antigas 'fan,' which has the general form of a small snow-shovel, has been devised. With this fan, gas which has collected in a trench is literally shoveled out.

"In clearing dugouts ventilation resulting from the building of a fire within them is considered the best method. There are also special mechanical fans with filter bottoms for clearing dugouts.

"Among other duties connected with the defense against gas are wind observations, at regular intervals, and the collection of samples of gas during an attack."

STANDARDIZATION AS STAGNATION

STANDARDIZATION IS A GOOD THING, but when it interferes with improvement it has gone too far. A standard should be a standard only until something better has been devised. Broadly speaking, permanent standards are admissible only where there is no question of good or bad, but only of selecting some one size or type for convenience of reproduction or replacement. Even here there is room for discussion, as in cases where speed is vastly more important than anything else. It has been charged, for instance, that efforts to standardize completely the parts of aeroplane motors are chiefly responsible for the delay in our air-program. In an article on this subject in *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago), the writer asserts that there is no such thing as a completely "standardized industry," and that even if there were, the standardization would probably paralyze all progress. He writes:

"Problems in economics are seldom as simple as they seem. Usually many factors are involved in each problem. It requires a careful listing of all the factors if serious errors are to be avoided, for otherwise an important factor may be entirely forgotten in solving the problem. Thus, in estimating the saving to be effected by standardizing structures and machines, the estimator may easily forget that the time lost in effecting the standardization may far outweigh in value the saving effected, as illustrated in the standardization of freight-cars.

"There is also another factor of great importance in such an economic problem, namely, the retardation of improvement as a consequence of standardization. On this point listen to what Alba B. Johnson, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, said in a paper read at the recent meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States:

"'If, however, it should be urged that the advantages of standardization to which the railroads can work would in the long run be sufficient to compensate for the disadvantages of present increased confusion, then some principle must be discovered by which standardization shall avoid the cessation, if not the extinction, of improvements. Every improvement in some sense involves the destruction of standardization. It would be an evil day for American engineering and for American progress in the art of transportation which would involve a policy of discouragement to new and useful improvements in the art. We should therefore look carefully before we leap, to make sure that we are not giving up the substance of continued growth in efficiency and economy, to grasp the chimera of standardization. Especially should this be considered most carefully when the world-wide danger of this war is upon us.'

"It is now being asserted that the delay in executing our airplane-construction program is mainly attributable to the standardization of the motors. But, whether this is true or not, it is evident that very soon our much-advertised 'Liberty motor' will probably be obsolete; for in the keen battle of engineering wits, constantly going on among the engineers of the warring nations, the 'standard' of to-day will undoubtedly form the scrap-pile a few months hence.

"In this connection it is pertinent to speak of a recent remark made by Secretary Lane to the effect that if the Government is to assume permanent ownership of any industry—the railways, for example—it should select only those industries that have become 'standardized.' Mr. Lane is a lawyer, and, altho an exceptionally able man, his experience has evidently not been along scientific lines. Otherwise he would never have spoken of a 'standardized industry.' There is no such thing outside of countries like China and India, where men have standardized themselves into rigid classes or castes.

"Is railway transportation a 'standardized industry'? No. Is telephony a 'standardized industry'? 'Far from it,' replied the chief engineer of a great telephone company to the query of a public utility commissioner. 'I have a son,' said the engineer, 'and I entertain too strong a hope for his future to believe that, if he follows my profession, he will have nothing new to achieve, nothing to do but maintain and operate a system that my associates and I have designed and built.'

"Is farming a 'standardized industry'? It is among the oldest of industries, yet who would dare say that progress in it has nearly reached an end? Luther Burbank has recently written a twelve-volume monograph, the prime object of which is to demonstrate that man has scarcely begun to realize what can be accomplished in the way of improving fruits and plant products in general. By increasing the yield of many plants threefold, by inventing new species of plants, and by entirely changing the habits of plants, Burbank has forever dispelled the illusion that farming can be greatly improved by mechanical methods only.

"No, valuable as 'standardization' may be under certain conditions, it must be remembered that it has many economic limitations, not the least of which is the tendency to sacrifice future progress in order to curtail present waste."

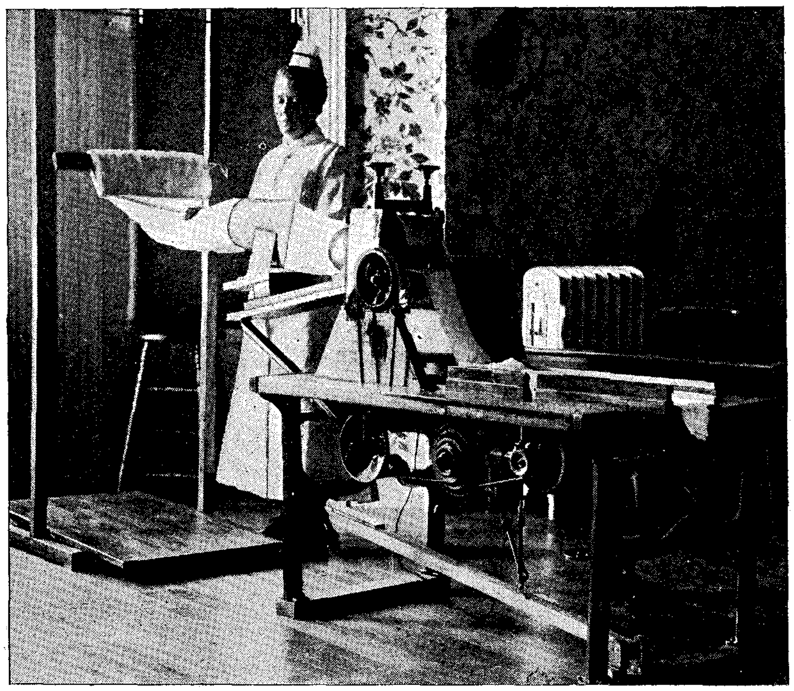
HOW ALCHEMY STARTED

THAT ALCHEMY was not simply a primitive sort of chemistry, the offspring of ignorance and deceit, but was the descendant of a perfectly legitimate art of dyeing or coloring practised in ancient Egypt, is asserted by Prof. Arthur J. Hopkins, in an article on "Earliest Alchemy," contributed to *The Scientific Monthly* (New York, June). Professor Hopkins's contention is that in its earliest origins alchemy was simply the art of dyeing fabrics. Then it was extended to that of tincturing or bronzing metals. Knowledge of metals being primitive, it was assumed that if two metals took the same kind of bronzing they were identical. When an alloy was found, therefore, that would bronze to a purple tint, as gold does, it was called gold. But later, when the Greek manuscripts of these ancient workmen came to be translated and read in France and Germany, it was supposed that a way of actually turning base metals into gold had been discovered. Says Professor Hopkins in substance:

"It is difficult, with our modern ideas, to place ourselves in the same mental attitude as the ancient alchemist. We are compelled to remember that his object was to produce color-effects; that he was an artist interested primarily in color. To him the material was of little account. He was in the same position as the modern artist, mixing his colors on his palet, knowing little of the composition of his 'reds' and 'browns' except the trade name. It would, therefore, be natural for the ancient Egyptian, interested only in the color-result, to identify silver as the metal upon which a black bronze could be produced, and gold as the material, *par excellence*, upon which it was possible to produce a purple bronze. Moreover, any metal or alloy upon which a black bronze could be produced would be looked upon as silverlike or simply 'silver'; and any metal upon which a purple bronze could be produced was 'gold.' Those were the days when single metals were uncommon and were not accorded the virtue of an identity. Alloys were most common. The production of these beautiful and decorative colors became a new industry, probably highly remunerative.

"But as time went on, it became clear that the base metals, like copper and tin, could be 'improved'—could be transmuted into silver and gold as far as color-production was concerned. The capacity for taking the purple bronze was the measure of gold.

"It was common alchemistic practise to add to such alloys a minute portion of gold. Upon such alloys there was probably produced a higher color—a purple, to be sure, but iridescent. The gold in such alloys was looked upon as a ferment, changing and improving the quality of the whole mass. A little pure gold added to a base alloy, no matter how much, improved its quality and raised it in the rank of metals, just as we sometimes speak of a drop of 'infinite goodness' purifying a mass of evil so that its sin shall count for naught.


Courtesy of "The Electrical World," New York.

ELECTRIC HELP IN MAKING BANDAGES,

By which three weeks' work is done in four days.

"After their expulsion from Egypt, the alchemists claimed that their predecessors had always been disciples of Plato and Aristotle. This accounts for the first term in the expression the philosopher's stone.

"Of the second term, Philalethes says:

"'It is called a stone not because it is like a stone, but only because by virtue of its fixt nature it resists the action of fire as successfully as any stone. In species, it is gold, more pure than the purest, but its appearance is that of a fine powder in potency, a most penetrative spirit easily capable of penetrating a plate of metal.'

"Escaping from Egypt, the alchemists fled, some across northern Africa, finally reaching Spain during the Moorish invasion in the eighth century; some going to the East, through Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Persia, joining hands with medicine, which came from India, and finally entering Europe through Constantinople. These refugees brought with them mostly a body of traditions and some manuscripts. After spreading to western Europe, the downtrodden alchemy finally burst into prominence in the thirteenth century.

"Unfortunately, the world had advanced. Metals had already claimed for themselves identity and certain unchanging properties such as are familiar to the modern analyst. Alchemists of the thirteenth century reading the old manuscripts, believed them, without sensing the Egyptian interpretation. They believed that silver could be changed into gold—into real gold in the modern sense. They believed in and ascribed marvelous properties to the philosopher's stone or 'Ancient Stone of the Wise Men.' Many claimed to be adepts and to be possest of a small portion of this stone.

"It is strange, but fortunate for us, that many of their writings confirm the argument of this paper. For, tho they had no conception of the rôle of color in the original alchemistic theory, they quote the ancient alchemistic writings, extolling the wonders of the color-changes.

"Many of their terms are taken directly from the Egyptian workshops. The metal is dipt in the bath. It became tinted with the color. The word tincture has come down to us in the present-day medicine, as well as the expression 'spirit of wine' and the temper of metals. To temper a metal in Egypt meant to bronze it. The expressions base and noble metals, hermetic seal, etc., all attest the fact that the pseudoalchemist of the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries had in his possession manuscripts of the ancient alchemists—probably some which can not now be found—from which he quoted freely to his astonished audience, the meaning of which he failed completely to understand.

"It is seen, therefore, that alchemy began in the Greek city of Alexandria in Egypt, among a color-loving people, as a simple art of coloring metals, founded upon the discovery that the same reagents that had been used in dyeing would produce surface-colors on the metals. Greek theories of matter and the Egyptian religious views conspired to uphold the theory that the essential thing was color—not the changing material or body of the metal—so that a change of color was transmutation. Greek theory and the teachings of all kinds of theology supported the idea that each metal had a body, a soul, and a spirit; that the spirit was the essential thing, overlying and overcoming the crudeness of the body. Metals were graded in order of perfection. There were base metals and noble metals. The noble metals partook more of the spiritual, and could, therefore, be used to perfect the base metals. Moreover, the color was the real spirit, difficult of attainment and hard to keep. As gold improved the lower metals, so the spirit of gold was identified with the spirit of metallicity—the penetrative tincture—which could tint all metals into gold—the philosopher's stone.

"Centuries rolled by. The artistic yearning for color was nearly gone and the methods of recognizing pure metals were much advanced, when, in the thirteenth century, a false alchemy arose, which claimed on the authority of the ancient writings to be able, by the philosopher's stone, to change lead and copper into silver and gold.

"The simple art of the Egyptians had been harmless. Its mission was to feed the color-hungry people of Egypt, and it had been eminently successful. Pseudoalchemy was the teaching of men glorifying in a rapture of self-deceit; later of charlatans, who deceived others knowingly. Pseudoalchemy never succeeded in its pretensions. It succeeded only in holding back scientific progress for some centuries and in bringing into disfavor the fair name of science. This alchemy, so called, lingered on under the teachings of Iatro-chemistry, and the impetus of the phlogiston theory until its pretensions were finally crusht by the impressive experiments of Lavoisier, in the latter part of the eighteenth century."

ELECTRICITY DOING RED-CROSS WORK—An electrically operated machine for turning out surgical bandages is now aiding Boston Red-Cross workers at the rooms of the New England surgical-dressings committee. The device has a capacity of fifty yards of gauze bandages per minute. Says a writer in *The Electrical World* (New York, June 8):

"The machine was designed by J. A. Butler, of the Industrial Service and Equipment Company, Boston, and will easily turn out ten times as much work as the usual staff of four persons can perform by hand. The machine will produce two sizes of folded bandages, one four inches and one three inches wide, and the number of cutters of dressing stock is varied to suit the convenience of the local workers. In operating the machine one worker feeds the material through the outfit and the others devote their time to cutting and packing. A Singer sewing-machine type motor of about 1/7 horse-power rating, operated by 110-volt direct-current energy from the Boston Edison mains, runs the unit. The bandages are folded eight or four times, as desired. Recently the Boston chapter of the Red Cross had a rush order of dressings to prepare, and the work was done on this machine in four days, 2,000 five-yard gauze rolls being made up. By hand the work would have taken at least three weeks with the local staff then available."

LETTERS - AND - ART

THE WAR A CONFLICT OF CIVILIZATIONS

THE KAISER made a challenge to his enemies in his thirtieth anniversary speech that will not daunt them any more than his first stroke of arms. He spoke of "two world-views," and tho he was addressing his own, whom he calls "the most capable people on earth," he also finds that they too, as well as the outside world, answer his challenge. His immediate hearers were the army chiefs at German Headquarters, and his point of departure was the taunt of "Prussian militarism," so often flung by members of the Entente, and now, as the New York *Evening Post* points out, taken up by him and worn as a "badge of honor." His tribute to this ideal is couched in his own flaunting phrase:

> "I know that Prussian militarism, so much abused by our enemies, which my forefathers and I, in a spirit of dutifulness, loyalty, order, and obedience, have nurtured, has given Germany's sword and the German nation strength to triumph, and that victory will bring a peace which will guarantee the German life."

If William wishes to see how these words sound when translated into an enemy consciousness, they become, as *The Evening Post* goes on to remark, "something more than the usual Hohenzollern braggadocio":

> "It is a frank challenge to the Entente on the fundamental issues of the war. You of the Entente are out for democracy, are you, with its individualistic excesses, its lack of order, its insubordination, its wastefulness, and clamor? Well, we are for Prussian militarism, sublimated into a philosophy of dutifulness, loyalty, order, and obedience, and our victorious sword proves amply which is the better governmental and social system of the two. Not a bad argument, if William II. had not forgotten to mention a few essentials of militarism to which the victorious German sword is somewhat indebted: the Belgium scrap-of-paper spirit, the *Lusitania* spirit, the Brest-Litovsk spirit, etc. Dutifulness, loyalty, order, and obedience are very good things in themselves; but to reveal militarism in perfection, they need to be supplemented by a murderous leap on an innocent neighbor, by the assassination of women and children, by the practise of easy repudiation and perjury at council-tables."

Did the Kaiser intend to make a scrap of paper of Germany's White Book when he thus accounted for the war. If so, he simply went his too honest Ambassador to Great Britain, Prince Lichnowsky, one better, only his motive must have been exasperation instead of honesty. In the White Book we were told that Germany went to war because the Fatherland had been invaded; now the Kaiser sees the war as a struggle between "two world-views." They are put in almost aphoristic brevity. "Either German principles of right, freedom, honor, and morality must be upheld, or Anglo-Saxon principles, with idolatry of mammon, must be victorious." In the views of his commentators both inside and outside Germany, the Kaiser has finally crystallized the motives for the world-war, and it only remains to understand just what he claims for his own side and what degree of sincerity can be placed on his analysis of the motives of his enemies. In the latter count his sternest critics seem to be within his own empire. It will be noticed that in addressing what he calls "the most capable people on earth," he uses the terms common to all people, "right, freedom, honor, and morality," but qualifies them as German. Something different, then, is meant when Germans use the words that others also sometimes find on their tongues. The New York *Globe* enlarges on this "German" view:

> "He is right in saying the war is between two opposing world-views. This has been manifest since the first gun was fired. Civilization, democracy, freedom, face barbarism, autocracy, and slavery. Germany is out for world-dominion, and her idea of morality is that there is no such thing. Might, say the principal expositors of German thought, has a right to rule; only the weak and the inefficient plead the claims of right. No word is binding, no obligation valid, no pledge to be respected when there is advantage in repudiation. Yes, the war is because of conflict between two theories of life. It came when Germany, with gigantic and insane egoism, set out to impose her conception. Anterior to the war few were there who could bring themselves to believe Germany was serious. It was assumed such a monstrosity could not exist—that even tho it had some life it could be safely left to die from its own viciousness. The greatest surprize of the war is that any people could be induced to do what the German people have done in the last four years."

Opposite each word *The Evening Mail* (New York) places a deed. It is like a little mirror held up in which the Kaiser might be enabled to see "the inmost soul" and answer if these are honor, freedom, and morality:

> "What does the Kaiser mean by the phrase 'German principles of right, freedom, honor, and morality'?
>
> "Is the violation of every law of nations the German conception of 'principles of right'?
>
> "Is the suppression of the voice of the majority by an unjust and oppressive electoral law the German conception of 'freedom'?
>
> "Is the violation of Belgium's neutrality, which Prussia had solemnly guaranteed, the German conception of 'honor'?
>
> "Is the net of intrigue, violence, corruption, and treachery which Germany has cast over the neutral world prompted by the German sense of 'morality'?"

Fond as the German mind is of metaphysical subtleties, it is not thought likely to follow the Kaiser too far in supporting his claim for their particular virtues. Already within Germany have come angry protests over the Kaiser's words. If he had "confined his remarks to his customary boasts and blasphemies," thinks the New York *World*, "it is probable that no harm would have been done." But when he is betrayed into speaking of the "conflict of ideals between what he was pleased to call the principles of German civilization as opposed to those of Anglo-Saxon countries . . . the autocrat made his mistake." *The World* continues:

> "Never before has Germany been informed by imperial authority that Prussian militarism had anything to do with the war. Never before has it heard from the sacred precincts of Potsdam that it was shedding its blood and wasting its treasure to destroy ideals which in many of its states are known and to some extent tolerated. From the Emperor himself it now learns that the war is militaristic, Prussian, and dynastic, opposed to mammon, and above all else to the English-speaking democracies.
>
> "Until recently there has always been the pretense of defensive war, as a result of which the aggressors were to be made to pay. It was the Fatherland that was to be saved. It was the German right to live, to grow, that was to be asserted. It was the German fist that was glorified, and always, with the help of the German *Gott*, it was a German victory which was to bring a good German peace with land, money, and other spoils.
>
> "There never was an ideal in all these deceits and boasts except the ideal associated with a domineering Prussian autocracy. 'My power,' said Napoleon, also a war-lord, 'proceeds from my reputation and my reputation from the victories I have won. My power would fail if I were not to support it with more glory and more victories.'
>
> "When, after four years of awful strife without victory, Emperor William invites his subjects to make war upon the ideals of English-speaking civilization he changes the subject

too abruptly for most of them, and junkers and proletariat unite in angry protest. Germany is not worrying about the ideals of the United States and Great Britain. What it wants from them is victory and glory, annexations and indemnities, submission and tribute. Such are its ideals. Despairing of them, is the Emperor trying to substitute something else?"

If he is, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* wastes no time in setting him right. Almost mingling with the echo of the Kaiser's words it cries out: "It is not a question of two world-conceptions, but of two world-Powers, each possessing a might the like of which the world has never seen before." It gives the Kaiser something like the lie:

> "The German people were not told on August 4, 1914, that they were going out to fight the Anglo-Saxon conception of the world until it was conquered. Had that been said, even in veiled terms, the high unity of will of the German people would have been rent asunder on the first day, for the German did not think of this or that kind of world-conception. He thought of the Fatherland's need, of home, and wife, and mother."

This German paper puts small stock in any statement about "any particular world-conception," which can be attributed to the great races. It pays no great compliment to the Kaiser's sincerity, for it pictures him as having been a frequent visitor to England:

> "The Kaiser had been often in England and had given expression on numerous occasions to his sympathy with English life, whereby he aroused the anger of those German sections whose ideal was the annihilation of the English world-conception. There are many dark pages in English history, but they are not the result of any particular perversity in world-conception. The basis of the English popular and state life is like our own. His is of kindred Germanic origin. German reactionaries see in the universal franchise the damnable fruit of the Anglo-Saxon world-conception, and regard as a great triumph the scornful mishandling of the franchise bill promised by the monarch."

Neither is it imprest by the Kaiser's slur upon the mammonism of England. It says:

> "Unfortunately our world-conception has not protected us from making heavy sacrifices on that same altar. There has been no lack of service to mammon in Germany. Base tho English politics may be under Lloyd George, he has put a hitherto unequaled portion of the war-burdens on the possessing classes. Peoples who collapsed on account of mammon-worship did not do that."

The *Münchener Post* is even more uncomfortable, saying:

> "The Kaiser's speech, inviting the German people to destroy English culture, founded on love of money, was delivered at the very moment the Deutsche Bank, the Hamburg-American Line, the Norddeutsche Lloyd, and the Prince Henchel von Donnersmarck are uniting in a formidable trust, at the very moment the junker class is refusing all Socialist electoral reforms, whereas the new moral law in England is a proof of the triumph of the democratic spirit."

A VIOLINIST AND A CONGRESSMAN

TWO AMERICANS IN ITALY.

Lieut. Albert Spalding, violinist, and Capt. F. H. La Guardia, Congressman from New York, who are attached to the Aviation Section of the Italian Army, give music and laws a temporary rest.

ART AND STATECRAFT are brought together in this world-war; a violinist and a Congressman carrying the Stars and Stripes to Italy give an impression there of the great melting-pot. The American aviation-camps in Italy find among their personnel the violinist, Mr. Albert Spalding, and a Congressman of the Fourteenth District of New York, Mr. F. H. La Guardia, and the *Giornale d'Italia* (Rome) sees them "harmonized, orchestrated, and harnessed in Uncle Sam's chariot in the vital and chief pursuit of to-day, 'winning the war.'" Mr. Spalding, being asked by this paper's representative how he keeps up with his music, shows a fine sense of values:

> "You can not do two things, and do them properly, at the same time. At the present moment there is more music for me in the factories so gloriously grinding out planes and motors than in a symphony of Beethoven. And to-day I would rather run an office-boy's errand for my country, and do it as well as I can, if it is to serve my country, than to play successfully the Bach *chaconne*, and I would rather hear a well-directed battery of American guns blasting the road to peace and victorious liberty than the combined applause of 10,000 audiences. And I want you to believe that the artist in me is not asleep in telling you these things. For it is my conviction that art has as much at stake in this war as democracy. Art depends as much on the freedom of individual thought and action as democracy. How, then, could it hope to endure and prosper in the face of a German peace—the triumph and vindication of a human machinery and the crushing out of individualism? With a German peace we would have seen a world-wide spreading of that foul and insidious disease which has already sapped the life and spirit out of what was once Teuton art.
>
> "The hand that points the destructive guns on Reims and gloats over the ruins of a rare Venice is not likely to hesitate to turn the voices of poets and musicians to the task of making hymns of hate for *Kultur*."

Mr. Spalding is aid to the Congressman, who has also been stimulating the Italian people by his speeches on "the war, its aims, needs, and meaning." *The Musical Courier* (New York) remarks:

> "He has interpreted America to them as, perhaps, no one ever has done before, and drives home those truths which are ventured very rarely by orators. 'This is a war of necessity, not of choice,' says Congressman La Guardia, 'and unless it is fought by the men behind the lines as hard as by the soldiers in the trenches, we shall be criminally endangering the successful outcome of the war. Democracy can not and will not allow itself to be proved such a failure. And a failure it will be unless the man behind the lines keeps his shoulder to the wheel in the great drive for liberty.'

"Mr. La Guardia is one of the few who have the right to talk, and who knows what to say when he does talk."

A humorous anecdote of this union of art and politics is given:

"Recently the Congressman and his aid visited the Italian front to examine and study the methods of aviation as practised there. They were entertained at dinner by King Victor Emmanuel, and also by Generalissimo Diaz, together with members of the Italian General Staff. The Generalissimo inquired of Spalding if he was a pilot. 'Unfortunately, no, your Excellency,' said the violinist. 'No, his services are utilized in the service of supplies, for which he is best fitted as a language officer because of his knowledge of French and Italian, and his duties are more valuable in that capacity than to fly,' added La Guardia.

"'Is that it?' said the General. 'Why, then, I will tell you what we will do. When one of our triplanes bombs Vienna, we will put Spalding in the observer's seat, and he can play the American and Italian national anthems on his violin.'"

A FRENCH PAINTER ON OUR SOLDIERS

COMMUNIQUÉS GIVE US THE STORY of our troops at Cantigny. They "fought gallantly" is the soldier phrase, and it covers deeds for which awards have already been given. But a soldier's report can hardly give the impression that these precursors of the American armies to follow make upon the seasoned warring countries of Europe. This reaches us in a letter from the famous French painter, François Flameng, to an American friend, who allows, through the columns of the New York *Times*, the public in general to share in the pleasure of hearing our troops well spoken of. The letter comes from the French front, where Mr. Flameng is also serving, for all classes in France help to bear her burdens. "I cannot resist the pleasure of telling you," he writes, "of the admiration and joy of the French army corps where it is my good fortune to be hospitalized, at the splendid conduct of your compatriots in the affair at Cantigny." And going on:

"Seeing them work with so much energy, so much intelligence, good listeners, questioning and studying all the time, our chiefs had soon discovered the rare quality of the American soldiers. But what would be the practical value of the officers and staff? That was the question. Well, the answer came quickly. Under the constant bombardment, buried in the cellars of ruined châteaux and houses, all officers—generals, colonels, majors, and juniors—did their duty calmly, eagerly, with an intelligence always alive. It was soon realized that they were model officers, active, hard working, capable of assimilating with extraordinary rapidity the experience and methods of our old armies. It was a tremendous satisfaction, and at once absolute confidence and mutual esteem were established, affection followed, and then admiration. There is not a French soldier, from *poilu* to General-in-Chief, who does not speak of the American troops with emotion. Eyes and hearts smile at their courage, their devotion to duty, their disinterestedness. This is the reason that we were not without anxiety for your début—not that there was any possible doubt of your courage, of your contempt of danger, but because one was moved to see such good friends face death for the first time, because their lives seemed even more precious than ours. We Frenchmen have become accustomed to give our blood without stint. To die is nothing, our beloved *patrie*, France, is everything for the *poilu*.

"Therefore, when at seven o'clock in the morning we watched for American troops to leave the front trenches, in that most dramatic of moments when the soldier goes to death and glory, we had our hearts in our mouths . . . ; but there was a shout of unanimous admiration when they leapt out quickly in as perfect order as on parade, faced the formidable barrage fire, and disappeared in the dark smoke of *obus* bursting on all sides. Soon we saw them coming up to the village and taking it so brilliantly that it seemed as if an irresistible force impelled these soldiers fighting for right and justice. . . . The proof was conclusive; the American soldier was truly a great soldier, and one could be sure that whatever counter-attacks might come, he would stand like a rock against which the enemy waves would be broken. I cannot tell you our joy, for you are the hope of the world, you are the future, you will bring us victory, and also because you personify to our people the highest feelings of honor and generosity.

"When, on the dangerous roads near the front, I meet an American *poilu* covered with dirt and dust, loaded with his arms and heavy equipment, sweating and trudging along without a murmur, nay, whistling and singing, I see again the splendid specimens of humanity I used to meet with in New York, in Chicago, everywhere in America, and when I think that this American *poilu* is one of them, that he has left everything—family, affections, comfort, all his interests—to come across the ocean and take his part in this sacred fight, I cannot restrain my emotion, and I want to express to that lone soldier the gratitude I feel and which no human words can express.

"Dear friend, it is too wonderful. The coming of America into this war will ever remain as the most beautiful and noblest action in the history of the world. You were not obliged to come. Why do you do it? Why this gigantic human effort of yours, why so many sacrifices freely consented? Simply and solely to save the future of civilization and the liberty of man."

OUR AWFUL LOSS IF WE DROP GERMAN

HAVING WROUGHT HER WILL with Russia, Germany now holds that country up as an awful example to us. Does America not know, asks the *Weser Zeitung*, that to abandon the teaching of German in our schools would bring us down to the level of Russia? This *Zeitung* is said to scoff at the idea that German instruction and newspapers would undermine American patriotism. In this its writer puts a high value on our constancy or a low one on German power to seduce. It pretends to a belief that "President Wilson has retained some understanding of the realities and consequences" which, it alleges, such steps would entail. The "reality" that is borne in upon this organ of opinion is that something might even be hoped from Germans who have made their home in America:

"If hyphenated German-Americans have not had courage enough to protest against the war and Wilson's policy, their patience has limits."

Driven to a certain despair, this German editor can only sigh that in our ante-bellum days we were known as "the land of the free." Against the Union League Club of New York, where a resolution was passed urging the expulsion of the study of German from the public schools, he turns with the inquiry if it is aware of the odium such a measure would bring on America, "and do they not understand that they would bring America down to the level of Russia?" America, he declares, "is not menaced by invasion, and there are no fears of a German rising." We are further warned that such measures will lose to us our German and Austrian population—our "best and most conscientious and intelligent laborers." After which:

"If repatriation follows as a result of impossible conditions for these people, then America will one day be confronted by a menacing yellow peril under unfavorable conditions. The yellow races, especially the Japanese, increase rapidly."

Meantime, tho the daily press continue to mention new places where the resolution is taken to eliminate the study of German from the public schools, such action is not to be expected in any of the colleges. An action near akin has lately been announced at Cornell University, where an endowment by Mr. Jacob H. Schiff to promote studies in German culture will be modified at the suggestion of the donor. A dispatch from Ithaca to the New York *Times* explains the character of the proposed change:

"The announcement was made to-day that the trustees had complied with Mr. Schiff's wish and voted to substitute the words 'human civilization' for 'German culture' in the name of the foundation.

"Mr. Schiff asked that the income of the fund for next year be used for a series of lectures on the civilization of France. The trustees requested President Schurman, who will be in France this summer, to arrange for an early visit to Cornell by some French scholar. In subsequent years the endowment will provide for lectures on the heritage of Europe and America from the Semitic, Hellenic, and Latin civilizations.

"The world's loss of respect for German institutions has defeated the original purpose of this endowment during the last three or four years, and the income of late has not been appropriated. The accumulation will be used to buy for the university library books dealing with the present war.

"Two German professors lectured on the Schiff Foundation before the war. Erich Marcks, of the University of Hamburg, gave a course on German history in 1913 and in the spring of 1914. Ernst Elster, of the University of Marburg, lectured on Heine and the German dramatists. Lectures on German literature were given a little later by Professor Kuno Francke, of Harvard, and Professor Camillo von Klenze, of the College of the City of New York."

As the discussion of dropping the study of German in this country has gone on, the question has become, in the phrase of a writer in the Boston *Transcript*, "less one of patriotism than of common sense." That view is ventilated by *The Yale Alumni Weekly* (New Haven), which points out the practical necessity of knowledge of German often lost sight of in our indignant repudiation of it:

"German should no more be a compulsory study in American public schools than Sanskrit; certainly subjects other than German itself should not be taught in that language; the Americanization of our composite school population should be accomplished through the medium of our own tongue; voluntary German study should be permitted, but, as we said in this place recently, the present textbooks should be rewritten so that there would be no question concerning the introduction of German propaganda in them; certainly, for our soldiers going abroad, at least an elementary conversational German should somehow or other be encouraged. One 'patriotic' solution of the German-teaching question is to abolish it wholesale, because it is the enemy's tongue. An equally patriotic suggestion is to turn it to account for that very reason. For certainly an American Army and public are at a disadvantage in fighting a conquest-mad Germany if it cannot understand what that enemy is saying except through a third party's interpretation.

"On one point, however, there could hardly be any difference of American public opinion. The wide-spread use of the German language in the schools of this country for objects other than the teaching of the language as a language ought to be stopt. In certain American communities where there is a large German population a considerable part of the common-school education has been given in the German tongue alone; a recent newspaper statement was to the effect that in some such communities American children of non-German parentage had actually been whipt for speaking English during their recess hours on the school grounds. While this undoubtedly was a local situation, it is unquestionably duplicated, if to a less serious degree, in numerous American public schools to-day. In such schools subjects other than the German language have been taught, and are being taught, in that tongue. The Governor of Connecticut has taken the very wise and aggressive step, under power granted to his office by the legislature some years ago, to put an end to this, so far as the State of Connecticut is concerned, after July 1. It might very properly be made the personal business of every American university graduate to acquaint himself with the facts concerning this situation in his own community and to see to it that, with our soldiers fighting Germany abroad, our schools are not educating German sympathizers at home."

A POETIC PRIZEWOMAN

SOMETHING LIKE THE FUNCTIONS of the Goncourt Academy in crowning books of the year has been assumed by Columbia University, and in awarding prizes founded by the late Joseph Pulitzer for preeminence in American journalism and letters the five hundred or more poets of the country must have furnished the most perplexing problem. The award in this field went to Sara Teasdale (Mrs. E. B. Filsinger), for a volume named "Love-Songs." Love-songs the book surely contains, but the fact that it also carries other kinds of ditties shows to Mr. O. W. Firkins, writing in *The Nation* (New York), that the want of logic "proves that Miss Teasdale is a woman—and a poet." It does not undertake to press the point of sex, however, for in her work it finds that "the fineness is womanly, but the steadiness is masculine; she supplies the throb without the quiver." We find other distinctions:

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THE ST. LOUIS POET,

Sara Teasdale, whom Columbia University decorates with the Pulitzer Prize.

"The difference between her emotion and that of the ordinary poet is the difference between distillation and ferment. Its quality is strange in the romantic sense of the word; it is a wild sweetness, a rebellious gentleness, that she discovers. Sara Teasdale is no more dove than she is hawk; she is rather petrel. Or, if we ask folk-lore rather than bird-lore for a simile, I think that her heart, like *Maire Bruin's* in Mr. Yeats's play, is divided between *Shawn* and the fairies; I am not sure that she does not prefer either to the cross.

"Her instinct is to extract and concenter; her method to reduce and simplify. For meter, the hymn or ballad stanza will suffice; for length eight or twelve lines will serve, serve better than more; for diction she is content with the sparse and the short. Even the quilting which the adjective supplies can be dispensed with. Her very figures, if good, are often less good than her literalities; for instance:

The world is tired; the year is old,
  The fading leaves are glad to die,
The wind goes shivering with cold
  Where the brown reeds are dry.

"Observe the volume in littleness, the affluence in destitution, of the unfigurative line. In phrases where the bare word records the bare fact—in a technique drawing close to the technique of entry, the technique of bulletin, the passion and poetry of this writer culminate. The method as method is not new—it scarcely differs from Heine's; but for the moment, with us, it has become Miss Teasdale's property, as an assessor or even as a logician would understand that term.

I sang a song at dusking time
  Beneath the evening star,
And Terence left his latest rime
  To answer from afar.

Pierrot laid down his lute to weep,
  And sighed, "She sings for me."
But Colin slept a careless sleep
  Beneath an apple-tree.

Mr. Firkins, who is gaily flippant on sex distinction, is rigorous on syntax:

"Miss Teasdale misuses her 'will' and 'would' with the serenity of a Philistine. Solecism may be conceded to the poetaster; in Sara Teasdale it affects me like blasphemy in an archbishop."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE JEWISH LEGION OF HONOR

A JEWISH LEGION OF 8,000 MEN are now fighting with the British for the complete conquest of Palestine, but a force ten times as great is expected to form the Jewish Legion of Honor to march in behalf of the coming Jewish Republic. On July 1 the East Side of New York gave over two thousand of its sons who went to Canada for training before proceeding to the East. At the recent convention of the Zionist Organization of America, held in Pittsburg, it was stated by Dr. A. A. Newman, of Philadelphia, that "every Jew who has enlisted in the Legion from the United States has pledged to remain in Palestine for the remainder of his life." There also the statement was made by Manner Brooman White, chief of the British recruiting office in this country, that he had learned unofficially that more than 50,000 American Jews are now in Egypt on their way to join the Legion already with General Allenby in the Holy Land. A representative of the British Embassy also said:

"Great Britain, in taking Palestine from the Turk, did not take it for herself, but for the Jewish people. It is the policy of England to do everything reasonably within her power to put the Jews back in the home of their ancestors in the Holy Land, and Great Britain looks to the Jews to set up a civilization there."

But the Jews themselves declare that they "do not want Palestine as a gift from England"; instead, they want to fight for Palestine, their ancient home. The national consciousness of the Jew is exprest by Mr. Aaron J. Levy in a recent issue of the Jewish daily, *Warheit* (New York):

"He believes that the Jews are something more than a purely religious body; that they are not only a race, but also a nation; tho a nation without, as yet, one important requisite—a common home. He believes that if an end is to be made to Jewish misery and to the exceptional position which the Jews occupy—which is the primary cause of Jewish misery—the Jewish nation must be placed once again in a home of its own. He believes that such a national regeneration is a fulfilment of the hope which has been presented to the Jew throughout his long and painful history. He believes that such a home can only naturally, and without violence to the whole past of the Jews, be found in the land of their fathers—in Palestine. He believes that such a return could not be effected except through the great Powers of the world now united in the Allied cause. He knows that Palestine is now in England's possession and that England has spoken the word. For this he is exceedingly grateful. But we all know that only through the influence and aid of President Wilson and the American people will the liberation and rejuvenation of the Jews be accomplished. If America should fail in this war, not only do we defraud our children of the heritage which we received from our fathers, but we blast the hopes of the friends of liberty throughout the world to the end of time."

Opposition to Zionism has disappeared almost in its entirety, declares a statement in a Pittsburg dispatch to the New York *Tribune*. "Every class of the Jewish people, in every land, is fast approaching unanimity on the subject. The extreme orthodox and the radical-reform religious wings are drawing closer together. The proletariat and the *bourgeoisie* among the Jews stand on one platform, so far as Palestine is concerned." The dreams of the Palestine Jews for the establishment of a United States of the Near East are based on the principles of the United States of America, but, so far as feasible, "laws relative to divorce, parent and child, inheritance, occupancy of land, and such" will be based upon the old Hebrew laws. A dispatch from the convention states:

"That the ancient Jewish law of equality and justice to all should be made the guiding principle of the new life in Zion was declared at a gathering of the provisional Zionist executive committee. The gathering was addrest by leading Jewish scholars of the country. The acceptance of the declaration of principles was the occasion for an outburst of applause and cheering which lasted for several minutes.

"This declaration of principles, or 'resolutions bearing on Palestinian policy,' revealed that the purpose of the Zionists is not alone to reestablish the ancient homeland, but to build up a model commonwealth in which extremes of both riches and poverty should be averted and the old-time Hebraic morality and justice become the law of the land. Embodying both the ancient Jewish law and the new social platforms of the labor parties of England and other Allied countries, the declaration presents a striking program of economic reconstruction."

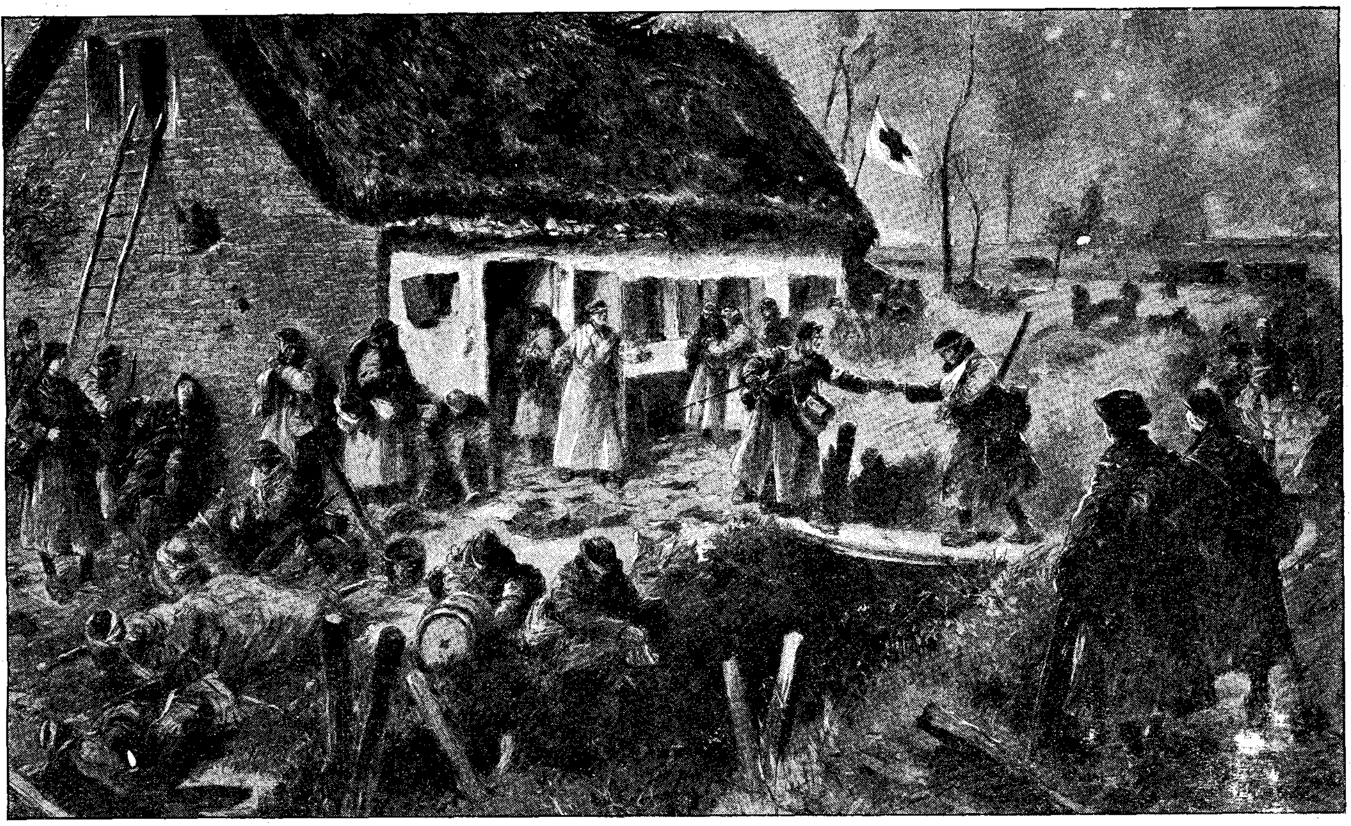
In turning toward a new home, the Jew leaves one in which his loyalty is only strengthened, as the writer in the *Warheit* also says:

"I have the very strong conviction that the Jew needs no lessons in loyalty. In the light of the developments of the recent past, I must confess, however, that this may seem to be paradoxical. The Jew's loyalty to America could never justly be made the subject of doubt. He always was loyal and is loyal now. I am certain that he shall continue to be. He was loyal to the country from which he came—he was loyal everywhere. The difficulty was not so much with him as with the tyrants and oppressors under whom he was obliged to live and suffer. And so when conditions became more than impossible he sought, and found, an asylum on these free shores. The Jew attained in a short time rank and position in professional and commercial life. The Jew began to know freedom and to love liberty. And then our nation unfortunately became involved in international problems. The Jew began to grow uneasy. Even a trifling encroachment upon this much-loved liberty disturbed him. Vague visions of that from which he ran entered his mind. He was told that our distinguished President was a kaiser, far worse than he who reigns in Berlin. 'Kaiser Wilson' was the appellation. The Jew was told that 'Kaiser Wilson' is in the service of capital. He was told that the world-war, so far as America was concerned, was Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's war, and the war of his capitalistic associates; that these capitalists had made fabulously large investments in the bond issues of the Allied countries. He was fed all kinds of venom by certain Hun-inspired vipers. These disloyal elements were well organized and very artful.

"The Jewish psychology of the time was simply this: The much-afflicted Jew, who for the first time in his history began to draw in free air, saw the dawn of the end of that freedom. The results of the bitter struggle of a lifetime were in great hazard. Those children for whom he suffered so intensely were about to be reached out to by the strong arm of the law—the arm of the Government. He was told by those Hun instrumentalities that their blood was about to be spilled in the interests of the idle rich. He was told that they were about to be shot to pieces in order to protect the Morgan investments. A few who saw the danger of this propaganda fought hard in the interests of truth; but for a while our individual efforts could not be compared with this sinister force.

"Now all is different. The Jew began to see the threat to freedom. The sale of nigh on to fifteen million dollars of Liberty bonds in the last drive—compared with the several hundred thousand dollars received by the Government in the two preceding drives combined—is more than convincing proof of this last assertion."

A new type of service flag is created for those who fight in the Jewish Legion. It is "a banner of blue and white with its fighters represented by the blue six-pointed-star emblem of the Zionists." Chicago's flag is said to represent 236 volunteers.



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"LIGHTHOUSE OF THE BATTLE-FIELD; FIRST RED-CROSS POST."

An impressionistic view by the French artist, Paul Thiriat, of the wounded just after they have left the very front line of the battle.

THE HAND HELD OUT TO ROUMANIA

THE PICTURE OF ROUMANIA'S WOES brought back by our Red-Cross Commissioner, Lieut.-Col. Henry Watkins Anderson, of Richmond, Va., is the revelation from behind a drawn curtain of conditions which Belgium typifies. But our gallant ally in the East, overwhelmed by forces too strong for her, is buoyed up by the example of her Queen, who is at the head of the Red Cross and the Orphans' Society. Colonel Anderson reports her going from the trenches to the hospitals, in one afternoon giving 3,500 men individual presents and in one day visiting the bedside of over 3,000. "She never seemed tired. Hers is a very beautiful and remarkable personality and she held the Roumanian peasant in her hand." The American Red-Cross work was placed under her general patronage, and in Colonel Anderson's report, published in the New York *Evening Post*, we learn some of the things that were accomplished:

"We brought 110 car-loads of foodstuff into Jassy, which they said it was impossible to do, and they had only got in three car-loads before. We were getting in something like forty car-loads a day when I left. We organized in sixty days a distribution system of food by which we distributed weekly to 30,000 people behind the lines. I don't know how we did it except by working sixteen and eighteen hours a day. In the meantime we had our bags packed and ready to leave Roumania on short notice. But I kept on buying supplies and had our warehouse supplied because, whether we stayed or not, we had to feed the people.

"In addition, we organized orphanages, where we were taking care of little children who had no homes at all, and no one to take care of them. We found children dying of starvation, many of whom we took to the hospital; and in a few weeks they would be the brightest, finest little children you ever saw, simply because they had been fed.

"We supported work back of the line with the cooperation of the Army. It was hard because we could not get motor-cars, and when we got motor-cars we could not get gasoline, or the cars broke down and we could not get repairs. But we managed to do it by keeping at it all the time.

"For those we could not reach in any other way we established a canteen in Jassy. We then served 1,500 people in that canteen every day. We also gave them clothing and had a room where girls came and made clothes. When I came away I left food enough to continue the work for three months under the direction of the Queen. We were feeding through canteens when I left—to say nothing of help to other institutions—about 30,000 or 40,000 people on regular rations or daily food-supply."

In mid-winter, with a climate similar to that of Montreal, says Colonel Anderson, "you would go into a village in southern Roumania, and the children would run out to see you without any clothing at all, or maybe only with a little cotton shirt; no shoes or stockings—pale, emaciated, and obviously underfed":

"I decided I was going to clothe the children as far as we could go. I sent to Moscow to buy all the cloth possible and told them to draw on the Red Cross for the price. We bought about six car-loads of cloth in Moscow and about twenty-four car-loads in Petrograd. We organized every school and community. They said they had no sewing-machines or needles. We found fifty sewing-machines at one place. I bought them up. I bought 100,000 hand sewing-needles and 25,000 sewing-machine needles. I put these machines out in communities and schools. There were refugees who wanted to work and I paid them five cents a garment to make garments—$1,800 or $2,000 to make garments, which would enable them to live. I even made cloth shoes with wooden bottoms.

"We made up and distributed about 80,000 garments, before I left there, for the poor children and women of Roumania. We left on hand about 10,000, and we left money to pay for the balance; and in another three weeks we would have distributed 100,000 garments to those refugees.

"When we left I turned over $100,000 worth of supplies, medical, food, and clothing, to the Roumanian Red Cross, to be disposed of by the Queen. I left enough money to run the orphanage for a year, and enough food to carry on the canteen for three years, and asked that they carry on the work as long as possible in the name of the American Red Cross."

The American relief came none too soon for the little country contracted, like Belgium, to a small area unoccupied by the Germans, Colonel Anderson writes:

"We arrived in Roumania in September, 1917, and found the hospitals there with 40,000 patients in them from a recent offensive, short of medical supplies, short of nursing facilities, without the necessary sanitary arrangements, with beds made of bags filled with straw, used over and over again, many not washed, with doctors largely overworked, because 250 of their best doctors had died of typhus the winter before, and nursing was only such as could be given by the amateur nursing service of Roumania.

"In this portion of Roumania there was a natural population of about 2,000,000, and there had been added 500,000 to 700,000 refugees, largely women and children. During the winter preceding approximately 70,000 people had died of contagious diseases, and perhaps 100,000 more from cold and exposure. Villages were overcrowded. Jassy, with a normal population of 60,000 to 70,000, was estimated to have a population of 200,000. Every corner was filled, every shed was filled. In the peasants' cottages, with mud walls and thatched roof, with a living room usually ten feet square, and possibly only six feet square, with perhaps a small room in addition, you would find living ten to twelve people. They were very poorly fed.

"I have been in many cottages, and found nothing in them, or only a broad board of wood, used at night as a cradle for the child, hung from the ceiling by ropes, so it could be swung back and forth, and in the daytime used for making their bread—a yellow corn-meal mixture, ground coarsely, and mixed with cheese, if they have it. It is a very sticky, very heavy, and unwholesome food.

"If you can imagine thousands and thousands living in anything they could live in, without food, picking up what they could from the Army—our men report seeing children eating refuse in the road—many of them naked or practically so, with 40,000 people wounded in the hospitals, with the city hospitals filled and the whole population underfed, it would give you a good idea of Roumania as we found it."

OUR SOLDIER-GRAVES IN FRANCE

PEOPLE WHO HAVE INTIMATE INTEREST in the graves of our heroes fallen in France will be relieved by the contents of the following letter published in the New York *Evening Post.* A note of explanation states that it is "not to be accepted as an official communication from the Red Cross itself," but it is written by an attaché of that office and the information it contains is "pronounced correct by one of the officials having direct connection with the work of caring for these graves."

"The care of the graves is in the hands of the Graves Registration Bureau of the Army, under Major Pierce. This bureau is in France—Army Post-office No. 717. It has complete charge of all the graves of the A. E. F. It marks and erects crosses on them. A symbolic medallion has been designed by Mrs. Maynard Ladd, of the Red Cross, an American sculptress, who has been making masks for *mutilés*. It is not yet decided whether the American Government, the French Government, or the Red Cross is to have charge of placing the medallions, but the matter is under discussion now with the Army. The medallion, by the way, is said to be very beautiful and fitting.

"To the Red Cross has been given by the Army the work of photographing the graves. Individual photographs of graves are to be taken, and in every case where possible photographs are to be sent to next of kin. This work is just being started, so that up to date only requests for photographs have been attended to, but the plan is to take pictures of all, and not wait for requests.

"The Home Communication Service of the Red Cross is the department that attends to this. It has a 'searcher' at each hospital, who facilitates obtaining information about those who have died. The searcher's work is delicate to handle, of course.

"The Home Communication Service is growing to be one of the largest and best organized departments of the Red Cross, and I should think that it would be best for further suggestions, along this line at least, to go through their organization. But they think the field has been very fully covered.

"I have shown the substance of this letter to a member of the Home Communication Bureau, and he has pronounced my information accurate, and says it covers all essential points. The work which the Red Cross workers are doing is what the Army had granted them the privilege of doing, with special orders giving them authority. The entire charge of the graves is in the hands of the bureau that I mentioned above. As far as I know, any actual care that is given them is done by this bureau of the Army, and not by the Red Cross."

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS IN THE PULPIT

SEVERAL CASES of clergy with conscientious objection to the war have appeared besides that one of Bishop Jones, of Utah, which we treated recently. A Congregational pastor at Oak Park, Ill., the Rev. Noble S. Elderkin, and one at Newtonville, Mass., the Rev. A. J. Muste, lead *The Congregationalist* (Boston) to view the duty of a church to such pastors. It believes that the number of instances of similar situations is "exceedingly small in comparison with the tens of thousands of churches whose pastors and people have been united in their belief that this is a righteous war and should be supported by all loyal citizens." Nevertheless—

"Small tho the number of ministerial conscientious objectors is, it is a matter for great regret when conditions become so tense that pastor and people must part. In all the cases cited men of noble Christian spirit, deeply loved personally by their people, with records of excellent service, were obliged to leave their official positions simply because on this great question of the war they could not see eye to eye with those who look to them for spiritual guidance. As long as pacifism was a purely academic question, it occasioned no friction. Liberally minded congregations like those at Newtonville or Oak Park two years ago would have raised little objection to a minister who proclaimed himself a pacifist. But when the issue passed from the realm of theory to that of actuality another situation arose. A man might disbelieve theoretically in competitive business or he might believe in socialism without causing friction in ordinary times, but if this Government had demanded that its citizens line up on one side or the other of these issues a clear-cut division would have come about and in the end the opinion of the majority would prevail."

The question, as *The Congregationalist* views it, is something more than one dealing with the freedom of speech:

"Our American churches at this present juncture of national and international affairs want ministers who see the great moral issues as they do, whose preaching and conducting of the devotional service and personal contacts and ministries during the week reflect the belief that the young men hazarding their lives in this war are led by conscience and by the Spirit of God thus to offer themselves. The pastor who can not thus believe is handicapped in many ways. He can not administer effectively the comfort which bereaved parents and shadowed homes require. He can not enter heartily into Red-Cross, Y. M. C. A., and Liberty-bond campaigns. He can hardly speed his young men on their way with real sincerity of heart. The whole atmosphere of church life must be different when a minister is a conscientious objector.

"When conditions become as acute as they have been in the cases cited, we see nothing to do but to accept them, painful as they are for all concerned. Yet churches should be slow to take summary action, and the churches mentioned have been exceedingly charitable and patient. The main thing is to preserve and express the Christian spirit. It is no more fair to charge the Church with intolerance than it is to charge the minister with disloyalty or indifference to wrong, and it should never be forgotten that the minister suffers most when he is as sincere and ardent and consecrated as we know these brethren of ours to be. . . . . .

"In our judgment the duty of the Christian man to-day to his Government, to his country, to civilization, to that vast host of sufferers upon whom Germany has stamped its iron heel, is not discharged by decrying the use of all force and by exalting one element in Jesus's teaching out of all proportion to the other outstanding elements in his message. Nevertheless because we love and honor these Christian brethren we freely admit that the witness they feel constrained to bear, at great cost to themselves, may be needed to offset extreme and intolerable militaristic views."

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"Second to None" is the standard I have set for my goods. Anything we send you must match up to this in *your* estimation—or it will cost you nothing.

"OUT here in the middle west," wrote one of our good customers, "we meat-eaters think there is no food in the world like lobster. It's a sea-shore treat we inland folks are denied. Can't you send us some lobster?"

I sent the lobster. And because so many people have declared my lobster to be the best lobster they have ever eaten, I am now giving other folks the opportunity to have it at home, *and to try it, at my expense, before they buy.*

Maybe you, too, would rather have fresh lobster than anything else to eat. No salad quite "touches the spot" like lobster salad. And so simple to make. Just chill a package of Davis' lobster in your ice-box; cut in half-inch cubes; arrange on a bed of crisp, white lettuce; mayonnaise all over; garnish with hard-boiled egg, and if you wish, a dash of paprika—and then—my, how good it tastes!

For the "shore-dinner" at home; for lunch or picnic; anywhere, anytime—nothing is half so good as fresh-tasting, sea-flavored lobster. It's the handiest, most delicious food you can have in the house, and so truly *distinctive!*

Because my lobster is put up when it comes from the lobstermen's pots is why it is so fresh and crisp, and so different from the ordinary kind. It's just like lobster freshly picked from the shell.

Yes, my lobsters come all alive from the sea. The big, fresh, juicy, *whole* claw and body pieces are prepared and packed with the real lobster flavor left in. There is the same difference between the ordinary kind of lobster and mine as between green-picked strawberries and the ripe, luscious, flavorful berries from your own garden.

Guaranteed? I do even better than that. I send it to you free of all shipping charges—*to try.* If you are not so satisfied that you will want to order not only more lobster, but also some of my other sea-foods, you can send back what you haven't sampled, and I'll stand all the expense.

Inland folks can't get choice salt-water fish. That's what started me in business 33 years ago. Today I am supplying 100,000 families with sea-food right from the ocean. And I can furnish you (I never sell to dealers) with lobsters just like the lobster we have for ourselves here at Gloucester.

So now read the coupon down at the corner of this page, sign and mail it, and I'll send you—all express charges prepaid—the best "lobster feed" (as we say here at Gloucester) you ever put your tooth to. Get the request started today.

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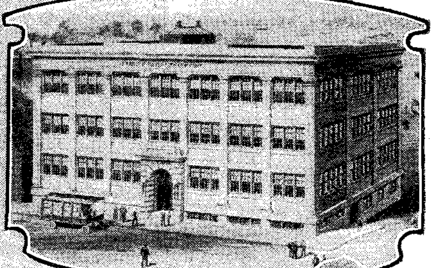

Here is our plant at Gloucester. The fishermen tie up their boats right at my "side-door." The cream of all sea-food is delivered direct from here to 100,000 families throughout America—*every ounce guaranteed.*

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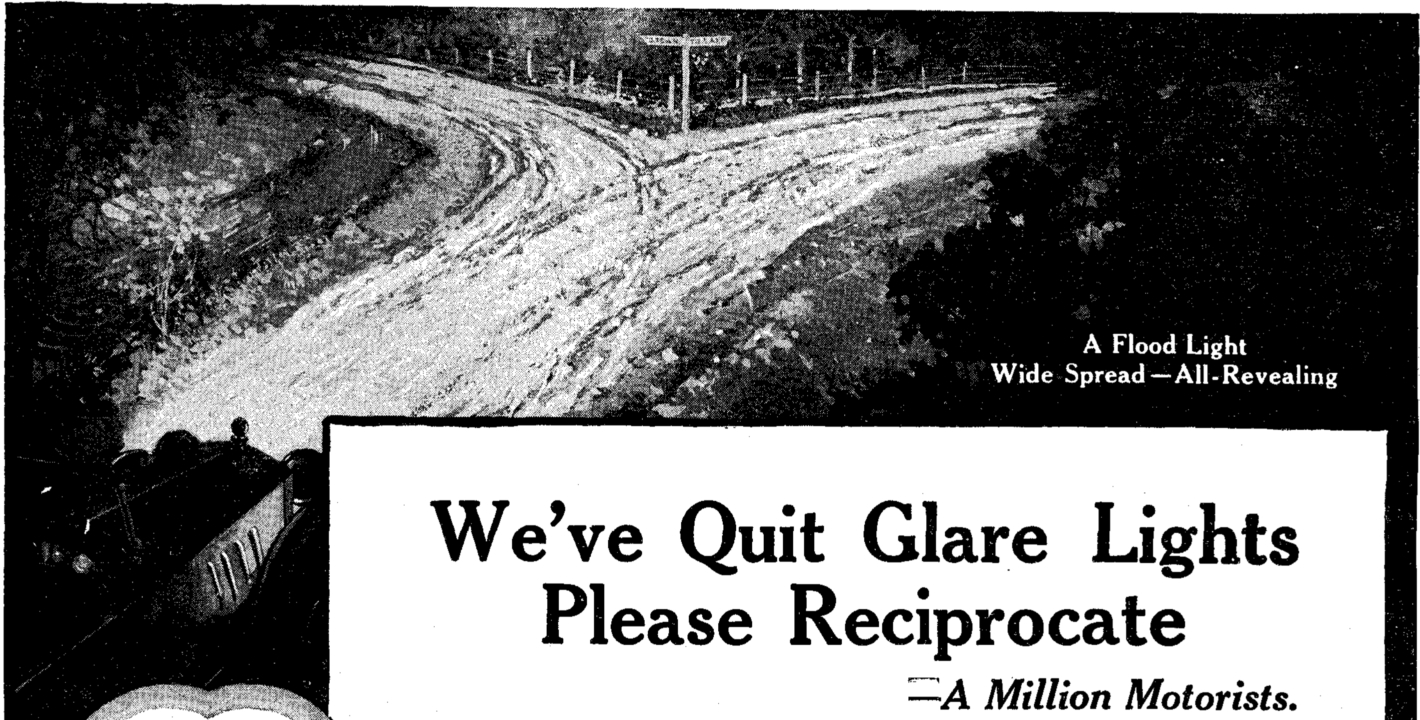

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—A Million Motorists.

A MILLION users of Warner-Lenz urge like lights on the cars they meet. Glare-lights are illegal almost everywhere. They are blinding, offensive and dangerous. And your own outlook will be ten times clearer when you change to Warner-Lenz. You must change soon. For your own sake and for others, please change now.

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You will then have headlights legal everywhere. They never need be dimmed.

The rays are not restricted to 42 inches high, because there are no glare rays. So road signs are illumined.

Instead of your narrow shaft-light, you will have a wide-spread flood-light. It will light the roadsides, ditches, curves and turns, the upgrades and the downgrades. The whole scene will be lighted as by day.

You will have a light which is not affected by rise and fall of the car. Or by turning of the lens in the lamp-rim. Or by a lamp-bulb out of focus.

You will have a natural light—diffused light, like sunlight and like moonlight.

When you once ride for five minutes behind Warner-Lenz you will never drive without them.

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The No-Glare laws—now almost universal—simply forbid glare. You must not blind the drivers whom you meet.

It is not necessary to quell your light. And only glare-rays are restricted to 42 inches high.

You can use a flood-light if that light is glareless. Every commission appointed under any state law has approved the Warner-Lenz.

The Warner-Lenz is the preferred lens. You can see that everywhere. It has won a million users. Engineers have selected it, after every test, for the famous cars we list here.

It dominates in a striking way the field of lawful lenses.

Go replace your old-type lenses with them. It will take but a moment and cost but a little. Then your headlights will be courteous and lawful. Night driving will have multiplied delights.

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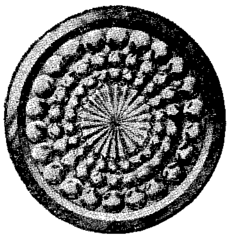

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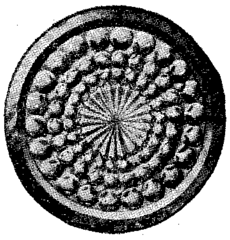

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(286)

CURRENT POETRY

BELGIUM comes out of her brave fight wearing her wounds as a flower and with songs leaping to her lips. Of her band of war-poets not the least is Émile Cammaerts. Before the war he was distinguished for the delicacy of his verse, his poems of love, of children, and of nature, but the conflict has roused him and raised him to new heights. The John Lane Company, of New York, has just issued his "Messines, and Other Poems," all written between Easter, 1916, and August, 1917. From it we take this translation of one of his most characteristic poems:

THE BLUEBELLS

May, 1916

By Émile Cammaerts

The sky has fallen upon the ground!

There are so many
'Neath the birches white,
So many 'neath the ash-trees gray,
That we can not see the stalks of green.
There are so many, many, many—
Quiver of love, springtime flowers—
That you are overcome
With dizziness.
There are so many, we can not walk
A step without treading upon them.
So many that dance
And that laugh
That we can not tell
Where the sky begins
And where the earth doth end.

The sky has fallen upon the ground!

It is so blue
Beneath the ash-trees gray,
It is so blue beneath the great beech-trees—
Quiver of love, springtime flowers—
You'd think yourself
In Paradise.
It is bluer than a crevasse
Of an Alpine glacier;
Bluer than Italian lakes,
Bluer than the eyes
Of the Blessed. . . .

A man has fallen upon the ground!

He lies among the bluebells
And his arms form a cross;
His cap has rolled
Some steps away.
There is a small round hole
In the middle of his brow.
He sleeps a deep, deep sleep.
And his head, on the moss,
With its red aureole,
Gleams like a sun. . . .

Instinct with the poet's tender love of children is this picture of the war-stricken mother singing her babe to sleep:

A WAR-LULLABY

August, 1916

By Émile Cammaerts

Sleep, sleep, baby, sleep,
Baby will soon be asleep.

The fire dwindles and the wind moans,
The rain lashes the window-panes. . . .
Is it blowing and raining there?
Hailing or thundering, perhaps?

Sleep, sleep, baby, sleep. . . .

Is he well?
Is he warm?
Is he lacking naught?
Has he all he wants?
His coat, his matches, and his gloves,
And, in his pocket, next his heart,
My last letter
And all its love?

Baby soon will be asleep. . . .

The lamp burns low, the fire dwindles.
We shall have to go to bed.
The child is clasping its wee fists. . . .
Is my big child sleeping, too?
Sleeping peacefully before the battle?
Is he running madly
Through the shells?
Or is he lying in some hole,
With open mouth and with closed eyes?

Sleep, sleep, baby, sleep. . . .

The child moans and the wind swells the curtains,
The wick splutters,
The child turns in its cot,
The rain ceases, the night shivers,
The sadness of it is fearful. . . .

Baby soon will be asleep. . . .

From the Germans' fury
Deliver us, O God!

What a generous appreciation of a brother poet of Belgium are these lines:

TO ÉMILE VERHAEREN

December, 1916

By Émile Cammaerts

We will raise him a tomb
Which neither age nor time
Can ever touch,
Where solemnly will sound
The echo triumphing
Of his rhythmic verse.
It will be in a field, there, on the Scheldt,
Lasht by the wind,
Beaten by the tide,
Behind a dike where silently
The ships will glide
Against a stormy sky.

'Tis there where we will plant it
At the hour of the great return,
Not like a heavy barren stone,
But like a mighty fertile tree
Whose delicate waving shadow
Sifts the light of day;
Not like marble, calm and cold,
Placed o'er an empty pit,
But like a tree of bark and wood
Where ardent life and greedy joy
Pulse to its every leaf
As to so many finger-tips;
Not like a mourning monument,
But like a tree rustling with life
And full of dreams,
Whose roots drink on unceasingly
From the country's very heart.

Émile Verhaeren, the great Flemish poet, died in 1915 with his heart broken by war and exile. His work is becoming more and more appreciated by English-speaking readers both in the original French and in translations. His latest poems, "Evening Hours," now published by the John Lane Company, he named prophetically, for they were to be his last work, and in them he has seen the magic of the sunset and the undying hope in the heart of man. From the translation we make these excerpts:

EVENING HOURS

By Émile Verhaeren

XI

That very love which made you be for me
A splendid garden wherein moving tree
Made shadow over sward and docile rose,
Makes you the shelter where I now repose.

There garnered are your flowers of desire,
Your lucent goodness and your gentle fire;
But all within a peace profound are furled
Against harsh winter winds that scar the world.

My happiness is warmed within your arms;
Each little tender word you whisper charms
My ear with as familiar a delight
As in the time when lilacs blossomed white.

Your clear and merry humor daily cheers
And triumphs over the distress of years;
And you yourself smile at the silver hairs
That your lovely head so gaily wears.

When to my searching kiss your head you bow,
I care not for the lines that mark your brow,
Nor for a vein that traces its bold line
Upon your hands now safely held in mine.

You fear not; and you know most certainly
That nothing dies that dares love loyally,
And that the flame which nourishes us so
Feeds upon ruin's self that it may grow.

XV

No, my soul has never tired of you!

In the time of June you said to me:
"If I thought, beloved, if I thought
That my love would ever weary you,
With my sad thoughts and my lonely heart,
No matter where, I should depart. . . ."

And sweetly sought the kiss I gave anew.

And you said again:
"One loses everything, life would repay;
What tho it be of gold,
The chain
That in one harbor's ring can hold
Our human ships to-day?"

And sweetly wept for pain you could not say.

And you said
Again and yet again:
"Let us separate, before we be untrue;
Our life's too pure and high
To draw it out from fault to fault, and drain
It wearily away." . . . You sought to fly
From me whose desperate hands strove to retain.
No, my soul has never tired of you!

XVI

If fate has saved us from the banal sins
Of cowardly untruth and sad pretense,
It is because we would have no constraint
Whose yoke should bend our will with violence.

Free and sunlit on your road you fared,
Strewing with flowers of will your flowers of love,
Pausing to sustain me when my head
Bowed to the weight of doubt or fear above.

Always you were of gesture kind and frank,
Knowing my heart for you forever burned;
For if I loved another—could it be?—
Always it was to your heart I returned.

So pure your eyes were in their weeping that
My truth to you became my only lord;
I spoke to you then sweet and sacred words,
Your sorrow and your pardon were your sword.

I fell asleep at evening on your breast,
Glad with return from distance false and bleak
To warmth of spring within us, glad within
Your open arms captivity to seek.

When the frost is on the punkin'
And the fodder's in the shock.
—Riley.

You remember when you were on the farm, the comfortable feeling you had when the potatoes were dug, the corn was shocked and there were no frosts to fear.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

AMERICAN HEROES' BRAVE WORK IN THE BELLEAU-WOOD FIGHTING

THE "*Kamerad*" chorus would increase greatly in volume if the stories of the pluck, heroism, and fighting qualities of our boys at the Front could reach the ears of those Germans who have been fed up on the vaporings from Berlin to the effect that the American troops are a negligible quantity, the men cowards, and the officers untrained.

Instances of individual bravery in the fighting around Château Thierry are slowly reaching this country. One lad of nineteen, shot in the arm and leg during the scouring of Belleau Wood, developed a nasty grouch when told at the dressing-station that he would have to go to the base-hospital for a long time.

"But the war will be over before I get back!" he complained in disgust.

Here is the way a correspondent of the New York *Times* tells the story of this boy's exploit:

> In the severe fighting this boy of nineteen, who is a sergeant, was leading seven men with their rifles busy. One by one his men fell, until he was left alone.
>
> Still shooting at every German head he could see, he came to a little clearing, where he got five Germans covered. They threw down their rifles, held up their hands, and yelled "*Kamerad!*"
>
> The American youth kept his rifle on them and advanced, when a sniper got him through the right arm. He had to drop his rifle, but drew his automatic with his left hand and kept on going. Then the sniper wounded him in the left leg. That did not halt him. He forced the Germans to disarm, then he directed them to make an improvised litter for him. Pressing his automatic into the back of one of the Germans, the sergeant ordered them to carry him back to his post command. Down through woods swept by machine-gun fire, down a road, across a field, and then to his post command his captured litter-bearers took him. Then he was put into an ambulance and taken to the rear.
>
> After his wounds had been drest at a field-hospital he was completely disgusted when told that he had to go to a base-hospital for a long time. He was still aggrieved when he said to me: "The war will be all over before I get back." I would like to give this brave lad's name, but the censorship rules forbid until after the War Department notifies his family that he is wounded, which will be from ten days to two weeks.

Premier Clemenceau, of France, appeared unexpectedly at the American front the following day. He said he had come to felicitate the boys from the United States on the "neatness and dispatch" with which they had cleaned the enemy out of Belleau Wood, and he described the operation as "peculiarly American in conception, plan, and execution." In this connection another correspondent of *The Times* writes:

> Some details of the fighting are now becoming available, and elucidate that

which may have been in the French Premier's mind. For one thing, the Americans used their rifles with most deadly effect. There is a story of a private who paused calmly during the advance, and, altho under heavy shell-fire, picked off with all the *sang-froid* in the world the entire crew of a menacing machine gun.

It is not to be argued from this that the United States soldiers did not show themselves extremely handy with their bayonets, for they did, but half instinctively, perhaps, they made the rifle-bullet count as it has rarely counted in this war.

Other qualities which came out in the fighting were the Americans' eagerness to be on the offensive and their constant desire to keep the warfare open.

Among the individual accomplishments of the Americans at Belleau Wood that of Private Frank P. Lenert, of Chicago, probably stands out as the most spectacular. Lenert, by the way, is said to be a German-American, and the way he rounded up eighty-three Germans single-handed very nearly approaches comic opera. Lenert somehow managed to get himself surrounded by the enemy along about three o'clock in the morning, and, says the *Times* correspondent:

Seeing that he was alone he thought it best to call off the fighting for a bit. His captors were seventy-eight privates and five officers. They showed great interest in knowing how many Americans were in the attacking party. Lenert told them that eight regiments had attacked and many more were coming after them.

The Germans knew the American barrage behind them had cut off their retreat, and they told Lenert that since so many Americans were coming it was useless for them to fight longer, and they craved the honor of surrendering to Lenert.

Not losing for a moment possession of himself, despite the situation thrust upon him by his overstatement of our forces, Lenert asked for his rifle and got it. Then he ordered the Germans to throw all their arms away, which they did.

Placing himself behind the eighty-three *Boches*, he marched them triumphantly to the rear. On his way he met a detachment assigned to take back prisoners, but Lenert said: "Nothing doing. These are my meat."

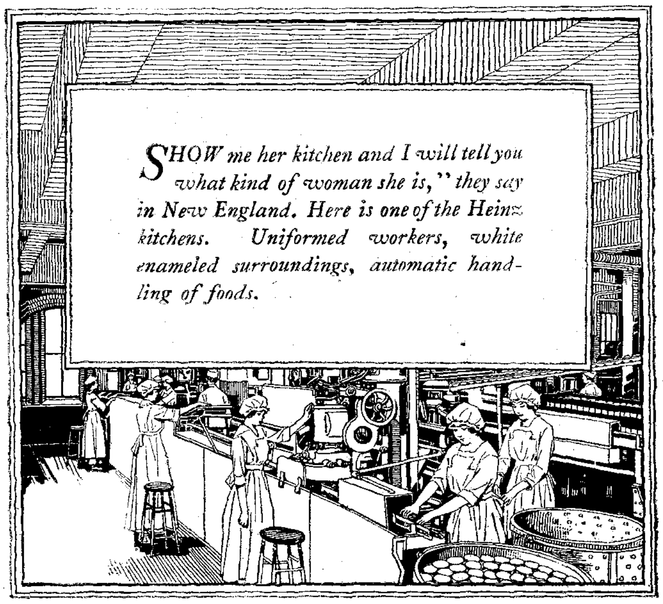
At just five o'clock he reached his headquarters with his prisoners. His General believes that Lenert's bag is a record for an individual capture.

"No wonder," said Lenert, "these *Boches* believe the lies the officers told them when they swallowed mine about how many regiments were coming after them."

As the soldiers come out of the fight many tales of heroism are being told. One group of Americans, commanded by a young lieutenant, cut their way into a German company and were surrounded. Refusing to surrender, they cut their way out, losing half their number, but fifteen minutes later, with the aid of reenforcements, they cut their way back into the German company and killed or captured all the members of it.

At a hospital I saw one of the Germans of this company. I asked him how his company had fared, and he said:

"Sir, there were thirty killed by the



"SHOW me her kitchen and I will tell you what kind of woman she is," they say in New England. Here is one of the Heinz kitchens. Uniformed workers, white enameled surroundings, automatic handling of foods.

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The rising cost of maintaining a good table is a problem that every woman is trying to solve.

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Heinz Baked Beans are a complete food in themselves—and take the place of meat and bread. They are appetizing because they are baked in dry heat in real ovens, and come to your table brown and wholesome. For variety and to please all tastes, Heinz Beans are prepared in four ways:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston style
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57

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Americans and fifty captured. There were eighty in our company."

Their treatment by their captors is a source of great surprize to the German prisoners. Most of them behave in quite a decent manner. The Prussians, however, are inclined to be insolent and to brag, characteristics that the Americans are fully capable of handling. Says the *Times* correspondent:

> One Prussian youngster, when asked if his army was well fed, replied that they had plenty to eat, as had the German civilians. When the bread and coffee were passed around soon afterward, he was not served. This forced him to say that he had had nothing to eat for three days and was almost starving then. He got a small cup of coffee and one slice of bread, while the others got two. The majority of the prisoners are Poles, who are glad to be captured.
>
> In spite of their bravado all the Germans said they hoped the war would soon be over, and they are obsessed with the idea that it will end in three months with a German victory.
>
> None knew anything about the Austrian reversal, and would not believe it when newspapers were shown them. Hindenburg rather than the Kaiser seemed to be their idol.

The record of valiant deeds of the American troops is an ever-growing one. A correspondent in the field for the New York *Sun* writes that with each trip he makes to the forward areas west of Château Thierry his note-book gets fuller and fuller of the stories of gallant actions —thumb-nail sketches of brave deeds whose details would make stirring tales. Here are only a few instances of the many that he has noted, the word "deleted" indicating that the names of the wounded or dead can not be printed until after they have been forwarded to Washington:

> **Gunnery Sergeant Ralph Judd**, of De Kalb, Ill.—When all officers of his platoon were wounded, took command and captured a fortified machine-gun position.
>
> **Private** —— (deleted), of Del Rio, Texas—Was wounded three times in the attack upon Bouresches and remained at his post. Later, finding that reenforcements were needed, he returned to his battalion headquarters and got nineteen cooks and orderlies and with them put the wounded upon trucks, and brought through to Bouresches badly needed supplies and ammunition.
>
> **Private Earl Veredenburg**, Mechanicsville, N. Y.—When all except one of his outfit in command were wounded, rallied his ammunition party and went forward under heavy shell-fire.
>
> **Corporal Lloyd Pike**, of Silver Springs, N. Y.—Stuck to his automatic rifle after all members of his crew were wounded and kept firing until he was ordered by his commanding officer to withdraw.
>
> **Corporal Roy Chase**, of Chicago—After all commanders and senior non-commissioned officers of his platoon were wounded, held on and led his company in the capture of two machine guns, after wiping out the German crews.
>
> **Chaplain Julius Babst**, of Chicago—Volunteered to go forward with a regiment to which he did not belong. He went thirty-six hours without sleep, administering comfort to wounded and the last rites to the dying, regardless of their creed.
>
> **Corporal William Geise**, Mahanoy City, Pa.—Seeing that his lieutenant and sergeant had been shell-shocked and rendered unconscious, took charge of affairs and continued to advance.
>
> **Sergeant John Magoon**, Littleton, N. H.—Was in an observation-post in an advanced line. He saw the Germans massing for an attack upon the French position. He got word back to battalion headquarters for the French to prepare for a wholesale slaughter of Germans.
>
> **Private Louis Karkenrider**, of Griffiths, Ind.—Went out under a heavy bombardment and brought in wounded men.
>
> **Private Robert Slover**, of Creek, Tenn., is a crack squirrel-shooter at home. His captain, during American attack upon Hill 142, twice sent out details of three men each to get two machine guns that were flanking our position. Slover begged to be sent alone, as all twelve of the others had either been killed or wounded and the enemy guns were still active. "Try your luck," said his captain. Slover wriggled through the grass up the side of a hill and, getting into position, picked off the crews of both guns, which thereupon fell into our possession.

Many instance are cited of the bravery of men who, under fire, carried water to the wounded or helped to dress their wounds. Here are a few from the correspondent's note-book:

> **Sergeant Paul Crosby**, of Syracuse, N. Y., showed an extraordinary display of bravery in the performance of his duty among the wounded, working unceasingly for four days and nights with an utter disregard of danger, which was inspiring to his men.
>
> **Sergeant David Thompson**—Showed great bravery and courage by going forward in the open in plain view of the enemy during an attack on Belleau Wood, carrying water and food to his severely wounded comrades, who could not be removed until after dark.
>
> **Sergeant John McNulty**, of Revere, Mass.—Displayed especial bravery during a heavy shell-fire in leaving his shelter and dressing the wounds of comrades.

Besides Maj. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who was cited for "conspicuous gallantry," 132 other members of the First Division and Batteries A and C were cited. Here are some of the notable individual citations for bravery at Cantigny:

> **Private Brooks C. Bowles**—He crept several hundred yards in daylight under a terrific machine-gun and rifle-fire to rescue a wounded comrade lying in the open.
>
> **Private George Purcell**—Cited for a similar action to that of Bowles.
>
> **Private Willard Felty**—Exposed to enemy machine guns, he silenced with his automatic a German machine gun and reduced the fire of others until his own weapon was useless.
>
> **Sergeant William L. Kouns**—Seriously wounded, he helped to repel a counter-attack, assisted the wounded, and refused to quit.
>
> **Lieut. G. P. Cather** (since killed in action)—With splendid courage and coolness he mounted the parapet of a trench and directed a destructive flanking fire from two automatic rifle teams exposed to seven German machine guns.
>
> **Private Andrew Charles**, machine-gunner—His corporal and another comrade killed, he manned a machine gun for three days without relief and constantly under artillery- and machine-gun fire.
>
> **Private Russell Handley**—Wiring front positions in daylight in plain sight of the enemy, who shot him with a machine gun.
>
> **Private William Phrar**—Cited for a similar performance to that of Handley.
>
> **Private Fred M. Meyer**—He shielded an automatic rifle-firer with his body, enabling the rifleman to silence a German machine gun. Meyer was killed as the result of his action.
>
> **Private Walter Stewart**, machine-gunner—He was wounded while helping to rescue a wounded officer who was lying on open ground swept by artillery- and machine-gun fire.
>
> **Corporal William Robbins**—Shrapnel wound in lungs; remained busy under a heavy fire; walked a kilometer and a half to a dressing-station to help other wounded. Died.
>
> **Corporal Winslow Corbett**, machine-gunner—Entire gun crew wiped out. He was severely wounded by a large shell. Crawled to the company commander and asked for two men to operate the gun. Crawled two hundred yards to the trenches to turn in parts of guns in his pockets.
>
> **Private John Fennessy**—Remained at post, mortally wounded, until enemy was repulsed. Advised Lieutenant of dying condition and requested him to place additional automatic rifle as substitute for one broken. Thought only of duty when dying.
>
> **Private Harry E. Schaeffer**—Wounded three times by shell as gas sentry while warning drivers of army trucks of the danger of gas during an attack.
>
> **Private J. E. Ball**—Displayed high qualities of courage and devotion to duty in rescuing a mortally wounded comrade from a shell-hole filled with gas.
>
> **Capt. Emil Frey**—Mortally wounded by a shell, led his company to the front line; wounded twice more by machine gun, but continued to direct the operation. Died.
>
> **Lieut. Wesley Freml, Jr.**—Thrice wounded by artillery-fire; refused to quit and led his men in three successful counter-attacks.
>
> **Private Frank D. Ward**—Asked permission to go into action and advanced sixty yards and killed a German sniper who had caused great casualties. He was buried twice by shell-fire, but not wounded.
>
> **Corporal Walter Coil**—Crawled into a shallow trench swept by machine-gun and rifle-fire for the purpose of assisting wounded.

Many instances of bravery in keeping up the necessary lines of communication are cited among the Americans who heroically repaired telephone-lines during the battle and under shrapnel-fire. Here are some notable examples:

> **Private John J. Poole**—Distinguished bravery in repairing telephone-lines under heavy shell-fire and maintaining communications.
>
> **First Lieut. Volney B. Bowles**—Displayed great courage in stringing a wire and maintaining communications under exceptionally heavy shell-fire.
>
> **Sergeant Alfred James**—Wounded by

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Cream
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Just being a powder doesn't get a shaving soap anywhere. It's the quality that counts. That is where experience in shaving soap making comes in. Williams' Shaving Soap is a Powder, Stick, Cream or Liquid as you choose. But what brings men back for more of the form they like is the lather—the abundant, softening, soothing lather. *That* made Williams' Shaving Soap famous long before powder was thought of.

Williams' Shaving Powder gives you a flying start on the shave. But it's the unequalled lather that carries you through and leaves you cheerful and refreshed at the finish.

Williams' Shaving Soap needs no military training. It is ready for service anywhere—the same efficient service it gives at home.

Send 20c. in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms shown here. Or send 6c. in stamps for any one.

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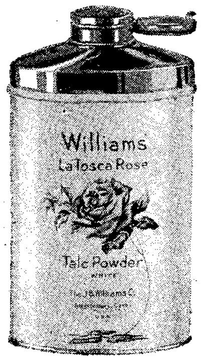
After the shave you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc. Send 4c. for a trial size of the Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.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shrapnel while repairing telephone; given first aid and returned to duty; was severely wounded again.

Corporal Anthony C. Bills—Repaired telephone lines until arm was shot off."

Corporal Leon Hollow—Altho sick, repaired five breaks in telephone-lines; then through machine-gun fire carried a message to the regimental commander.

Private (first class) **Oscar A. Blonded**—Showed great courage and bravery in repairing under heavy shell-fire a telephone cable between the post of the division machine-gun officer and the post of his group commander. Altho hit by shell fragments he continued his work, regardless of the danger.

Corporal Henry G. Diecken—Conspicuous bravery in protecting and repairing telephone-lines under terrific shell-fire, thus keeping up communications.

Private Benjamin F. Lawson—Bravery and devotion to duty in repairing telephone-lines under shell-fire.

Lieut. Frederick Hann—Exposing himself to heavy shell-fire to repair telephone-lines; suffered from shell-shock.

ETHICS OF POLITICS BY "MASTER WILLIE HAYS," OF INDIANA

"TO Master Willie Hays, with the hope that some day he may possibly take a citizen's interest in politics."

It was in 1896 that "Willie" found these words written by his father on the margin of the outside clipping of a package of newspaper extracts describing the St. Louis convention that nominated William McKinley as the standard-bearer of the G. O. P. "Willie" fulfilled his father's hopes so well that twenty-two years later he arrived in Washington as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, with these principles as a working basis:

> There is no twilight zone in politics—right is right and wrong is wrong.
>
> To which party young men may belong is of less importance than that they seek the truth, and then act continuously.
>
> The purpose of a political organization is to elect the candidates and not to control the party's nominations.
>
> This country is no accident. The hands of God have been in the making till our shores have become the stepping-stones to freedom, our laws the offspring of justice, and our flag an inspiration to men of all climes—the most wonderful governmental achievement of all history, the mystery of the ages, the mightiest miracle of time.
>
> There must be less profiteering and more volunteering.
>
> Let there be no peace for the man who aids the enemies of his country by treasonable utterances.
>
> Every man who controls money, who exercises an influence, has a responsibility as great and a duty as definite as the man who carries a musket.
>
> I assert there is but one possible rule for a political party organization—the rights of the individuals within the party to participate in the management of the party's affairs, and that these rights shall be held equally sacred and sacredly equal.

It is interesting to trace the growth of the "citizen's interest in politics" in the young Hoosier lawyer, who at thirty-nine stands high in the councils of the leaders of his party. Says a writer in the Pittsburg *Dispatch:*

> With the exception of a four-year term as city attorney at Sullivan, Ind., early in his career, Hays has held no political office. Throughout his political career he has continued a member of the law firm of Hays & Hays. "Master Willie" graduated at Wabash College in 1900 with the degree of B.A., and received from the same institution in 1914 the degree of M.A., in course, on the thesis "The Negro Problem." In college he joined the Phi Delta Theta fraternity and served for six years as State president of his "frat."
>
> The Republican chairman has a happy home life that he sets great store by. His two-and-a-half-year-old son, he says, "is the chunkiest boy you ever saw for his age." In religion Hays is a Presbyterian and for many years taught a class of boys in Sunday-school "back home in Sullivan."
>
> When you meet Mr. Hays he will grab your hand in a vise-like grip—and he won't let go either. He has a regular old-fashioned "pump-handle shake," and as he rocks clenched fists up and down he clutches your hand at "skip-stop" intervals, so that you can feel the personal magnetism of the man pulsing from his heart into yours.
>
> "I believe in the personal relationship of man, the expression of personality, and, above all, keeping the human element—*the heart touch—in everything you say and do*," he tells you in his frankest manner with his most engaging smile. It's a sort of a Roosevelt smile, his, showing rows of even, pearl-white teeth. Not with a snap of the jaw; rather a fifty-fifty composite of the earnest, straightforward Woodrow Wilson smile and the vigorous T. R. grin.
>
> This is the picture I had of the man who now seeks to "put the heart into politics." Further than that, he gives you the impression that he is just the man to keep the Bull Moose and the G. O. P. running smoothly in double harness again, simply because of the philosophy he expounds and the brand of human politics that he exemplifies.

Hays began laying the foundation of a career early. At ten years of age, while other boys were playing marbles, Willie Hays was digging into Blackstone in the law office of his father, John T. Hays. To the correspondent of *The Dispatch* the young chairman said:

> "It was tough work for a kid, but my father wanted me to do it—and I wanted to do it. By sticking to it I succeeded in being admitted to the bar—that honor came to me on the very day of my twenty-first birthday. Prior to that, however, I had practised with the consent of the Court.
>
> "It seems I was destined then to take some part in politics. Before I was twenty-one years old I was elected a Republican precinct chairman. Thus I was thrown into the game of politics as a boy and given the opportunity to train with the leaders of my old home district. Yes, I had in mind at that time that suggestion from my father—'take a citizen's interest in politics'—and it seemed to keep right with me as I developed in the practise of law with my father and took care of political affairs as a side issue. I can not say that I craved political honors or was ambitious to climb the political ladder; but I will say that when my fellow citizens desired me to engage in political affairs I did not thrust the opportunity aside, but *took it up as a responsibility that had come to me in the process of citizenship.*"

Mr. Hays has very pronounced ideas as to the political duties of young Americans. His eyes snapt, and he struck his fist vigorously into the palm of his left hand as he emphasized the responsibilities of the youthful citizen. Then he thrust his hand into his pocket and, taking out a small pamphlet entitled "An Open Letter to the Young Men of Indiana," handed it to the *Dispatch* correspondent.

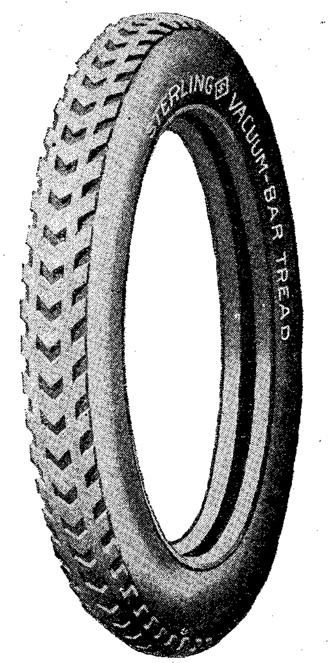
"Read that," he said, as he turned away to answer a sharply ringing telephone. And the correspondent read:

> "If there are any ills in our Government to-day that ought and can be corrected, it is the fault of every person who holds himself aloof from participation in the affairs of his Government that these ills exist. If you are dissatisfied with your Government you have no business to stand by and criticize. You countenance those ills by your inaction, and it is your fault if they are not remedied. Every young man has got his duty to perform in this respect.
>
> "In a national crisis, as if by magic, the blood in the veins of young Americans transforms boys into bayonets, playfellows into patriots, dapper dandies into destroying dreadnoughts, and dancing bumpkins into Damascus blades—all soldiers whom the world may well fear. But in times of peace our duty is imperative. The forces of evil work continuously, and neglect is as wrong as wilful evil. To young men I appeal. To take part in the governing of yourselves is your privilege; to aid in making this Government right is your duty. The only effective way you can exercise this privilege and perform this duty is by participation in the politics of your community."

Back from the telephone the young chairman pointed to the pamphlet, saying:

> "You note in there that I say that 'to which party you may now be inclined is of less importance than that you seek for the truth and, finding it, act, and then act continuously.' That's my creed. While I am interested primarily and exclusively in the Republican party of Lincoln and McKinley, when it comes to the question of the young man in politics, I say every chap to his guns and do his full duty in whatever party he belongs.
>
> "Political parties are not instruments for individuals to use for their own personal aggrandizement. Political parties are the means by which thinking men promulgate and practise principles for the government of their country—for the control of the influences surrounding the place they call their home. Any man who thinks otherwise is not aware of the high privileges of his citizenship. And any man who thinks politics is a game to be played in side-street shelters behind locked doors is away behind the times. The nation will stand for no such practises.
>
> "When our boys come home from the trenches of Europe they will take up the duties of citizenship as they might not have done had we continued in peace. They have gone forth from their homes to fight for their country; having fought for it and made it great as the champion of the peoples of the world, they are coming home to take a new interest in the affairs

Why use Sterlings on Ford Cars?



The *Vacuum-Bar Tread* is a scientific non-skid that really *holds*. It is exclusively STERLING—patented. Ordinarily the non-skid feature will last through the guaranteed mileage.

Sterling Tires are made in both Cord and Fabric Types. They are guaranteed for 5000 miles (6000 miles on 30 x 3½ and 31 x 4 sizes).

THE first cost of a set of Sterling Tires deters many owners of small cars from using them.

On the other hand, commercial concerns, running from several to several hundred such cars, use Sterlings exclusively, year after year, because they have found, by their own accurately kept mileage records, that Sterling Tires cost less per mile than other tires.

It is inevitable that the FORD sizes of Sterling Tires must sell for more than a good many other makes, and it is inevitable that they must give better service and more miles.

Everybody knows that a 4 x 6 timber will carry more weight and stand more strain than a 4 x 4. Everybody knows that well-woven all-wool is more serviceable and more durable than shoddy.

90 per cent of all Sterling Tires are used on business vehicles. They are sold on a cost-per-mile basis to people who actually know what is their cost-per-mile. They are designed and built for heavy service. The 30 x 3½ and 31 x 4 sizes are guaranteed for 6000 miles, but average greatly more. They are repaired free of charge no matter what the cause of the injury, or when it happens.

£

A REPORT *from a customer shows in one year an average of over 8,000 miles on about 2,500 tires. Another report shows an average of over 10,000 miles on approximately 2,000 tires. Many individual owners of passenger FORDS report well above 15,000, and as high as 30,000 miles.*

£

STERLING Vacuum Bar tires are handsome—they materially improve the appearance of the car. Almost invariably they will be found heavier, and larger in diameter and circumference than the same rated size in other makes.

They cost more than ordinary tires because they are made of the same high-grade materials, with the same scrupulous care, that go into the larger sizes, up to the 40 x 8, used on heavy trucks.

FORDS and other small cars are so good in performance that the tendency is to overload them, and the first trouble in overloading comes in the tires. It is, therefore, even more important that the big, husky, Sterling Tires should be used on small cars than on large ones.

The owner of the small car *sometimes* has less money to waste than the owner of a big one, and the use of economical, low-cost-per-mile Sterling Tires is just so much more important to him.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.	234 West 55th Street
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of state. These veterans of the battle-fields will gird on the armor of civic and national duty because they have seen the world from a new view-point and in that perspective glimpsed their own power and their own responsibility.

"It is up to the Republican party, and to every political party, to take these things into consideration and mark them well. That is the spirit in which I take up my duties as national chairman. It is the only kind of politics I have ever known and the only kind that I will ever know. As a young man myself I want to see every young man in the country get right in heart and soul. And this I ask for a purpose far greater than the success of any party—for the ultimate goal 'that no harm shall come to the Republic.'"

Putting Indiana back again in the Republican column after its backslide was really what brought Hays into national prominence. Elected chairman of the Indiana Republican State central committee in February, 1914, he conducted so able a campaign that he lifted his party in the State from a very poor third in 1912 to near-victory in the campaign of 1914. Complete triumph came his way in 1916, when, after being reelected State chairman, he led a brilliant campaign that resulted in the election of two United States Senators, the entire State ticket, and nine of the thirteen Congressmen, all of whom had been Democratic.

BELGIAN LACE WAS BORN IN THE WEB OF A WOODLAND SPIDER

A SPIDER spun his web amid the swaying branches of a tree. Into the filmy net a soft breeze wafted the wing of a butterfly and the fluttering petal of a rose. A stronger wind whipt up a tiny strand of seaweed from the wave-washed coast of Flanders, and dropt it into the delicate mesh of the spider's spinning.

A young girl sat in the forest dreamily watching the spider at his work and the wind at its play until the picture fixt itself in her mind, and Belgian lace took a visionary form. Rousing from her dreams, the peasant girl went to her home, and, taking her pillow with its coarse slip, carefully transfixt the delicate web upon it. And then, says a writer in *Forbes's Magazine*, blending the fanciful tale into prosaic facts:

> The girl procured some fine linen thread, traced with pins upon another pillow the intricate design, and copied it, after weeks of infinite patience.
>
> The news of her accomplishment spread abroad. She became famous throughout Flanders. Lace-making became the chief industry of many Belgian towns. Women wove these priceless designs in their homes. Beside the windows they sat, old women and young, with their clusters of bobbins hanging from bolster-like lace pillows spread across their knees. Kittens played about their feet. Now and then they rose to attend some household task or raised their eyes to watch a child at play in the sunlight.
>
> Now there is no lace-making in those Belgian towns through which the Germans have passed. But from the ruined cellar of a Flanders home word has been sent through a wounded soldier of the Allies by a white-haired old lace-worker, "Tell the lace-buyers in New York that we again hope the lace to make."
>
> Not for many years will the making of lace be the great industry it was eighteen years ago when there sailed to New York from Brussels a young girl who later became one of America's most successful importers of fine lace.
>
> It was as a salesgirl in a lace-store in Brussels that Marie Gilis came to know the demand for "real" laces as thoroughly as she knew the art of making their wonderful designs. The women weavers took a motherly interest in the young orphan girl who lived among them. Her mother had died when she was born; her father when she was six. At fourteen the funds left for her education were gone and she was obliged to take a position as governess.
>
> The family which engaged her found it impossible to pay her salary, and gave in lieu of money an oil-painting. This now hangs in Miss Gilis's New York office as a reminder of the days when she began her career in a lace-store. It was then the Belgian custom for a girl worker to live in her employer's home. So Marie Gilis was able to save most of the $3 a month wage which salesgirls were paid. They lived simply in Flanders and, except for the laces, there was little beauty in the lives of the young women workers.
>
> Such plain living made Marie Gilis think so often of rich America, where women paid large sums for real laces, that she determined to go to them with lace made by her friends. It took many years for her to save, from an income of $3 a month, the $250 with which to start the business career she planned. Of this, $170 was spent for lace. So filmy, so like a cobweb it was that she rolled it carefully about a bit of paper and held the little package tightly in her pocket while she bought a ticket for America.
>
> Then came the customs officers, as the ship neared New York! She had forgotten about paying duty on the lace. Her heart sank when the officer collected almost the last cent she possest.

With no money and no friends in America Marie Gilis at first was frightened, but she still had her precious packet of lace, and she finally discovered a French boarding-house that then stood where the Hudson Terminal Building now looms. There she was kindly received and was fortunate enough to obtain a few pupils to whom she taught French, thus earning enough to pay her board-bills. She was very young—still in her twenties—and very lonely, and her only possession of value was the tiny packet of lace.

Finally, she ventured forth one day in search of a buyer. One of her new friends advised her to try the big dry-goods stores. The advice proved to be very good for the lace-buyer at the first establishment she entered recognized the worth of her wares and bought generously. With the money that she received from this first customer Miss Gilis, with flushed cheeks and eyes shining with the joy of success, hastened to a cable office and sent this message to a lace-maker in Brussels:

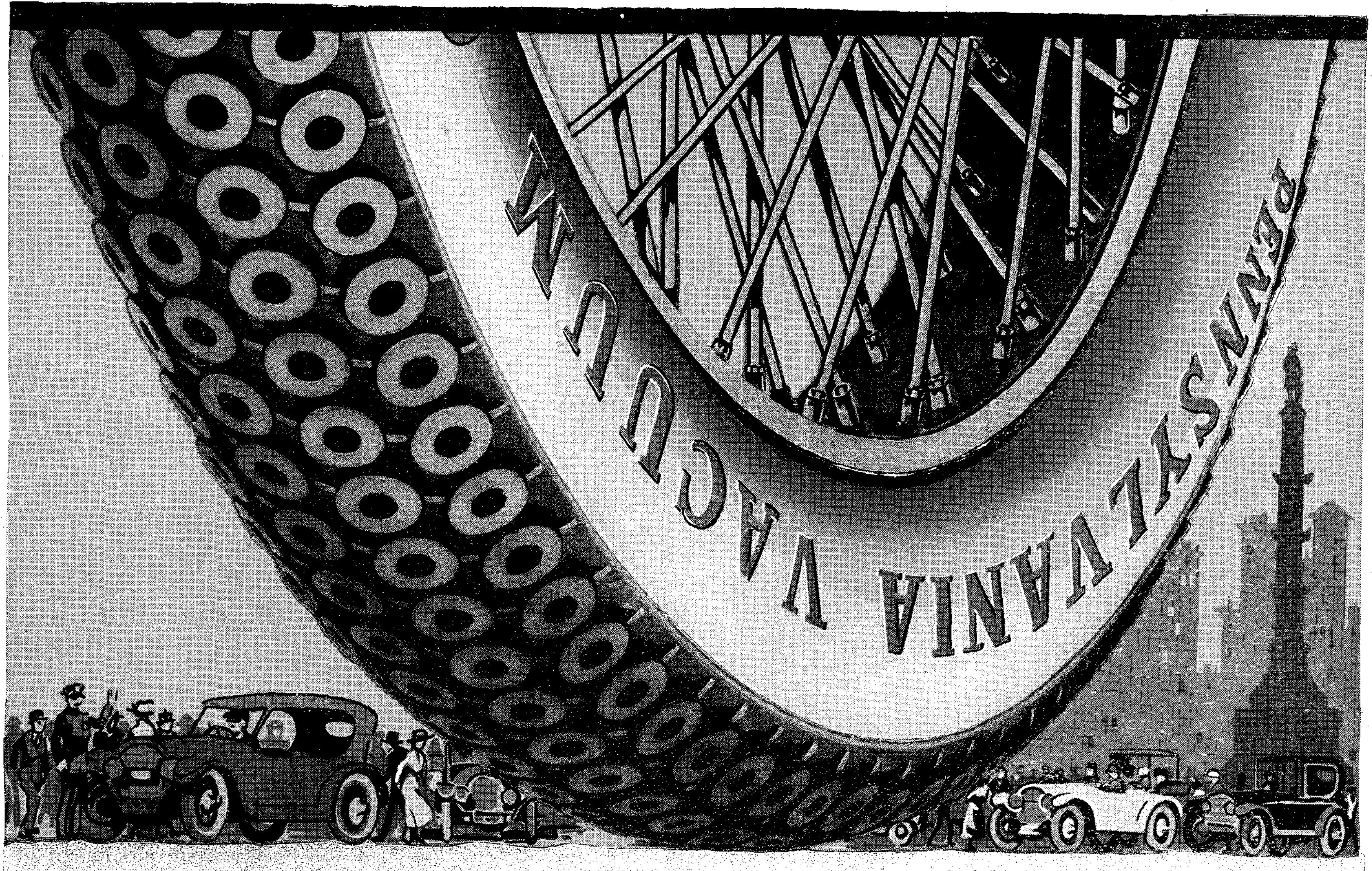
"Send more lace at once."

And then, says the writer in *Forbes's Magazine:*

> Lace-buyers at other stores were approached and they were glad to purchase real lace from the young girl. Famous department-stores, such as Altman's, Stern's, Arnold Constable's, and Fifth Avenue's exclusive specialty shops, bought the remainder of Miss Gilis's lace.
>
> Many weeks passed before a new supply came from Belgium. It was not easy to wait. For board there was only the money earned by giving French lessons. The proceeds of those first lace sales had to be saved to pay for new lace.
>
> Finally more came and the store-to-store sales process was repeated. For more, and still more lace, she cabled until her stock grew into a big bundle so heavy that she often put it down on the pavement to rest. But she carried it bravely about among an increasing circle of customers.
>
> After several years of persistent effort, and many nights of teaching French pupils, her dream of having a store was realized. It was a modest establishment at first, and its owner did not even have a bank-account.
>
> Middle-Western and Pacific Coast buyers heard of this girl importer of Brussels lace, however, and they began to write her to bring it to them. She promptly complied, and as her market developed she was soon traveling from State to State with displays of her laces. She became a factor in competition and business men in the costuming trades began to take note of her.

Finally, one of these business men, seeing an opportunity for the development of this energetic young woman's lace trade, offered to furnish the needed capital to finance the firm of Gilis and Kennedy. Then came the war and the importing business naturally came to a standstill. But Miss Gilis was as ever resourceful, and the writer says:

> Often, in order to show others how beautiful a bit of lace seemed to her, she had fashioned it with fine net into unusual neckwear. Buyers had frequently pronounced these more original in design than they could buy from Paris direct.
>
> So Miss Gilis launched into the making of neckwear, and it was not long before her new venture also proved a business success. She found that there was a demand for hand-made blouses, and she made them to rival in beauty the French product. Buyers flocked to her.
>
> Miss Gilis had never organized a factory or workroom of her own. She had never bought machinery, superintended its installation, or coped with any of the difficult executive problems which are involved in starting a new industry. But she invested what capital she had and soon had two hundred and fifty workers.
>
> "Why do so many girls who come to America from other countries find the opportunity which American girls often miss?" Miss Gilis was asked.
>
> "Because," came the prompt reply, "an American girl naturally stops to think, 'What will people say if I do such and such a kind of work?' Not many American girls would be willing to carry through the streets a huge bundle of laces to their customers. They would feel self-conscious when people laughed at them. It is not easy for the Belgian foreign-born girl.
>
> "She can concentrate her whole time and energy upon her ambitions, and success comes sooner or later. But my own story—it is too simple and quiet to help other women."



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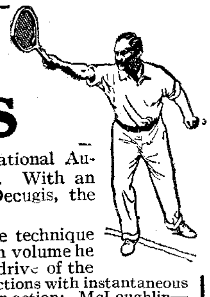

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AGED SUFFRAGE VICTORS CAST THEIR "MAIDEN" VOTES

Among the maiden voters this year in New York City there were débutantes who had worked all their lives for "votes for women"; some, perhaps, who may never again enjoy the privilege for which they have waged so long a struggle. Take, for example, Mrs. Sally Gold, of Brooklyn, who is past the century mark and to whom the franchise has come too late to permit her to more than peep over the threshold of political freedom. Says the New York *Sun* in taking a passing glance at the old-new voters of Manhattan and Brooklyn:

> It's curious that at least two of the very old women voters in the four Congressional districts that held elections were born in Germany. Mrs. Gold is one—at least she was born in Austria—and Mrs. Guida Stoppelkam, the prize pie-maker of the Fourteenth election district of the Thirteenth Assembly, is another. Mrs. Gold not only was born in Austria, but she lived there sixty years before coming to America.
>
> "I lived there sixty years and in all that time I never knew freedom," she said the other day to some suffragists who went to see her and congratulate her in the little home behind the shop at 44 Scholes Street, where Mrs. Gold has spent her quiet days selling eggs and butter and so on over the counter.
>
> "There was no talk of suffrage in Austria," said the little, frail old woman with a reminiscent smile on her wrinkled face. "I had to come to America to hear that. And it has been a long time coming to women in this country, has the suffrage.
>
> "Well, I didn't work much to bring it about. I have been busy in the shop and in my home; even on election-day I would not go to vote until I had washed the dishes and swept the floor, tho my granddaughters scolded me. 'You should rest the day you vote,' they told me, but never would I have it said that I left my housework undone to go to the polling-place.
>
> "I never wasted my time going to the theater or the movies—never have I been inside of one, but voting, it is different. The women need the vote so they may have justice. *Ach!* In Austria have I seen the women harnessed to carts like donkeys. In America that never would be done. But there are things bad for the women who work, even here, and so it is well that we have now the vote."

Mrs. Guida Stoppelkam was born in Germany seventy years go, for which she apologizes profusely.

> "Please do not say that I was born in Germany," she begged the inspector when she went to register. "I am ashamed that I first saw the light in that land ruled over by that bad man, the Kaiser. Do not put it down. I was brought to this country by my parents when I was a baby one year old. Does not that make me American?" Her Americanism being gladly admitted by the board she was registered.
>
> Eighty-three-year-old Mary Curley, the oldest woman voter in the Bronx, has a son who is an Alderman, and being an Alderman and a man he figured that his mother would need some kindly assistance to perform the feat of casting her ballot. So he escorted her to the polling-place and politely offered to show her any little

thing she might need to know about marking her ballot.

Mrs. Curley snorted and looked at her offspring the way women have that makes a grown man feel as if he was seven and had been acting fresh.

"Eddie," she said, "I haven't lived eighty-three years and kept you out of jail all your life without learning a few things. When I need the assistance of the Board of Aldermen to mark my ballot I'll write the gentlemen a letter. Now you leave me be."

Eddie did, and Mother Curley cast her vote in peace.

Six years younger than Mrs. Curley, but still pretty old for a first voter—just seventy-seven—was Mrs. Margaret Marley, who cast her ballot in the Bronx. She got up early, did her housework, and then went placidly out to the polling-place, which was a barber-shop, but be it noted that this sprightly first voter was not among those fastidious ladies who recently lodged a protest against being required to vote in barber-shops.

Manhattan comes a trifle behind both Brooklyn and the Bronx in the matter of mature maiden voters. Eighty-one years is the best they can do in the person of Mrs. Yetta Eckstein. Altho too young to win the prize among the political débutantes Mrs. Eckstein is a conscientious voter.

"I vote for the best man, as my husband always did," she said proudly. Mrs. Eckstein is a widow, but her daughter, a young thing of fifty, went along with her to the polls and voted.

There are some of these older voters in whom one takes peculiar satisfaction because they have worked long and hard for suffrage, and it is pleasant that they can have at least the reward of voting a few times; even if it's only once before they die it is a sort of a belated day of atonement to them.

Take Mrs. Stephen Loines, of Brooklyn, the very oldest member of the New York City Woman Suffrage party—she has labored forty years for the cause if she has labored a day. Forty years, day in and day out, she has held meetings, spoken, organized, canvassed, never losing hope, never losing patience. She has seen the movement grow under the leadership of Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton and their contemporaries from an ignored or else openly derided thing to something considerably more important, and under later leaders from this to something respected, successful, applauded. And at last came the fruit of her labors—she could vote.

Another such suffrage worker is Mrs. Martha Tilden Burritt, who, at the age of seventy-six, cast her first vote March 5.

"I've been going to suffrage conventions ever since I was eight years old," she said. "Sometimes I got very tired, but my! this is worth all the waiting and working. Before this I've always had a feeling of resentment on election-day. Great matters were going forward, things in which I had just as much interest as the men, and yet I was put aside with the idiots and criminals and aliens. To-day I feel—I can't explain it, but I feel so different."

But there were also a few tragedies recorded on election-day. The voting area was restricted in New York—only four Congressional districts to elect candi-

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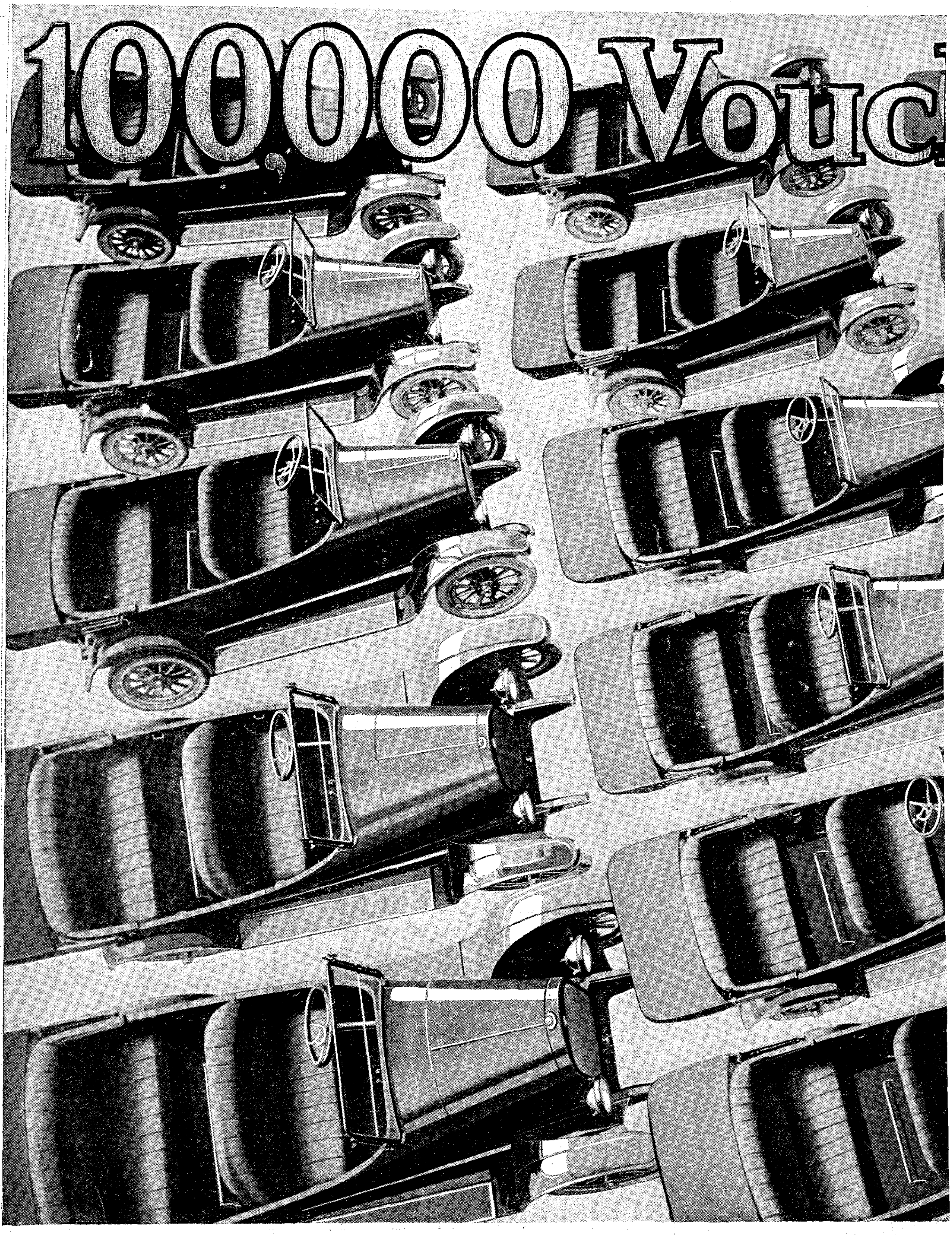
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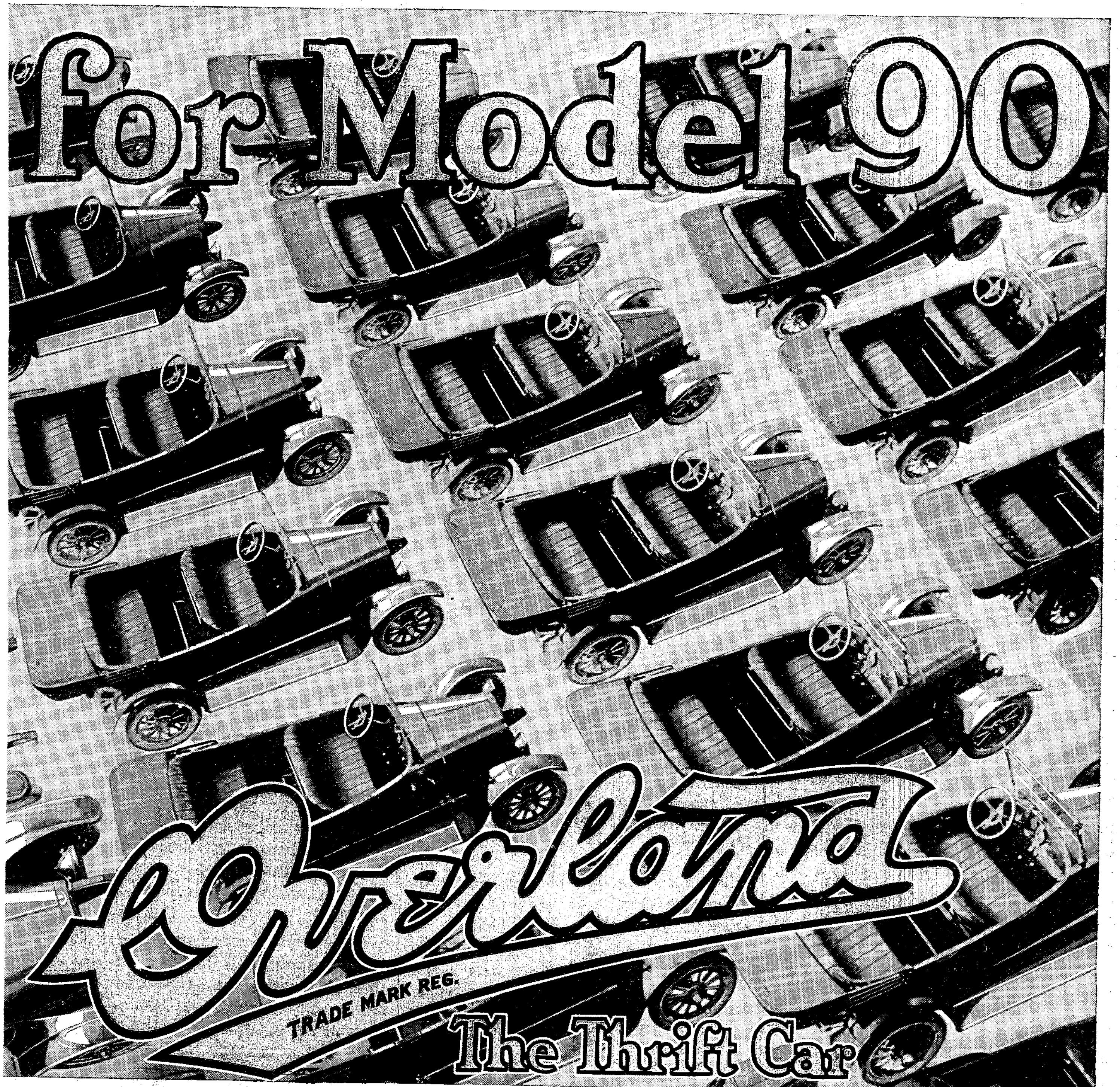

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dates, and there were necessarily a lot of disappointed veterans of the suffrage movement who were thus prevented by non-residence from reaping the fruits of their victory. They are waiting eagerly for the general election next fall. Says *The Sun:*

> Of such was Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, the oldest clubwoman in New York. The morning of March 5 she called up Big Boss Mary Garrett Hay, and in a voice that was near to weeping bewailed the fact that she was not a resident of the Seventh, or the Eighth, or the Twenty-first, or the Twenty-second.
>
> "And I'm old; I may not live till next fall when the general election comes," she moaned. "Oh, Mollie, if I'd thought about this in time I'd have moved, tho with all my furniture it would be a task—yes, I'd have moved into one of those districts so I could have the delight of voting once before I die."
>
> Surely the long fight for the vote would be worth while if only this group of old ladies had the right so hardly won—these women who have lived long years in the land, done their duty worthily, raised up children—good and useful women smarting under the injustice of being classed with idiots and criminals. To take this smart from them is worth while.

ANNA KATHERINE GREEN TELLS HOW SHE MANUFACTURES HER PLOTS

"SEND detective stories."

This is the advice of those who have made a study of the kind of reading matter most desired by the boys at the Front. The puzzle of plots and the rapid movement of the stories take their minds off the trenches when they are in rest-camp and muffle the sound of the distant 75s. And speaking of detective stories and plots, there can be no one better qualified to speak thereon than Anna Katherine Green, author of "The Leavenworth Case," and other stories famous in that class of fiction.

In Buffalo, where she lives and is known in the prosaic every-day world of fact as Mrs. Charles Rohlfs, she was seen by a writer in the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, who says:

> She opens the door herself, a gentle woman in soft mauve with century-old embroideries, and leads you to the fire which flickers fantastically over the originals of mission furniture. It is a cozy, cordial room, and all fear of the detective lady leaves you and you feel only an intense curiosity to see into her clever mind and find out how she writes her stories and gets her ideas.
>
> "Detective stories do rest the mind," she said, when the errand was explained. "Colonel Roosevelt has told me that he finds my stories a great relief in mental stress. I have never heard personally so from President Wilson and Mr. Balfour, who are said to devour detective stories, but any puzzle which absorbs one must be a relaxation."
>
> Anna Katherine Green was the daughter of a widely known criminal lawyer of New York. She began her work by writing poetry. Then came her first novel. Her father was disappointed that she had given up poetry until he read the first half of her book. Then he agreed she had found her place and became her critic.
>
> "You must remember," she said, "that I am a grandmother. I have brought up three children. One of my boys is now at the Curtiss Flying School and another is married and lives on his ranch in Colorado. Besides, I have a husband, my garden, my house, and my friends. Writing is only a part of my life."
>
> "Don't hurry your ideas," is Mrs. Rohlfs's first advice to amateurs who aspire to write detective stories for the soldiers. "I always let my ideas lie fallow for some time, and then suddenly, perhaps in a day, the beginning and end will come to me. If there is any part that might be called misty, it will be in the middle of my story. The end is always clear before I begin my book.
>
> "A friend told me of a murder which had happened in the northern part of New York State. A woman was induced to kill her husband while under the influence of a man in his employ. She chose for her weapon a billet of wood, and the distinguishing feature of the circumstance was this: That the victim, *after being struck*, lived in an unconscious condition exactly six hours before he died.
>
> "The woman who struck the blow was convicted of murder, but there was no way of reaching the guilty instigator, altho the community was convinced that he was the one most deserving of punishment. Several years later the same man was walking through a forest when a tree fell and hit him. For six hours he lay unconscious and then he died. This plot was in my mind for three or four years. One night when we were in Connecticut, the whole story of 'Hand and Ring' came to me. I could see the characters and the situation. Of course, there were details which were worked out later, but I had the central ideas. All those years I had been revolving that plot subconsciously in my mind, and not in a mechanical way."

The inception of Mrs. Rohlfs's stories seems marvelously simple when she tells about it. Take, for example, "The Leavenworth Case." The author started with only these two main ideas: The murderer should be the first one to announce the crime; and second, some one passing a door should hear a conversation and attribute it to the wrong person. And then she says:

> "People are constantly sending me clippings or plots of murders. My nephew sent me the newspaper story which I afterward used for the basis of 'Doctor Izard.' It seems that in Illinois a doctor had as a patient a woman who died under peculiar circumstances, so that he was not satisfied as to the direct cause. The night after she was buried he determined to perform an autopsy. As he was digging up the new-made grave he glanced up and saw the woman's husband staring at him across the mound of earth. In his terror he struck him with the spade and killed him. He realized what he had done, and in his despair finished his digging, removed the woman's body and buried the husband in her place. He carried the body home and concealed it in his cellar. The man had simply disappeared and left no trace. The doctor afterward adopted the orphaned children and at his death left this confession."
>
> In the "Hasty Arrow," with the beginning and end in sharp outline, Mrs. Rohlfs came to a blank wall in the middle and had to lay the book away for a year.
>
> "Now, I can not see why it was," she explains, "the way through seemed so simple. Perhaps I was just tired."
>
> Mrs. Rohlfs always writes in the morning. She surrounds herself with cheerful people, spends much of her time in her pleasant garden, and so in every way counteracts the morbidity of the plot she is evolving. Even Fluffy, her cat, is pure white and of a most sane disposition.
>
> "Don't talk your ideas over with any one" is her final advice to the amateur. "Not that people take your ideas, but by telling them your ideas become thin. If you can keep them in your mind, they will grow and multiply there. I wait until I have half finished a book before I let any one see it."
>
> "Were you ever frightened by your own detective story?"
>
> "That isn't a silly or surprizing thing," she replied. "I had such an experience when I was writing 'The Forsaken Inn.' A woman dies in a locked room, which is never opened. Fifteen years later another woman crawls through the passageway to the room. I knew what she was going to find there, and when she was half-way through I was so frightened I could not take her any farther. I had to lay the manuscript away for a time."
>
> The surprizing thing about Anna Katherine Green is her lack of egotism. She is considerate of the taxi-driver who waits for you outside in the cold and she does not take herself seriously at all. You leave with the idea that she enjoys writing her stories, and even if they did not run through large editions she would go on writing them just the same.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

THE making of our warriors of the air is oftentimes as hazardous as the scouting, battling, and bombing that follow the sufficient period of training in actual war-conditions. In interesting letters to the home-folk these young fighters tell of many thrilling experiences during the period of their preparation behind the lines. Here are extracts from letters received from some of the younger airmen "over there." Lieut. Paton MacGilvary, the son of Prof. E. B. MacGilvary, of the University of Wisconsin, writes entertainingly of his early experiences at an Italian-American flying camp in Italy. He finally won the distinction of Chief Flying Officer. In a letter which is printed in the Chicago *Tribune* he writes:

> I'm now a full-fledged "*pilota militare*" with the Italian military aviator's license, received in a Royal Italian school of military aviation. The brevet proper consists of several parts. The first is an hour and a half flight at above 3,000 meters. On this flight I made 4,100 meters—13,100 feet. The second part consists of a forty-five-minute flight in windy weather. This is great sport. The weather was sunny but rough, and in rough weather there are great bumps and air-currents that make aviation quite exciting. They are liable to throw the machine up on its "ear" at a dangerous angle, then immediately tilt you up in the opposite direction. I hit a down current over F—— that dropt me down 200 meters just like a shot—for the whole time of a couple of seconds I was hardly on the seat—but then again you are

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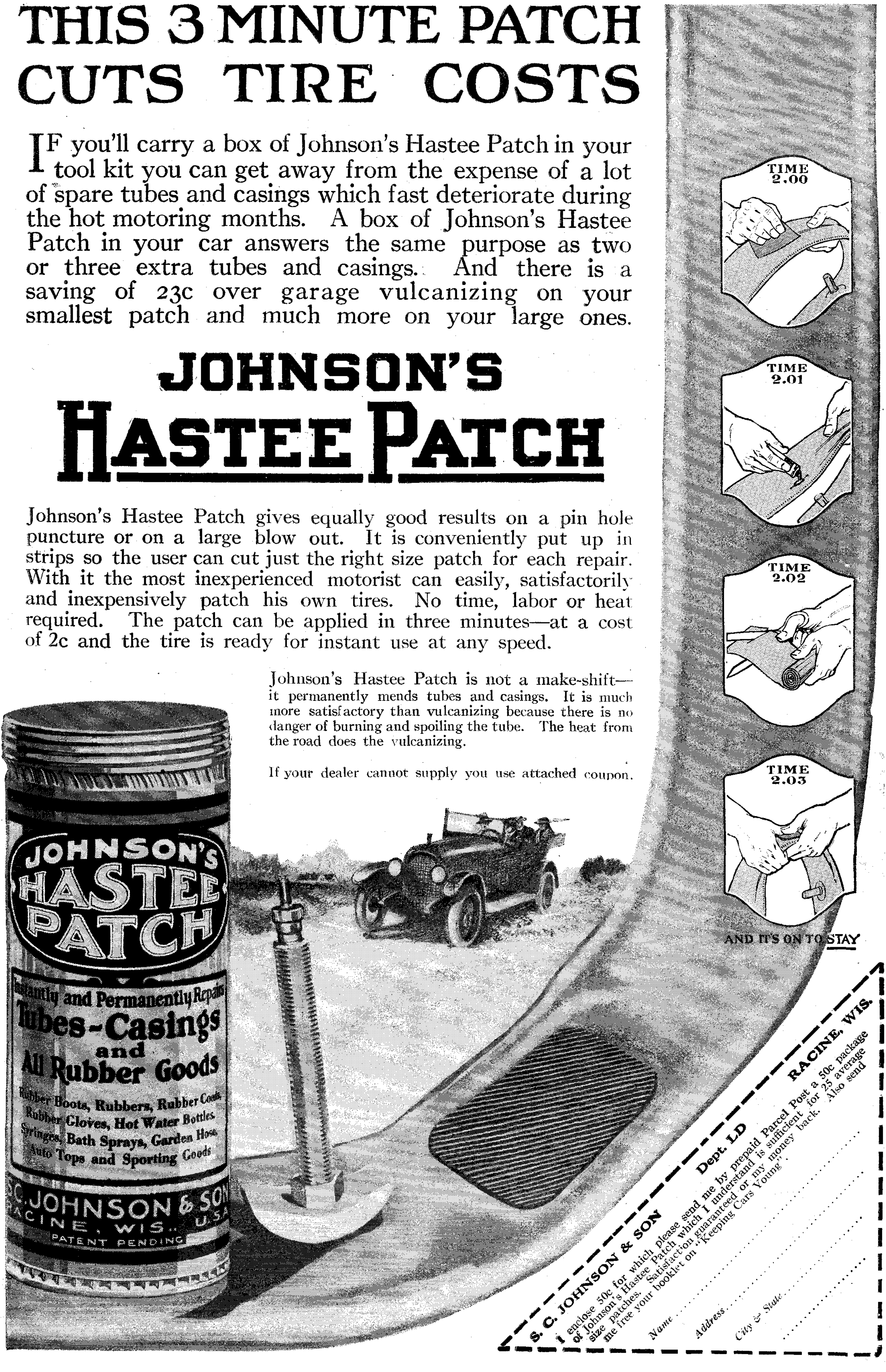
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In Mason City, Iowa, 22,000 population, $4,000,000 was spent in new buildings and commercial and civic development in 1917 in spite of war conditions!

They built three public schools, a heating-plant, a handsome new eight-story office-building, two churches, and a Y. W. C. A. building, *and all of them have Barrett Specification Roofs.*

The public library and telephone-building, and many smaller buildings, likewise have Barrett Specification Roofs.

In fact, of the thirty-one business-, industrial-, and municipal-buildings started or completed during the year, twenty-seven have Barrett Specification Roofs or roofs of Barrett materials.

Practically all of these roofs have been constructed by the local contractors, the Mica Insulating Co., inspected by our inspectors, and guaranteed free of repairs for twenty years by *Barrett 20-Year Guaranty Bonds.*

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Jefferson School, Mason City, Iowa.

just as liable to hit an up current that will lift you up like a bat out of a box.

This kind of flying is both exciting and fun, but quite a strain on the nervous system. It is in a case like this that a fellow must be on the jump—one new man lost his nerve lately in such a case and fell several meters into the heart of F——. Luckily he escaped without injury—in fact, in spite of some bad falls and total wrecks of machines, not one American has been badly injured here. The Italians claim it is Yankee luck, for such a record is quite remarkable. It seems that the tests we had to submit to in the physical examination in the States must have been very good, for none of our men have failed to qualify in the altitude work because of defective physiques.

The third part of the brevet consists in flying to a strange aviation-field not far away and alighting there, for practise in landing in unknown places. The fourth consists in "shooting for the square," or what the Italians call the "*rettangolo.*" This is an area of 40 meters by 120 meters, marked off with white lines, and the game is to cut off your motor at 1,200 meters—3,900 feet—as if your motor had failed, and it was necessary to make a forced landing in a small field. One is given two trials at the square, and then must hit it twice in succession—a stunt that requires quite good judgment.

The last part of the brevet is the real test. It is a 250-kilometer (150 miles) cross-country flight made from following a map, leaving our camp by a given route, landing, getting gasoline and oil, departing, and returning to our camp again. The whole trip consumed about five hours, with a little more than four hours in the air. In this flight it is customary to try for as much altitude as possible, tho the requirement is that one must stay for only an hour and a half over 3,000 meters. I made in my flight 4,800 meters—15,700 feet—and tied the record made at this camp by Americans up to that time (this was in December). Since my flight the American record has been broken by J—— S——, who, you will remember, was my "side-kick" at the ground school in America and with whom I have been chumming ever since. J—— made 5,100 meters!

The cold seems to have made a deeper impression on the young flier than anything else at the time, for he writes:

> These altitudes are about twice the height they attain in the flying-camps in the States for men of our class, and they make quite an experience for a young flier. From where I was I could see the Adriatic, and, in fact, I flew over it for about sixty kilometers. Also I could see the Mediterranean both to the south of Italy and to the west—all the way across the country. I think also that I saw the toe of Italy down to Messina, but that may have been imagination. It is a fact that I saw the heel of Italy very plainly—and it is indeed a beautiful sight to see so much country lying below—it looks just like the large relief-maps one sees—but, my God, how cold!
>
> The temperature up there is some 45 to 50 degrees colder than on the ground, and that day the ground temperature was 54, so that the temperature up there must have been about 5 degrees above zero; and there I was passing through the wind at the rate of about seventy miles an hour, sitting still in the machine, and with nothing to do to keep the circulation going. I

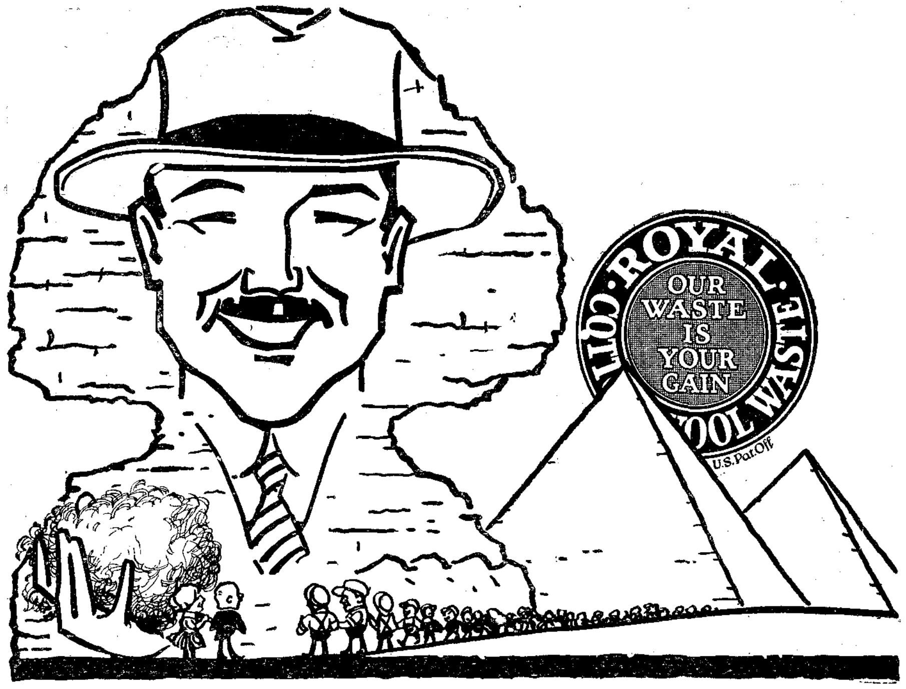
took with me a thermometer, but as it was manufactured for southern Italian duty, it did not register below 20 degrees, and up there all the mercury just drew itself up into the bulb and there was nothing to see.

At the completion of their brevet the young aviators are allowed a leave of three or four days for a trip to Rome or Naples. The Lieutenant chose Rome, and he says of his visit:

> At Rome we had a time. There is everything to buy and see. We did both with a vengeance. I bought a beautiful camera—about a $100 value at home—for only $35; a pair of cavalry boots, about $40 value at home, for $18; a suitcase of enormous proportions and superb quality of leather for $12. In addition I bought sundry things that add much to the comfort of life.
>
> In addition we saw Rome as a quick tourist would—St. Peter's with all its wonderful mosaic work, its infinite supply of most exquisite gold and marble. Then there was the Vatican—the paintings of the world's greatest artists, the originals of famous sculptors' works; the Sistine Chapel with Michelangelo's masterpieces—too much for description. Then again there were the Colosseum and the ruins of the old Forum; the wreck of the theater in which Cæsar was assassinated; the old pagan temples; the garden of the vestal virgins—absolutely everything; but I shall never know what all I did see until I read some description of the place. And the catacombs—dark, dirty, and dire—suggestive of the terrible existence of the poor creatures that must have lived there at various times in the dark parts of history.
>
> Then there was the lighter side of life—the nights of revelry, with real civilized food, in music and amusements that men stranded in a wilderness would enjoy for a time after a spell away from civilization. We lived like kings and had the time of our lives. Already I have seen a little of Turin and Bologna—and my verdict is that Italy is the treasure-land of the world. Rich in wealth and beauty, in people of brains and charm, of physical strength and character, and sensible in their mode of living, I'm for them through and through.

First Lieut. Harry M. Agerter, who is now "Somewhere in France," received his ground-training at the Ohio State University. He was one of the eight honor men of his squad and was sent direct to France from the University. In this letter to his mother in Indianapolis, he tells humorously of an early flying stunt:

> The weather has been very bad, and have flown very little. I have written "*Repos*" in my daily report-book for the last five days and was just about to write it down for to-day, 2:30 P.M., when the call came for the single-hoppers, meaning those unfortunates—"one of whom I was which"—who make their first solo flight, consisting of a take-off, a very short, straight flight, and a landing. When you really analyze it, it is about as easy a thing as a person who has flown at all can do, but the psychological effect is hard on the nervous system, and one feels about like treading the dead march at Sing Sing.
>
> Well, we went out twelve strong, and it being a bad day and no one else flying, the cheerfulness was augmented by a large



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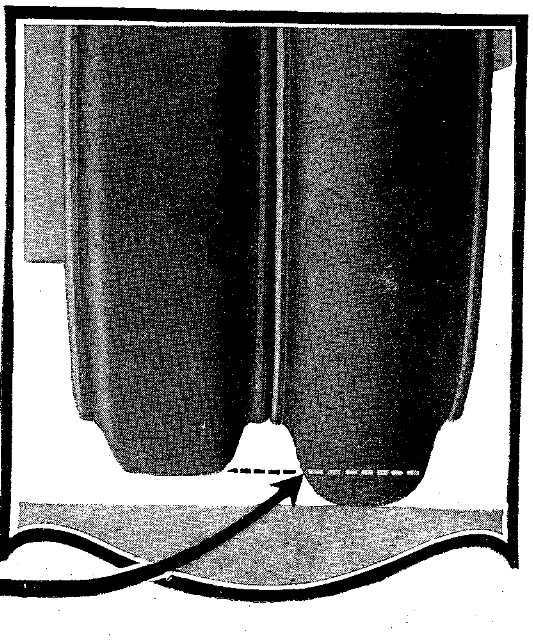

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gallery, most of whom desired various articles of my personal effects. (Don't get nervous for I am only, and so were they, kidding.) Well, your son being first out was appointed secretary of the class and at once began listing the young men in the order he desired their funerals to be celebrated. For myself, I elected to die second, being in somewhat of a bad humor and not caring to assist with my tenor at the services of the remaining victims.

They haul out three doomed machines, and the first neophyte climbs in, gasps for air, looks around wildly, smiles a sick smile, grabs everything in sight, and goes down the field. I shut my eyes and begin to think what I will write home to his folks, when all of a sudden a rough, unfeeling voice tells me to get ready and get in the next machine—only it sounded to me as if he said: "We will operate at once," or something like that—and in I climb, put on the goggles, fasten the belt, look over the gang with a gaze of utter unconcern—not being able to see them—figure up my life insurance, think of my opening address to St. Peter, take a squint down the course, cut the contact, gasp for oxygen, replace contact, and off I go, with only one clear thought in my head: "Not to pull on ze stick."

It seemed to me that I was doing a regular snake dance and I was treating the poor little rudder very, very roughly, when all of a sudden I went off the ground and, correcting into the wind, was up in the air, both literally and figuratively, by myself, for the first time in my life. Things were now going very smoothly, as nothing happened for six seconds, when all of a sudden a puff of wind throws up one of my wings and I regain consciousness long enough to correct with the stick. All this time I am getting farther and farther away from the ground, and I feel tired, and never did want to fly anyway, and wonder what I ever went up in the fool plane for, and how in thunder I am ever going to get to earth again, and walk and eat and sleep without pain, when all of a sudden I notice I am up as high as the hangars and there is a ditch under me, and it runs in my mind that about one year and one minute ago, some one told me to cut when I saw the ditch under me, giving me much more credit than I deserve, for it was all luck that I saw that ditch at all, my mind being very busy with past misdeeds, etc.

But I decide that it is either a choice of coming down now or waiting till I run out of gas and some one might have made a mistake and put in lots of gas. So I cut, nose her down, grit my teeth, and wonder what Jim will do with my tobacco and Henry Lewis with my trunk, and whether some one will write a poem about me. All of a sudden I wake up again long enough to see that the ground is coming up at me at about a thousand miles an hour, and some good little fairy gets hold of my hand on the stick and redresses a little at fifteen feet and a little more at five feet and I sit there and wonder how hard the ground is, how far in I will go, and how all will feel when the cable comes, when all of a sudden I feel sort of a little falling sensation and pull the stick back in my stomach and the machine settles down on the ground and I don't turn over. I wonder why I don't, and look around.

Nothing is broken and the machine looks all right and I am still sitting in it and that doesn't seem natural—and I take off my helmet and goggles to get some air and see if I am really on the ground and punch myself and find I am not in the bed-roll. I look at my watch and find I have used up three perfectly good minutes, *and I've made my hop.*

I try to put on my helmet, but can't get it on, for somehow or other it has shrunk terribly, so I sit back and wonder how many Germans I will get, when all of a sudden I remember I am not supposed to sit out there all afternoon, but am supposed to taxi back so another young man may make his début. I put on the contact, but it is too late; the motor has passed away. A mechanic runs up, cranks up the motor, and I get my helmet on very easily. I turn around and taxi back to the bunch, climb out, and tell them all it was very easy, that I wasn't a bit nervous and would like to do it over, and all that bunk, but pray my time doesn't come again to-day.

All of this has taken up about five minutes, so you see I am very fatigued. But all go up and come down and only one smashes up and he doesn't even get a scratch, so the score is twelve to one with only one machine on its back. Thus endeth a very eventful day and I am most content. To-morrow I may turn over a couple of times; but I should worry, for to-day I hopped and fooled the gallery and the *medici* and the undertakers, and am now flying by myself, and I truly hope I will be good enough to do my bit for Uncle Sam.

Dodging the bullets of machine guns while two German and two American aeroplanes fight to a finish only 150 yards over your head is almost as dangerous for the witnesses as for the combatants. Lieut. Paul J. Mathis, of the Escadrille Français, A. R. 258, vividly describes such a duel in a letter to his father in Jackson, Tenn. Lieutenant Mathis was among the first volunteers for the air-service from the United States. He was graduated for duty at Fort McPherson, Georgia, and has been in France for some time. He writes thus of the remarkable combat:

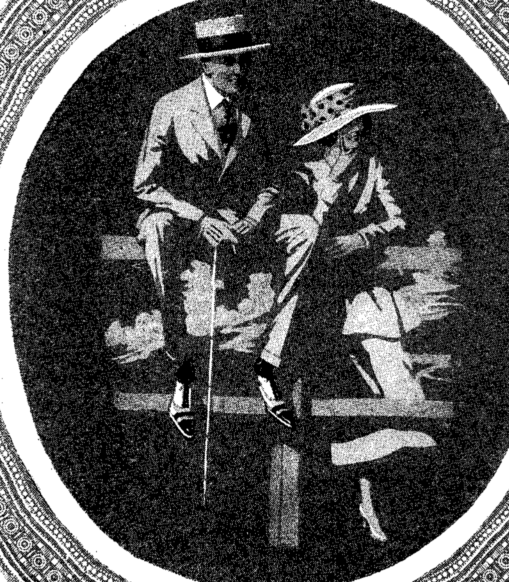
I will not speak of myself, but of something else which I must tell you, the greatest sight I've ever seen in my life, and which occurred to-day.

Shortly before nine o'clock this morning I was shaving. My roommate had finished and gone outside. In a little while he came back saying there were *Boche* planes about. As this is not unusual, and as I wanted to get cleaned up, I continued my shaving while he talked to me from outside our window. There is an American *chasse* (fighting) squadron on the same field with us. All during the day their machines are flying about, so, when I heard one leave the ground, and then another an instant later, I thought nothing of it.

Before I could distinguish any additional lapse of time my roommate yelled that the Americans were in a scrap with Huns and that it seemed they were trying to machine-gun our hangars. With this I was running outside my room as fast as I could with a towel still around my neck and lather partly over my face.

Running a few feet from our barracks door (not more than twenty feet from the inside of our room) I saw four planes, two German and two American, going to it, not more than 150 yards off the ground and almost directly over our heads.

By this time I went another few feet to where I had a better view because build-



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FLATO

> ings had been in the way. Everybody else was outside, too, officers and personnel of our French squadron.
>
> The four fighters were circling and diving with their terrific motor roar about each other exactly like giant birds, working unceasingly every second for the purpose of gaining advantageous firing positions, it being possible for the *chasse* planes to shoot only in the direction of their flight because of the fixt position of the machine gun alongside the airplane's nose.
>
> And here the firing began with the American planes swooping in at the *Boche* more like bulldogs than anything else, at a speed of not less than 150 miles per hour. Even above the roaring mad hum of the motors and the excitement on the ground the loud popping "crack, crack, pop, pop, pop, pat, pat, pop," of the firing-guns sounded. You will have to picture it to yourself because it was a sight no human being could possibly describe in full detail.
>
> The maneuvering of the machines changed their pointing directions and machine-gun bullets started pattering viciously about fifty feet above our heads. At this point every eye-witness hunted for the nearest telephone-post or house corners. As you well know, my legs aren't short, so be not surprized when I tell you that in the great scramble for cover some were still coming when I looked around.
>
> But the position of the planes changed again. Even as I looked one machine was swooping earthward in a mass of flame. Then the wild yell that went up as we saw on it the German cross!
>
> Running with a portion of the crowd toward it I saw as we an the flame die down apparently, but for only a second, almost instantly flashing up again and enveloping still more of the machine than before, as it continued its blazing path to the earth. As I arrived at the spot, Frenchmen who were nearer had gotten the injured pilot from the wreckage and were bringing him toward headquarters.
>
> The other fight went on. For a moment it seemed that the American was dropping, but it was only in a nose dive under the Hun's tail. Then came the ripping report of his machine gun and immediately the crashing of the second *Boche* burying his nose into the ground with the tail of his machine sticking up into the air.
>
> The distance between these two machines as they came down was no more than 400 yards and each point less than that from where I write. As I came back from the burned plane, the German from the other—an officer who could speak both French and English—was being brought up the road by another crowd perfectly able to walk and not hurt in the least.
>
> To-day has been cloudy. The Hun story is that they were bringing their machines to Metz from some place back of the German lines and had lost their way in the fog, thus crossing the lines without knowing it, and as the topography around that town and this is similar they were coming in to land. This story sounds reasonable, the French officers think it probable, and personally from all indications I rather believe it to be true. However, one can never be certain about a *Boche*.
>
> Anyhow, one was entirely unhurt, the other had only a broken ankle and was burned some, but will recover all right. Such an ending is perfectly marvelous, and neither of our fellows were touched. Before I get back I imagine my point of view will be changed, nevertheless I couldn't help but be glad they were brought down and not killed.
>
> During the past week since I have been here I have talked a number of times with one of the American boys who did the job—there were two men in on it and each got one. The chap I know is a mighty fine boy, and this was his first Hun. On this account we were all the more delighted; and, too, the other chap got his first with this one, but he had been in a number of previous fights.

When Capt. R. F. Sortomme, of Eau Claire, Wis., "Somewhere in France," wrote the letter which follows he expected soon to go into action. And "the boys," he writes, stirred by the tales of Hun atrocities, are wildly anxious to get at the foe. In his letter, which is written to J. C. Gilbertson, and printed in the Eau Claire *Telegram*, he says:

> It seems strange to read the home papers and find that the old pro-Germanism is still an issue there, for I thought that was gone by this time. We can hardly realize it over here that anybody back in the States is anything but with the United States heart and soul in this struggle, and when we do hear of these things it kind of sets the blood to boiling and causes us to wish that more aggressive measures would be taken with those people, but then, of course, we can see things in a far more different light over here than you people can at home.
>
> When we read of such men as our friend Liebau writing that the Germans are not as bad as they are painted we can only wish that he could be here for a while and see with his own eyes what is seen here in France every day, and I think that even he would be convinced that the Germans over here on the German side of the line are about as barbarous and cruel as it is possible for any people to be.
>
> I have some officers attached to my company who have just returned from the Front, where they have been with our troops for several months, they tell of many cases of German cruelty.

One instance of the enemy's barbarity so stirred the men of Sortomme's company that they swore to kill twenty Germans in revenge, and he writes:

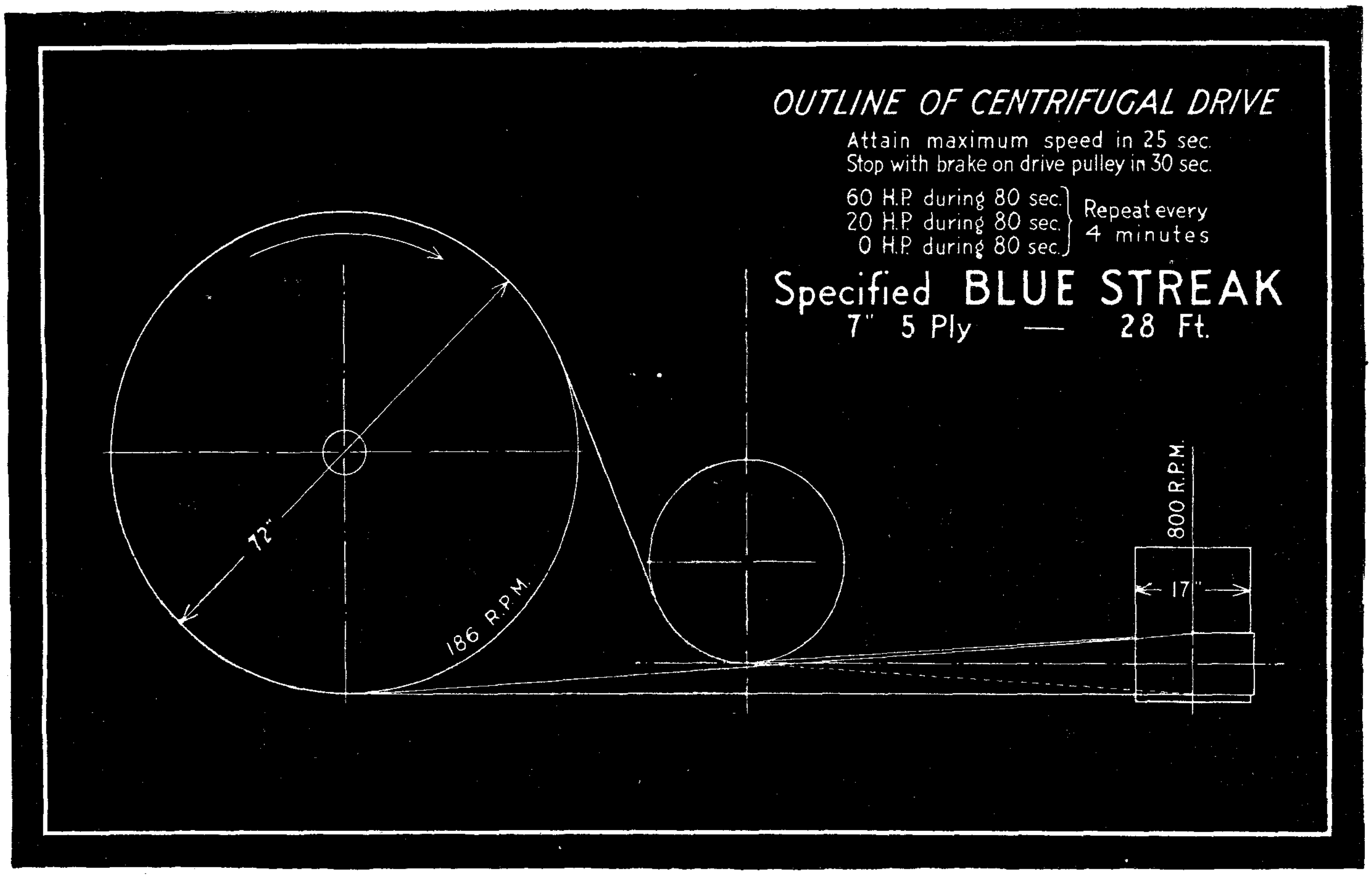
> They bided their time, and the other night they went over and when they returned they had made good their threat and had "gotten" their twenty Germans. The mere killing of this man was nothing more than could be expected, for this is war. There was absolutely no justification for such brutality, but then it seems to be the policy of the Germans. What can be their object I can not understand, unless it is for the purpose of making the Americans afraid of them, but in this they are mistaken, for it is having the opposite effect. It only tends to make our boys all the more wild and anxious to get at the Huns.

A rather unsuspected picture is presented by Captain Sortomme of the German-Americans in his company, of whom there appear to be many, for he writes:

> As you are undoubtedly aware, a goodly proportion of the men in this outfit are of German origin, but I have to find the first one who isn't anxious to get to the Front and prove to the Germans on the other side that they are AMERICANS and can fight like hell. They are not ashamed of the fact that they are German, but they do want it understood that they are not the kind of Germans that are fighting against us. I have a machine-gun crew in my company that is almost all German, and I wish you could see the kind of work they are doing and then wonder what will happen to the first Hun outfit they get a crack at.
>
> Probably before this letter reaches you we will be in action and will then be in position to vindicate the Chippewa Valley, which no doubt has its share of non-loyal Americans. You perhaps wonder why a personal letter like this should follow such a strain, but the fact of the matter is that we have had it thrown up into our face so many times by those from other States that Wisconsin is a rather doubtful State as far as loyalty is concerned. The Wisconsin troops in this division have a reputation for efficiency that preceded us into England and France, and still they wonder if it can be possible that these men can really be so good after what they hear about the State.
>
> The good that you people are doing there never gets a mention, for everybody is supposed to be working for the interest of the country, but you may rest assured that every word that is uttered in a disloyal way reaches all over, even over here. It is hard to have to go into action fully knowing that we may have to suffer and then feel that there are those at home who would gloat over our casualties, as was the case in Chippewa not very long ago. It seems to me that the people back home are too lenient. Over here in France they have a very effective way of handling such cases and as a result there is very little of it.
>
> When you receive this letter I wish you would bear in mind the fact that our boys, the boys whom you have seen grow up there at home, who have mothers, fathers, brothers, and sisters that you know, are in the trenches and fighting those beastly Huns, and then work to back them up as you have never worked before, for they will need the support now more than ever.

The Captain, however, is enthusiastic about the manner in which the United States has taken up her share of the war-work and burden. He writes:

> One thing you can make up your mind on and that is that our administration is doing wonderful work in making preparations for a very active part in this war. I wish I could tell you what I have seen in our travels over France, of the enormous construction work that is going on, work that even the best French engineers would say required ten years to do, and it is being done in six months to a year. This has required thousands of men, but when this enormous project is completed it means that we will be able to handle all of our end of the war alone and thereby allow the French to again utilize their facilities.
>
> I thought that my wild dreams could fancy the magnitude of this undertaking, but will have to admit that when I saw it all I was amazed, and it is a fact that the Americans over here do not themselves realize what is being done. As I talk to men who are working on this construction I find that they think they are the only ones that are doing this particular kind of work. When a certain party showed me about a hundred acres of warehouses that had been constructed in that particular locality and I informed him that I had been in one camp where the warehouses covered 120 acres besides a camp to accommodate 40,000 men, and that I had passed many such places, he frankly stated that he was under the impression that they



That Centrifugal Drive—and the G.T.M.

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Out in Colorado almost everything was tried on it—cheap belts, expensive belts, natural belts and patent. But none did well. The G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man—out there called. He was asked the price of a Goodyear Belt to fit. He said he didn't know—that no Goodyear Technical Man sold belts that way.

The Goodyear Plan—He told them the Goodyear plan of prescribing belts—how conditions vary and how many kinds of belts we make to fit them—that if Goodyear men were only traveling price-lists we might as well sell belts by mail. He asked to see the drive.

What He Found—There was a driving pulley of 72 inches on a horizontal shaft. It drove a 17 inch pulley on a vertical shaft at 800 r.p.m. A quarter turn was necessary—and there was a 20 inch tightener idler.

And that was far from the worst of it. The machine had to start from a stop every four minutes—attain full speed in 25 seconds—had to be stopped in 30 seconds. In stopping, the brake heated the pulley until it couldn't be touched. He admitted that it was one of the hardest drives in the world, and so he prescribed a 28 foot length, 7 inch 5 ply Blue Streak—the Goodyear belt especially designed for such service.

How It Worked—The master mechanic was skeptical. "It's a laced belt," he said, "and no lace will stand that racket." "There's a special lace for this service, and you'll get it with the belt," said the G.T.M. When the belt was applied it did better than any they had ever had—started better, stood stopping better—lasted longer.

They ordered it for other centrifugals—and asked the G.T.M. to make the regular Goodyear Plant Analysis covering every drive in their plant. And they're now ordering according to its prescriptions.

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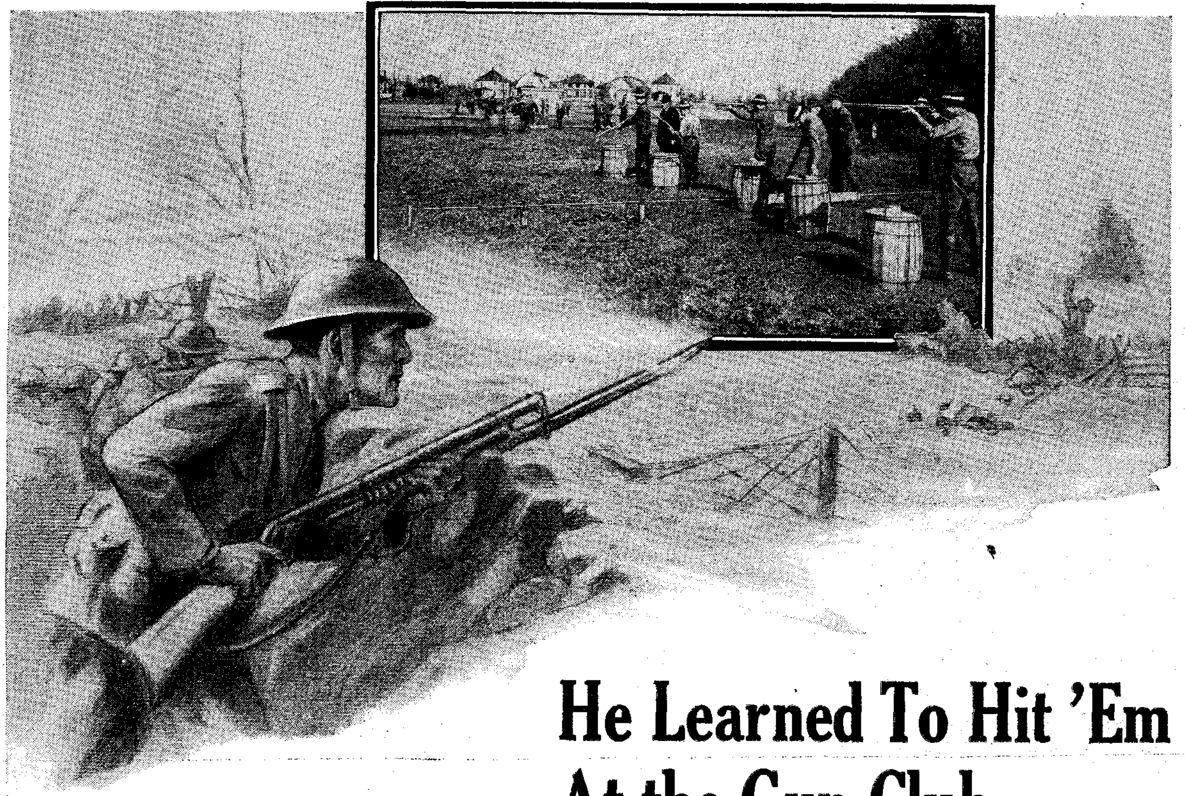

He Learned To Hit 'Em At the Gun Club

Back home he was a trapshooter. At the gun club he learned how to hit moving objects, ninety times out of a hundred.

Stopping a hand grenade in mid-air or dropping a charging Hun is "old stuff" for him.

At the cantonments and aviation camps in the U. S. and France regulation

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at clay targets is a recognized part of the training. And with enemy trenches a few yards distant, the bayoneted trench shotgun is proving a most efficient weapon of defense or offense.

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were the only ones who were doing this kind of work.

I have seen railroad yards as large as those of Milwaukee that have been constructed in a few months. Monster docks and modern facilities for unloading ships in faster time than has ever been seen before in France. When I tell you that I have seen over 500 miles of such construction you can begin to realize how this good old United States is going into the war.

It would perhaps be foolish to say that all of this is being done without some mistakes, but on the whole, the results are wonderful and you can hear the French exclaim:

"Those Americans are wonderful; they seem to be able to do the impossible."

AT SEVENTY SHE KEEPS THE LIGHT OF NEW YORK'S INNER HARBOR

"THERE is so much you think that it isn't needful to say."

Rather neat for a woman of seventy, isn't it? However, tending a lighthouse on a lonely reef for a score and a half years naturally makes one less chatty and more philosophical.

Mrs. Katie Walker is the sage who is quoted, and she has kept Robbins Reef Light trimmed and burning ever since her husband died, more than thirty-two years ago. She is a little woman, too, this keeper of the light that marks the shoals between Manhattan and Staten Island—four feet ten, and she tips the scales at 105 pounds when she is at top weight. She is eligible for a pension, but she thinks the Government has worries enough just now without bothering about a lonely old woman. Recently she was asked:

"But what if the Germans attack New York? The light will be in a position of great danger."

She smiled confidently as she replied:

"They can never get in."

The only things she is afraid of are trolley-cars and automobiles.

Eileen O'Connor, a writer for the New York *Sun*, once spent the night in the lighthouse on the reef, and this is the life-story of the keeper as she told it herself:

"I was living at Sandy Hook when I met Jacob Walker. He kept the Sandy Hook lighthouse. He took me to that lighthouse as his bride. I enjoyed that, for it was on land, and I could keep a garden and raise vegetables and flowers.

"After a few years my husband was transferred to Robbins Reef. The day we came here I said: 'I won't stay. The sight of water whichever way I look makes me lonesome and blue.' I refused to unpack my trunks and boxes at first. I unpacked them a little at a time. After a while they were all unpacked and I stayed on.

"Another time I felt I couldn't stand the sight of water everywhere—nothing but water. I felt worse, I suppose, because my husband had gone ashore and overstayed his time. At all events, when he got back I showed him my packed trunks and told him I was going away. He laughed, and the next day he unpacked my trunks. They have never been packed since.

"My husband caught a heavy cold while tending the light. It turned into pneumonia. It was necessary to take him to the Smith Infirmary on Staten Island, where he could have better care than I could give him in the lighthouse.

"I could not leave the light to be with him. He understood. One night, while I sat up there tending the light, I saw a boat coming. Something told me what news it was bringing me. I expected the words that came up to me from the darkness.

"'We are sorry, Mrs. Walker, but your husband's worse.'

"'He is dead,' I said.

"We buried him in the cemetery on the hill. Every morning when the sun comes up I stand at the port-hole and look in the direction of his grave. It has been many years now that I have given it that morning greeting, for Jacob lived only four years after we moved to the reef. Sometimes the hills are white with snow. Sometimes they are green. Sometimes brown. But there always seems to come a message from that grave. It is what I heard Jacob say more often than anything else in his life. Just three words: 'Mind the light.'"

Mrs. Walker finds life in a lighthouse quite simple, she says, and few would dispute her. She is never troubled by dust or burglars, and she is never afraid, except on land. She has to go to New York twice a year on business, and then, she says:

"I am in fear from the time I leave the ferry-boat. The street-cars bewilder me. And I am afraid of the automobiles. A fortune wouldn't tempt me to get into one of the things.

"I never leave the light except when the day is fair and there is not the least sign of rain. But even with that start I have come back a few hours later through terrible storms. Once it took three hours to row from the docks, a mile away. A ferry-boat threw a rope to us and drew us as near the lighthouse as it dared. While I was climbing up the ladder I was covered from head to feet with a coat of ice. The spray from the waves froze as it fell on me.

"One of the most terrible storms I have ever seen was on a Christmas, two years ago. I always spent Christmas alone. When my children were little I sent them ashore to play with other children. When my son grew up and married I sent my daughter to his home at Tompkinsville for the holidays. Young folks must have their pleasures, you know. Some one had to be on duty. I wanted to be that one.

"That Christmas morning when the children rowed ashore was clear and beautiful. By noon a storm had come up. At ten o'clock that night a terrible gale was roaring around the light. The snow whirled in a thick white sheet around the lighthouse. I couldn't see a foot away from the walls.

"I knew that to the people coming through the Narrows the snow would hide the light. I started the fog-horn. The snow changed to sleet and drove against the windows. Then above the driving of the sleet and the rattling of the wind, I heard a sound that I had heard but twice and didn't like to hear. I had heard it only twice in twenty-five years.

"My only means of communication with the outside world was a row-boat. We kept it fastened to the outside walls by a chain. If that chain was broken—and the noise indicated that something was wrong with it—and the boat was swept away, I would be helpless.

"I wrapt myself up well and went outside. The wind nearly whirled me off the landing. It took my breath. The sleet covered my hair like a hood. It was as dark as the inside of a pocket.

"I felt my way along the icy walls. As I thought, one of the chains was loose. The loose end, blown by the wind, struck me in the eye. But I managed to tie the boat fast so that it couldn't move against the wall.

"Then I tried to turn on the balcony and get back to the door. The wind changed and the gale blew against my face. It drove me back. I held with all my might to the railing. I was near the iron ladder. If the wind forced me off the balcony I knew I could not get a foothold upon the icy rungs of the ladder. Death would wait for me on the rocks below.

"I prest my body against the side of the lighthouse and tried to move sidewise toward the door. I could make no headway against the wind. The thought of the light came back to me. It was never out of my mind for more than a few seconds. I began to worry about it. The ocean vessels could not see it, but between rifts in the sleet the ferry-boats would try to steer by it. What if the something I always dreaded should happen while I was out there battling for life with the gale?

"I sank to my hands and knees, then I lay prone and worked my way, as I had seen eels work their way through the water, to the door.

"Of course the children could not get back that night. In such a gale a boat would have been broken to splinters a yard from shore. I spent that Christmas night alone in the lighthouse."

Mrs. Walker has saved many lives since she has kept the light on Robbins Reef, about fifty she thinks, but she doesn't keep any record of names, for she finds that they are generally lacking in gratitude—all except a dog she rescued—for she says:

"Generally they joke and laugh about it. I've never made up my mind whether they are courageous or stupid. Maybe they don't know how near they have come to their Maker, or perhaps they know and are not afraid. But I think that in the adventure they haven't realized how near their souls have been to taking flight from the body.

"The only manifestly grateful creature I ever saved was a dog. One bitterly cold day when the wind was whipping the walls of the lighthouse and the waves were washing angrily about the little round-house on the reef a big three-masted schooner labored against the wind. It was trying to pass the reef. The odds were strong against it.

"I watched it anxiously. Suddenly it lurched, swayed, then turned on its side. I let down the boat and rowed over to the side of the floating schooner. I reached out my hand to one after another of the men. Five climbed into the boat. The last one cried:

"'Where's Scotty?'

"A hoarse whine answered. I saw a shaggy little brown body struggling against a big wave. One of the sailors called: 'Here, Scotty.' With a mournful little howl the dog made one big effort and got abreast the boat, leaning against the poised oar.

"I dragged him in. He crouched, shivering, against my ankles. I'll never forget the look in his big brown eyes as he raised them to mine. It took two hours to fight our way back to the lighthouse. I lifted him inside my cloak and carried him up the ladder to the kitchen. When I set him down on the floor he fell over.

"I put him on a cushion on my rocking-chair and covered him with a dry blanket-shawl. During a storm I always keep a pot of coffee on the stove for emergencies. I poured out a bowl of it and forced it down Scotty's throat. He gasped and snorted and the thin, shaggy little body quivered. Then he opened his eyes and there was the same look in them I had seen in the boat.

"An hour afterward the storm went down and the crew rowed back to land. The men left Scotty with me. He never left me for a moment. Three days afterward the captain came back for Scotty. When he carried the little dog down the ladder Scotty looked back over his shoulder at me and whined. Then I learned that dogs really weep. There were tears in Scotty's eyes.

"It is strange that one of the pleasantest memories I have of my thirty-two years in the lighthouse should be of the loving gratitude of a dog."

AIR-RAIDS MAKING FATALISTS OF THE PEOPLE OF LONDON

"THEY'LL get me if it's to be the way!" This is the sentiment either frankly exprest or covertly harbored by the 7,000,000 people in London since the hardening process which they have undergone through the air menace. This spirit of resignation to the inevitable is shown in various ways. A correspondent of the New York *Herald* writes:

The city has many stories of the odd behavior of prominent citizens when bombs are thundering about the city. A poet of wide renown sits in an armchair in his three-story home—absolutely no protection from the German explosives—balancing a small bust of Nelson on his head, defying the Huns to "hit that mark!" He has never been accused of mental lapses. Perhaps he got his inspiration from the fact that the huge statue of Nelson on top of the Trafalgar Square monument has withstood all the raids.

The Earl of Dudley gets in a taxicab and rides leisurely about the city. He had difficulty in finding a chauffeur who would brave the attacks. Now, whenever a warning is given, the Earl is said to call his driver and to move about—anywhere—until the "All clear" is given.

Benjamin B. Russell, a packing-house representative, of Chicago, goes to bed. His room is close to the roof of a leading hotel, and a "hit" would be sure to kill him.

"My notion is," he says, "that the ideal system is to go to sleep; then if you're killed you'll never know it."

The demeanor of Londoners has changed slightly, however, since it has been demonstrated that no building will withstand a direct hit from one of the *Gotha* bombs. The latest form of fiendishness would, if it struck the Woolworth Building, for instance, probably crash through ten or fifteen floors before stopping. Ten stories is the maximum height of buildings in London. Most of them are five and six.

The Hun dreads a dose of his own medicine. This was amusingly illustrated in the case of a German aviator who, after a raid on London, was brought down, crippled. The *Herald* correspondent writes:

He was sent to a hospital, where he boasted of the ruin caused in London by the German bombs. Two nights later a German air-raid took place in the neighborhood, and so terror-stricken was the wounded German he got out of bed and tried to find refuge in the room below. He was so frightened, however, that he fell down-stairs and suffered fatal injuries.

AMERICANS VOTE BRITAIN'S KING A "REG'LAR FELLER"

AMERICANS as a rule have little reverence for kings—unless they hold four pat in a fat jack-pot—but since George of England has taken to buckwheats and baseball the boys in khaki are quite ready to vote him a "reg'lar feller." In the glare of the Great War King George has been revealed as a truly democratic monarch, very human, very sympathetic, close to the people. In camps and hospitals "over there," as well as in England, he is to be seen frequently with a kindly word of cheer for all. Says a writer in the New York *Times:*

"We kings must stick together," said Charles of Austria to a royal pal in the same boat the other day. George of England has another version: "We democrats must stick together," and he means what he says. His days are spent in doing his bit like one of his subjects, which should really read fellow citizens.

If Thackeray were alive, his pen would trace with that simplicity which was the highest art the story of the Fifth George eating buckwheat-cakes with his Queen in the American canteen in his capital. How brief and tactful the notice of their coming: "The King and Queen desire to call at the Eagle Hut, and will be there in a few minutes." Unannounced they drive up, little George in his snug uniform and carrying his faithful stick, almost a measure of himself; Mary, a size larger, motherly, plain, wholesome, unfashionable in her dress, simple in her manner, looking like any other decent Englishwoman who has four well-brought-up boys and a girl a copy of herself.

They climb the steps into a hall where the soldiers and sailors, British, Canadian, American, are playing games, writing letters, singing camp-songs, eating with the sauce of hunger, feeling at home in a sympathetic atmosphere—a free-and-easy place of many sounds and laughter, of liberty and equality. George and Mary are ordinary visitors, come to disturb no one, to mingle with all, to be friendly. No distinction for them; and, above all, no ceremony. They want to eat an American dish and sit down with the boys at one of the big tables covered with oilcloth. "Buckwheat-cakes is the best thing we have," says the host, a little flustered by the visit. And buckwheat-cakes it was, with New England maple-sirup. George and Mary clear their plates with gusto, vote the unfamiliar griddle-cakes delicious, and then go the rounds of kitchens and dormitories, departing like people who had had a good time.

The King loves a "hero" as much as any one, likes to talk to Tommy Atkins, and has a great desire to be hospitable to the fighting men from overseas. Heart and soul he is in the war all day long. He does not want to be reminded of his German forebears. John Bull is George's ideal of a human man. Perhaps he has a slight preference for the Navy, in which he was brought up, over the Army; but he would never show it. In the Navy George was taught equality and how to be a man, and he has never felt like a traditional King since he assumed the crown. Pat O'Brien, of Momence, Ill., the aviator who escaped from German captivity, says that George, to whom he told the story of his adventures by request, is one of the most democratic men he ever met; which must be true, for Pat talked to George without a hitch for an hour and a quarter and was never more at his ease in his life.

Here are a few intimate facts about England's King presented by the New York *Herald* in tabloid form:

He is fifty-three years old.
He has six children, five of them boys.
He is one of the best wing shots in the world, an expert navigator, an authority on men-o'-war, and domestic in his tastes.
He hates classical music and likes sprightly melodies.
He has the best collection of babies' photographs.
He makes the collection of postage-stamps a hobby.
He goes to the people of the humbler sections and carries sincere messages of good-will to them.

He is in such close contact with the people that he has completely destroyed the old belief that a king lives in an atmosphere of mystery and secrecy. Says Dan Martin, writing to *The Herald* from London:

I have seen him at various functions and have had an opportunity to speak to him. It might displease some monarchs, but it is certain to please him to be told that he is far more like the average American "good fellow" than like the austere figure which the average individual sets up in fancy as the ruler of a great nation. He has visited scores of hospitals, factories, schools, homes for the aged, industrial homes, and labor forums. He goes about like the ordinary citizen, and the feeling of friendship for him is so deep that it is not even thought desirable to keep a close guard over him.

Recently he visited a nursery in Pentonville and talked to a score or more of the children. One little one he found asleep with her head on the table. He caressed her hair gently and remarked:

"Poor little mite. She seems very tired and we must not disturb her."

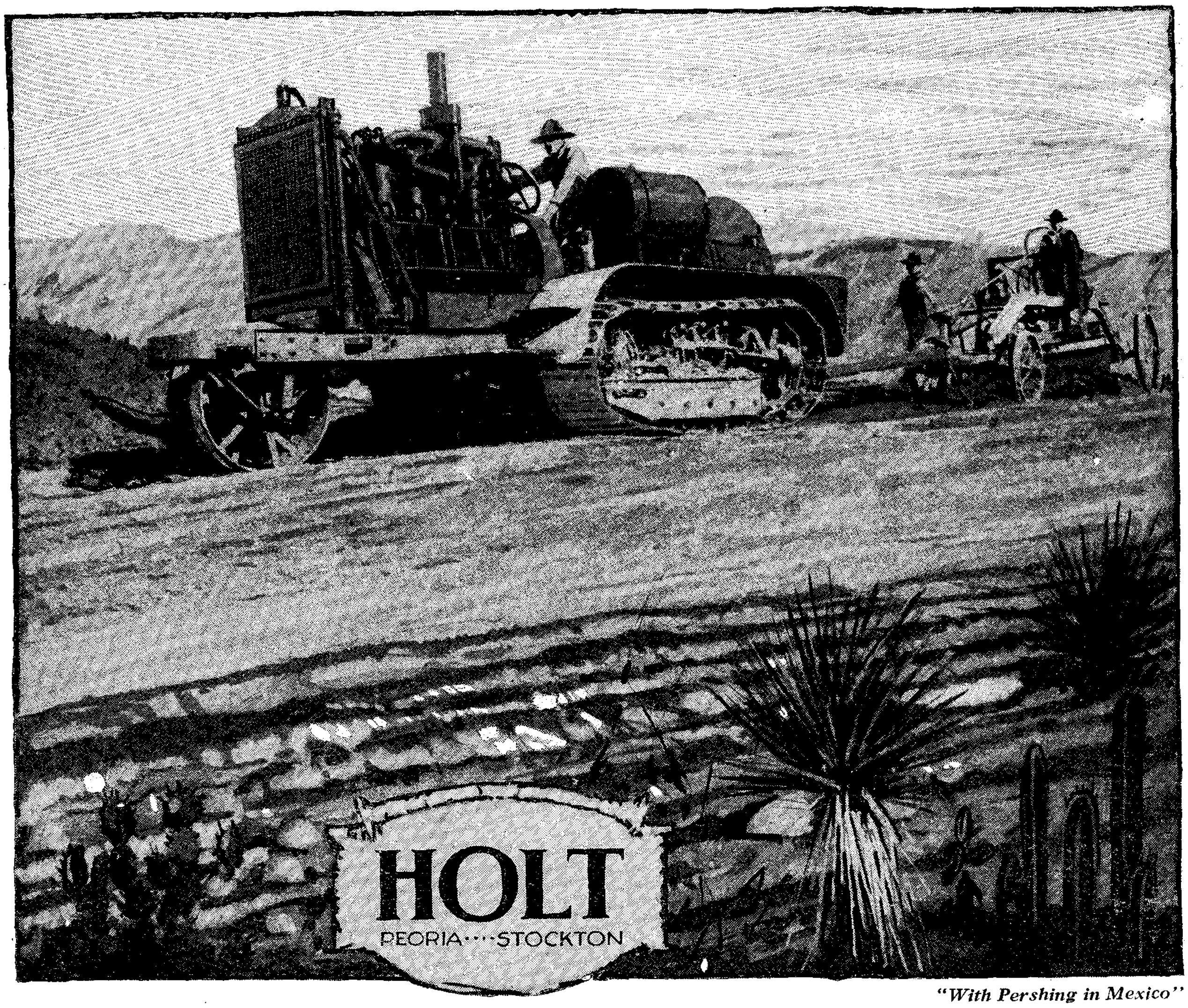
Later he exprest much interest in a thirteen-year-old boy named Ernest Witham, who had received a medal for jumping into a stream and saving another boy.

"Can't you tell me all about it?" asked the King.

The boy blushed and looked for an easy avenue of escape, but the King lifted him to his lap and listened while the little chap told briefly of his heroic deed.

"You are a very brave boy indeed, and have made an excellent beginning."

Again the ruler was taken into a room



"With Pershing in Mexico"

WHEN General Pershing went into Mexico in '16, no roads existed for either trucks or mule teams. The desert trails were quickly whipped into deep ruts—clouds of alkali dust following the long supply trains, and the approaching rainy season would render these trails impassable with mud. But the U. S. Corps of Engineers rushed "Caterpillar" Tractors to the Border by special express trains—these tractors built and maintained many miles of roads during the dry as well as the rainy season, and kept the communication lines *open* for hauling supplies to the troops, far to the south.

And today in France, General Pershing's troops continue to depend upon "Caterpillar" Tractors for road work, for hauling artillery and supplies.

For road-building and freighting under every condition of climate and soil, "Caterpillar" Tractors are dependable — powerful — economical. Contractors, city, county and state officials, the United States and Allied armies, farmers and industrial users in thirty-five different countries—all have found these tractors superior by every test of service.

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where fifty children were busy with their heads over their paper. He was told they were composing poetry.

"Can't I see some of the specimens?" he asked the master.

When they were shown to him he read with apparent interest and remarked with a significant smile:

"I am quite sure it is difficult to compose poetry, but it is a good way for the children to exercise their minds."

When the King first began his visits among the people of all classes there were many who believed he was simply performing what he regarded as a duty. Now, however, the sincerity of his interest is never questioned. Says *The Herald:*

> There is never a week when he does not pay three or four calls to the humbler quarters to talk with the worker and the uplifter. His gifts are numberless. Few of them are mentioned in the press. He dislikes publicity.
>
> He has displayed a very keen interest in the United States, especially since it entered the world-war. He has missed no opportunity to make official visits to the soldiers and sailors and has said many nice things to them. It is no secret that he regards Americans as of the highest type and takes pride in the growing closeness of relationship between them and his own people.
>
> The King's interest in children is consuming. He loves them all, the poor and the wealthy. To him a child is just a child, no matter what it wears or where it may be. In fact, his affection for them is so profound that he is Europe's leading collector of babies' photographs. And it is a matter of much amused comment by his friends that the more comical the face the more delighted he is with the photograph. His chief hobby next to babies' photographs, navigation, and machinery is philately—the collection of postage-stamps. It is said that he has a most remarkable collection and knows in an instant the relative value of an old colonial or an original Martinique.
>
> With a fresh memory of that man of the world, King Edward VII., who was a *bon vivant* and a "hale fellow" the world over, the people of England framed a somewhat gloomy future for his son, the present King, who is quite the contrast of his father. But by a fastidious sincerity the present King has won his way to the hearts of his countrymen just as effectively as did his father in a more diplomatic way.
>
> Admittedly he has not the social gifts of his late father, the fluency of languages and the marvelous memory for faces, but he has the same happy knack of saying the right thing at the right time and in the right place, and thereby he has made a multitude of stanch friends who now rather proudly say that no nation ever had a more popular king.

But the rôle of monarch does not particularly appeal to King George who has been heard to say that if he had only his own inclinations to consult he would have "followed his trade." He was bred a sailor and is as much at home on the quarter-deck of a dreadnought as in a royal drawing-room; and there is nothing about a man-of-war that he does not know. And to complete his ideal career he would like to retire, after a bit of seafaring, to the free life of one of the British colonies.

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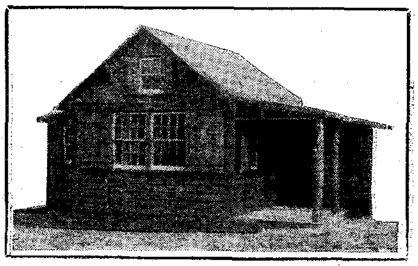

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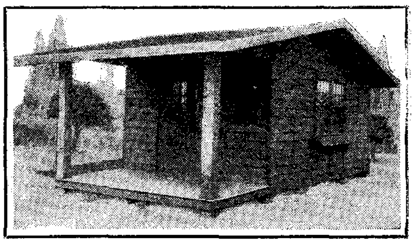

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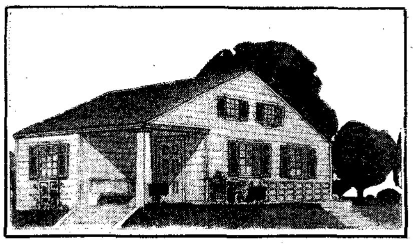

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Both the King and the Queen are domestic in their tastes, and, says the *Herald* correspondent:

Their family life has ever been distinguished by its simplicity no less than by its happiness, until the war came to disturb its serenity, as it has done with all their loyal subjects. Quite naturally the requirements of state must be observed and there must of necessity be an every-day formal etiquette. But the inner life is that of an ordinary English household, and the King and the Queen are first and foremost devoted husband and wife and fond but wise father and mother with six children.

Early rising prevails in the household. The "skirl" of pipes, formally blown by the state piper as he parades the terrace at either Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle at 8 A.M., wakens the echoes and the sleepers. It is the signal that every one must be ready for the nine o'clock breakfast. This is done *en famille,* in the old-fashioned British way. The circle is now a small one, the most notable absentee being the Prince of Wales, who is doing his duty as a soldier at the Front.

After breakfast the business of the day begins for all concerned. During the rest of the day the King, when at home, devotes most of his time to affairs of state. Much depends upon the program arranged, for the time of royalty is carefully mapped out beforehand.

While the King is so engaged the Queen is busy elsewhere. She is an indefatigable worker, with never an idle moment. Her Majesty is distinguished for wanting to know the why and wherefore of everything in which she is interested.

Altho the King has always been marked for his kindness and consideration, he is firm in maintaining the dignity of his position. No one can take the slightest liberty by word or deed.

On one occasion a person of considerable importance waited upon his Majesty with documents for perusal. He was granted an audience and, on entering the "presence," intimated the papers were of great urgency and he would be glad if his Majesty would give immediate attention to them, as he was in a hurry.

The implication of "hurry" on the part of the person of importance was not wise, dignified, or courtier-like. The King resented it. He placed the document under a heavy paper-weight and rang an electric bell on his desk.

Then turning to the footman, he said quietly, "Mr. ——'s carriage at once. He is in a hurry."

The King is unusually thorough and energetic and has many qualities that inspire confidence and sincere regard. But he is entirely independent in thought and action where personal matters are concerned. As is pretty well known, he is an excellent wing shot; and in this connection *The Herald* tells this story:

A certain peer, himself one of the most famous shots living, was once asked by the King, then Prince George, to tell him frankly what he thought of his style.

"Well," replied the peer bluntly enough, "I think it rather awkward."

"I think so myself," replied the Prince, "but, you see, it suits me, and I intend to stick to it."

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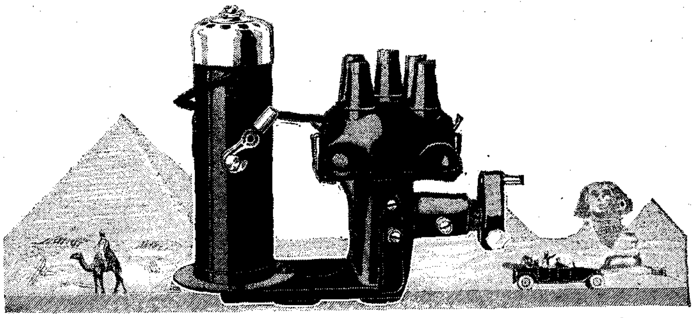

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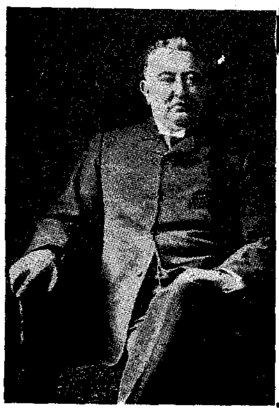

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utterances very much to the point. But as a young man he underwent much preliminary misery.

As chairman at a charity dinner at which he made his début as an orator he asked the late Duke of Cambridge what he should do. The Duke, a very old hand at the business, said:

"Have your speech typewritten, hold it in your hand, and refer to it when the moment comes."

But the Prince decided when the time came to be more self-reliant, and determined to do without his manuscript.

What was his surprize when he heard his august relative at his side exclaim:

"Conceited boy! Why doesn't he do as I told him? Absurd! He'll break down."

The King is immensely interested in machinery of all kinds, and his periodical visits to munition-factories give him the greatest satisfaction. His curiosity concerning a machine is insatiable. His questions are many and his knowledge is extensive. The Queen, on the other hand, is always wanting to know something about the women's lives, what are the wages earned, their hours of labor, the distances traveled from home to work, and the facilities for obtaining decent homes.

In public the King is never seen smoking anything but a cigaret. He never smokes cigars. But he is an old pipe-smoker, and in private he enjoys nothing better than a good strong pull at an old carved brier pipe that was given to him by his sister, the Queen of Norway.

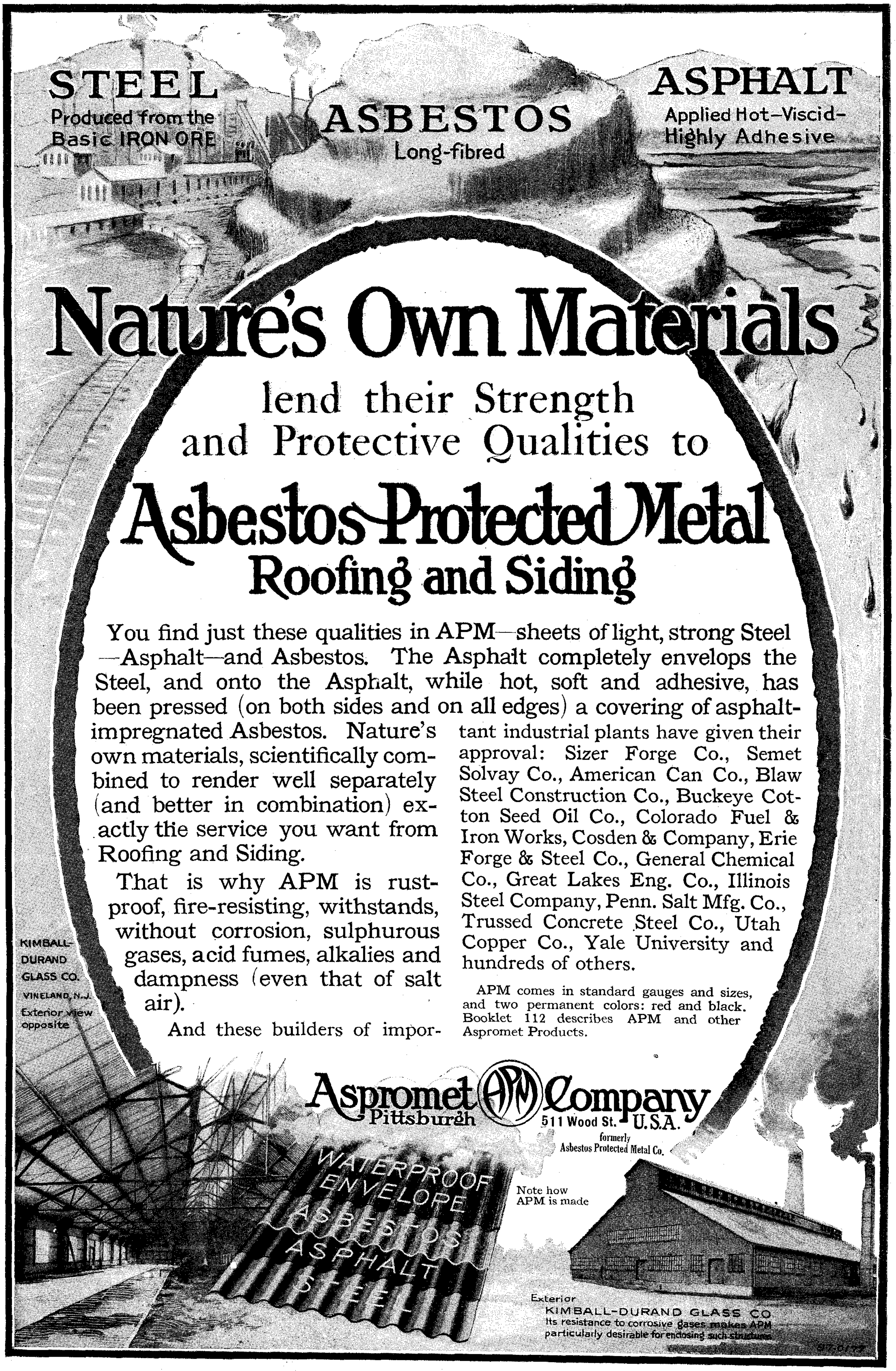
"Yes," he said to a friend some time ago, "this pipe is a grand one, and I particularly value it because it was carved by my sister, the Queen of Norway."

He loves nothing better than to get into his dinner-jacket and, with his carved brier between his lips, to work on his correspondence at eleven o'clock at night for an hour. That is his idea of genuine recreation.

MEXICAN EDITOR GIVES OUR NATIONAL GAME THE "ONCE OVER"

JOSÉ CAMPOS says that if he had not been born a Mexican he thinks he would like to see a baseball game every year on his birthday. Not very enthusiastic interest to be sure, but it is hardly to be expected that a devotee of the great Mexican national sports pelota and bull-fighting should become a baseball fan with only one application. Campos is editor of *The Excelsior*, a daily newspaper published in Mexico City, and he recently visited New York with other Mexican journalists. They witnessed a professional baseball game for the first time, and Mr. Campos later wrote his impressions thuswise for the New York *Herald:*

> A large game of baseball was celebrated this afternoon in the Polo arena in the city of the Bronx, a long ride by train from New York City. As is the custom in the United States of North America, many of the business houses closed for the afternoon, so employees might attend the spectacle. At least three million civilians, soldiers, and many women and children were present.
>
> The pitcher for the New York City troupe was very valiant and charming. The baseball clothing is not as pretty as that worn by the *toreador*, but the players carry themselves well. The game is



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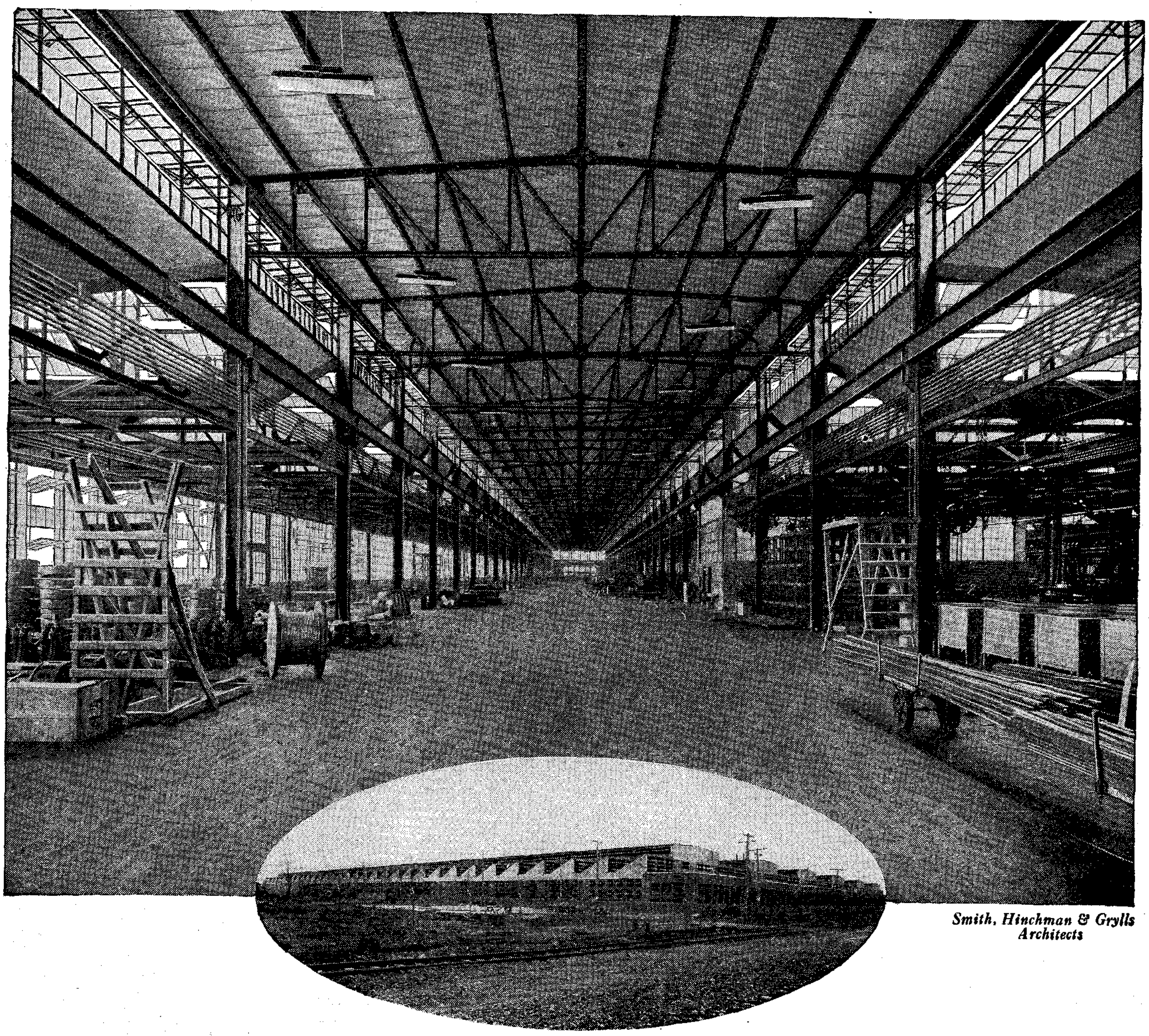

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played with the hands, but is not like *pelota* in any respect. The object is to keep the ball off the ground, and the troupe which does so the longest wins the game.

In place of a bull baseball has an umpire, a man who does not play the game, but who is authority of the game. Unlike the judge of the bull-fight, he stands on the field. He is not goaded with pikes, *banderillas*, and finally the sword, as is the bull, but is the recipient of abuse from both the players and the multitude seated in the huge arena. Instead of "another bull," the crowds when displeased yell "Get the hook!" That is a figure of speech which means that another umpire is desired. The umpire is also called a "robber" and a "big fathead."

The people at a baseball game continually are eating or chewing gum or smoking. But these occupations of the mouth do not prevent a perpetual yelling. It is difficult for one knowing little English to understand the things cried at the players or the umpire. But I assume from the manner of expression that words common to the lower classes are used.

On a large board at the back of the field is enumerated the number of times that each troupe drops the ball. The troupe dropping the ball the fewest times wins the game. Unlike the bull-fight, it is difficult to predict which will win. In that respect the American game of baseball is typical of all things American—it is more spectacular than scientific. I think if I understood English perfectly and had played baseball all my life and had not been born a Mexican I should like to see a baseball game every year on my birthday anniversary.

THE PASSING OF THE ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE

"THE Northwest Mounted" have gone to the Front. Several squadrons of mounted troops made up from these riders of the northern plains are now on the other side, or on their way, to make up for the losses sustained by the Canadian cavalry in Picardy.

The Royal Northwest Mounted Police of Canada was their official title, and for half a century they have been famous for their exploits. THE DIGEST not long ago told how an inspector of the Mounted Police trailed the murderers of two Catholic missionaries, and finally, after a two-year search among the Eskimos of the frozen North, brought them out of their icy fastnesses to face a Canadian trial. While on this little job these hardy "policemen" traveled 6,000 miles through snow and ice, by horse, boat, and dog-train, to bring the Eskimo criminals to justice. Another story of the caliber of the men who have gone to fight the Teuton hordes is thus told by a writer in the New York *Tribune:*

A strong force of United States cavalry were once escorting to the Forty-ninth Parallel a band of some two hundred very dissatisfied Canadian Indians, who, fearing punishment for some misdeeds, had skipt the international boundary and run amuck in the northern States. After official correspondence between Washington and Ottawa, they had been rounded up, and were being returned to their own country. The Indians were angry, and sufficiently restive to make their escort anxious to be rid of the job; and the understanding was that the captives would be met by another escort at the border.

When the border was reached, three uniformed men met them—a non-commissioned officer and two rankers. Somewhat surprized, the officer in command of the cavalry asked, "Where's your escort?"

"We're it, sir," said the sergeant, tipping his hat.

"But where's the rest of you?"

"He's washing the breakfast dishes."

This story is old, but has the merit of being true. These four men were deemed by their superior, and proved themselves to be, a sufficiently powerful escort. The magic lay in the fact that they wore the scarlet tunic of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

The Royal Northwest Mounted Police of Canada has been one of the most remarkable forces of trained men in the world. It is scarcely necessary to say that, for their exploits are famous; but unfortunately the past tense must now be employed. The Mounted Police have gone to war. After four years of disappointed hopes, during which they chafed as hounds in leash, the scarlet-coated "riders of the plains," as the people among whom they have worked for forty-five years affectionately call them, have been "permitted" to go overseas.

The announcement, suddenly as it came, did not bring such a shock to those who knew and loved the Mounted Police as it might normally have done, for a little over a year ago the Federal Government of Canada abrogated its contracts with the provincial government of Saskatchewan and Alberta, whereby the Mounted Police exercised police jurisdiction over those provinces, and, withdrawing the men from police work proper, detailed them for special war-duties, such as watching disaffected alien districts. But the Government still kept them at home, calling their services "indispensable," notwithstanding that every upstanding mother's son of them was itching to be off, and in spite of the fact that as fast as each Mounted Policeman's time expired he almost invariably enlisted. Any branch of the army was only too pleased to get an ex-Mounted Policeman!

Nearly eight hundred men, nearly the entire personnel of the famous force, are headed for the battle-fields of France, where they will undoubtedly show their mettle as they have done on the prairies of Canada, and, says the writer in the *Tribune:*

The passing of the police will leave a great blank. That, of course, goes without saying. The wild-west scenario writer, the serialist whose hero can't prove an alibi and is forced to fly the country, while his only brother (who really committed the crime) marries the girl, will be the poorer. Every traveler in the West will miss that startlingly picturesque figure who, in these drab days, did manage to infuse a little color into life. They became very familiar with the trim, smart mounted policeman. His scarlet tunic, his Stetson hat, his tight riding-breeches, his boyish, *insouciant* air, and his perfect poise of authority will remain to them a picture simply delightful. He was the true glamour of romance. He was the bright boy, the ladies' pet, the swell dancer, the perfect cavalier, just as his horse, his beautiful prairie-bred horse,

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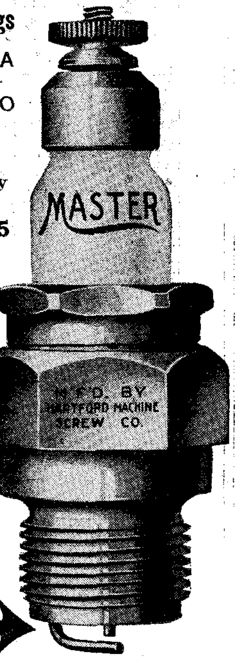

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Freight Prepaid. Keep it if you like it—pay small deposit, then $1.00 a week; or return at our expense. No risk at all. Guar. 5 yrs.

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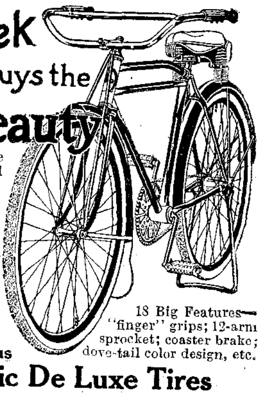

Westinghouse

RESIDENCE AND COMMERCIAL FANS

Seven Ways to Cooler Days

Turn on the fan—turn off the fires. Cut out the steps—cut down the work.

That's the way to keep cool these summer days.

Forget the kitchen and the hot stove. Let electricity do your cooking—at the table.

Stop heating up the house when what you want is heat in the bottom of a flatiron. Let electricity put it there.

Quit pushing the treadle of your sewing machine. Let electricity do it for you.

Here are seven ways to cooler days—

A Westinghouse Electric Fan—It sweeps your home with breeze—carries comfort into every room—puts life into work and play.

A Westinghouse Electric Toaster-Stove—It cooks breakfasts, suppers and lunches at the table—fries eggs, ham or bacon, broils steak, makes toast—in short, does the work of a gas stove without heating up the room.

A Westinghouse Electric Turnover Toaster—It makes the toast right at your elbow, two pieces at a time, and ingeniously enables you to turn the toast without touching it.

A Westinghouse Electric Percolator—It does away with coffee pot and stove. What's more, it makes better coffee, and keeps it hot and ready to serve right within your reach.

A Westinghouse Electric Iron—It, too, cuts out stove and steps and makes possible ironing anywhere there's a lamp-socket.

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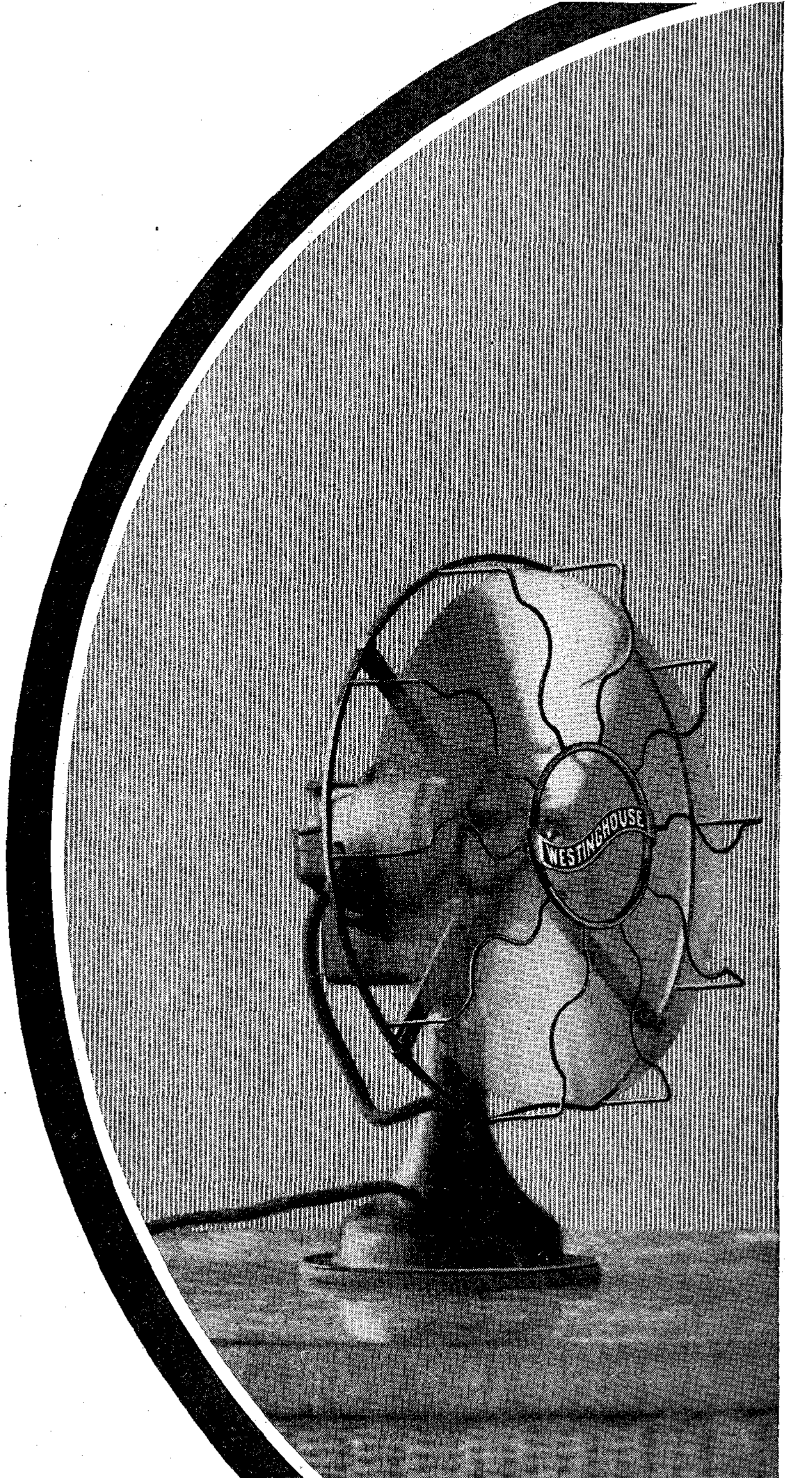
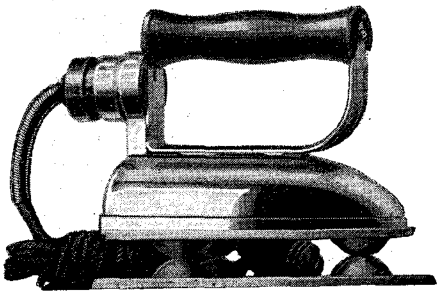
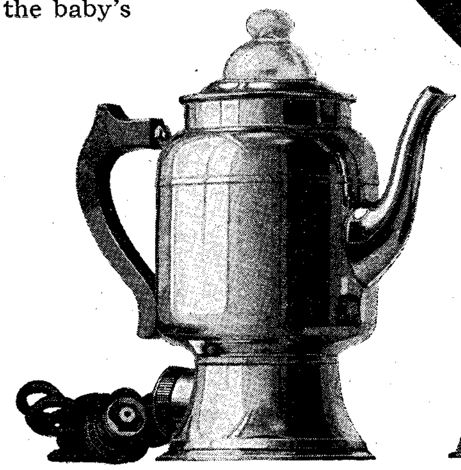
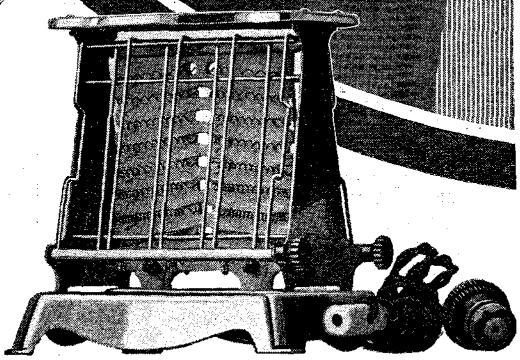
A Westinghouse Electric Milk-Warmer—It's the coolest, easiest way to heat the baby's milk, night or day. No fire needed.




Irons, $4.00 to $6.50


Percolators, $8.00 to $13.00


Turnover Toaster, $6.00

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC UTILITIES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

Big Breeze at Little Cost

What isn't it worth to insure your health, your comfort, your pleasure, your efficiency, against the heat?

What isn't it worth to enjoy May indoors when it's July outside? To have a never-failing breeze at your call in any room, night and day?

It's worth a big price, surely, and yet you can buy all this for a trifling sum.

To get at the real cost of a Westinghouse Electric Fan, consider that it is built to serve you ten to fifteen years or longer and that Westinghouse Fans can be bought for as little as $10.

The cost of current varies, of course, with the size of the fan and your local rate, but at an average charge, an 8-inch Westinghouse Fan will give five hours' breeze for one cent.

Five hours' comfort for half the price of a postcard. Twenty-four hours of steady breeze for less than the cost of a car-ticket.

What other little expenditure will yield such big returns?

Points to Consider in Buying a Fan

Long life, quiet operation, economy of current—all these depend largely on the motor. Westinghouse Fan motors are produced with all the care and expertness that have helped make the name Westinghouse world-renowned in motor building.

Beauty is another distinguishing quality of Westinghouse Fans. Graceful in outline, attractively finished in dull rich black, they harmonize with any scheme of interior decoration and are in good taste anywhere.

The way to assure yourself of this is to see them at your dealer's. You can pick out Westinghouse Fans instantly by their good looks.

They're sold by light and power companies, electrical, department and hardware stores.

WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Look for this trademark in the dealer's window.

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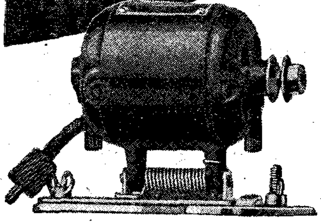
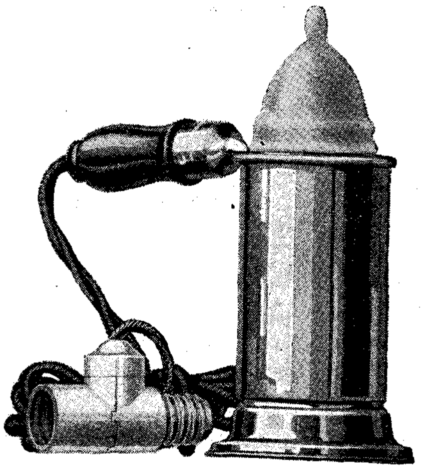
WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTRIC



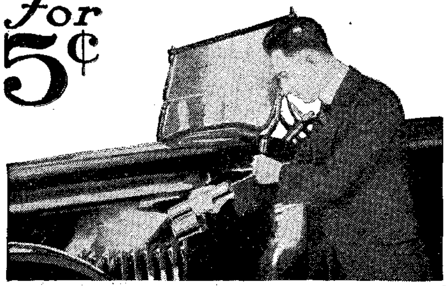
Sew-Motor, $15.00

Toaster-Stove, $7.00



Milk-Warmer, $8.50

Clean Your Car
for
5¢



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LIQUID VENEER

Instantly removes dust, mud spots and road tar. Cannot scratch. Restores the lustre and saves repainting. All this in 15 to 20 minutes' time at average cost of 5c per cleaning.

Send for complete outfit including sprayer. Price $1.50. Also sold by reliable dealers. Money back if not satisfied.

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have for many years been in use for Railroad and Marine work by the most exacting artisans. Toughest and best quality bristles used in them. Desirable styles. Vulcan Rubber Cemented method of holding bristles prevents shedding or failure.

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John L. Whiting-J. J. Adams Co.
BOSTON, U. S. A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 100 Years
Whiting-Adams Brushes Awarded Gold Medal and Official Blue Ribbon, Highest Award at Panama-Pacific Exposition. 1915

that he trained into its fascinating habit of standing unhaltered with its reins over its head, was the perfect horse.

Here are the facts: Comprising about eight hundred officers and men, the force, in addition to policing the comparatively well-settled provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, had jurisdiction over the Yukon and the sparsely populated Northwest Territories. The total area patrolled amounted to nearly two million square miles, with a population of nine hundred thousand. In other words, there was one Mounted Policeman to every 2,400 square miles and to every 1,400 people. Yet the land they policed was one of the best policed and law-abiding sections of the world. Crime statistics were low. The "bad man," that ogre of those sections of the United States corresponding in longitude, characteristics, and population to western Canada, was unknown. The Indian, once the terror of the settler, was quiet and becoming civilized.

Before he was accepted, a recruit was required to ride well. During his probation, he learned the entire management of horses, stable duties, and the groundwork of veterinary science. Among the things he had to learn because he had to know them were cooking, shooting, the criminal code, the Indian, customs, fisheries, railway, land, and other laws, federal and provincial, court procedure, map-sketching, first aid, and traveling by compass, stars, and watch.

His daily round developed versatility. First and foremost he was a policeman—not a soldier, despite his military uniform and discipline, but a member of the civil service. He patrolled the country, making a regular house-to-house visitation on the prairies between certain definite points. In a case of distress, he was responsible for carrying provisions or for taking quick measures to cope with disease. To the new settler he was a well-spring of invaluable information. He would have to organize the countryside to fight a prairie-fire if he encountered one, or to fight it himself if reenforcements were unavailable. He might be put on the trail of a horse-thief, or a cattle-rustler, escort criminals to trial, serve criminal processes, or handle lunatics.

The Mounted Police were also called upon to furnish escorts for government agents on a tour among the Indians; they did quarantine work for the Agricultural Department, rounded up sportsmen who violated the game laws, collected timber dues and guarded the timber, patrolled the border to prevent smuggling, protected the fisheries, and, by arrangement with the post-office authorities, they carried the mail into the far north on dog-sledges.

And for these services they were paid one dollar a day!

The Tribune tells something of the origin of the force:

The force was organized in 1873, and, consisting of 159 men, was established at Fort Garry, since the city of Winnipeg. This number proving insufficient, a new division was raised and dispatched from Toronto in June, 1875, traveling by train to Fargo, N. D.—for there were no railways in Canada west of the Great Lakes in those days. From Fargo they made the rest of their journey on horseback, two hundred strong; and as a preliminary they made a circle through the west to look the ground over.

It was an inspiring sight, that first ride of the Northwest Mounted Police. It symbolized what was then not so platitudinously called the historic westward march of civilization, for the Canadian West was in those days almost unknown, a kind of come-and-find-me land inhabited only by Indians, half-breeds, and a few degenerate white men. "Unexplored" was written over most of it. Even so shrewd a judge as the great Disraeli, of England, characterized it as "illimitable wilderness." True, the Hudson's Bay Company was there, trading groceries and firearms with the Indians in exchange for furs, but that famous "Company of Merchant Adventurers of England," founded by Charles II., with a blanket charter in 1670, were ubiquitous.

To stabilize their authority, the Government had given permission for the Mounted Police to be raised, disciplined, and conducted on a military basis. From the very first the distinctive color of their uniform was red. There was a reason for this. The Indians, after many encounters with the United States military, had got a great hatred of blue. There is one case in the Mounted Police records of a policeman narrowly escaping death at the hands of Indians because his red tunic was covered by a blue greatcoat.

The expeditionary train was from four to five miles long. Not the least important thing was that in the rear followed a number of cattle and mowing and other agricultural machines. Nearly two thousand miles were traversed in this expedition, in over four months on the trail. During the journey detachments were left to establish posts at a number of points. These latter increased until at the time of their drafting the force controlled twelve districts with nearly two hundred posts. The farthest-flung detachment was at Herschell Island, on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, 2,500 miles from headquarters, and at Fullerton, on the northwest shore of Hudson Bay.

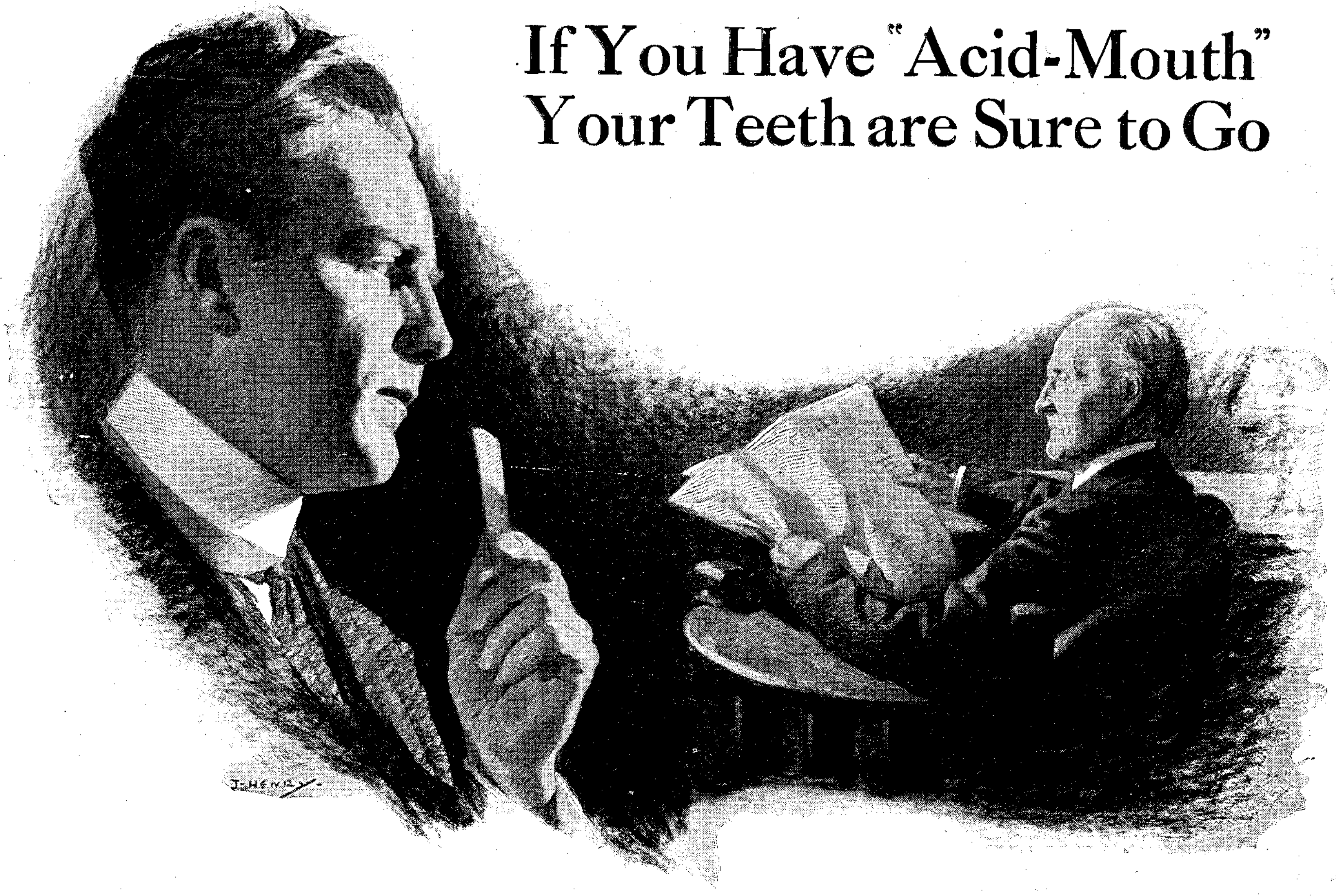
It is not difficult to understand that those who needed the law in that wild country were the ones who objected to its importation, and whisky-smuggling and whisky-selling to the Indians were among the first matters to demand the attention of the new force. In four years the administration of the Mounted Police was firmly established, and they had made friends of the Indians, for whom old Chief Crowfoot spoke when he announced at an Indian conference:

"The police have protected us as the feathers of the bird protect it from the frosts of winter."

A somewhat piquant aspect is lent to this in the fact that the preceding summer a historic character, in the person of the redoubtable Sitting Bull, fled into Canada after the massacre of General Custer's army. The old Sioux endeavored to rally the Canadian Indians in a sympathetic war. He managed to create some disturbance—nearly six thousand of his own braves were with him to overawe their red hosts—but he found it impossible to inflame the Canadian Indians against the red-coated riders of the plains. Sitting Bull remained an unwelcome guest of the Canadian West for nearly four years, until eventually the Mounted Police persuaded him to return.

The records of the force are full of instances of unexampled heroism, of

If You Have "Acid-Mouth" Your Teeth are Sure to Go



THIS young man, half jokingly, puts a litmus test paper in his mouth for a few seconds. Removing it, he sees the blue paper turn pink before his eyes—the unfailing sign of "Acid-Mouth."

With an effort, he pulls his eyes away from the telltale test paper and they stray over and note the shrunken cheeks of a toothless old man. This picture recites the history of neglected teeth.

When the bits of food which lodge between your teeth and under the gums dissolve and break up in the constant warmth and moisture, a condition the dental scientists call "Hyperacidity" or "Acid-Mouth" is formed. This reacts against the hard enamel of your teeth and, in the course of time, actually eats it away.

Once the acid penetrates the protecting enamel, the soft dentine within becomes exposed and tooth decay becomes so rapid that it soon becomes useless to treat the tooth.

This is, in brief, what authorities claim is the cause of more than 95% of all tooth troubles.

To effectively counteract the effects of "Acid Mouth," Pebeco Tooth Paste has been compounded. Regular, consistent use, twice a day, is decidedly effective in preventing tooth decay, and in retarding decay where already started. Pebeco cleanses the mouth, sweetens the breath, and brightens the teeth.

If you wish to make sure whether you have "Acid-Mouth," send for a set of free test papers. These are litmus papers—the standard laboratory test papers for determining the presence of acid. If one turns pink when moistened in your mouth an acid condition exists. Brush your teeth with Pebeco and make the paper test again. Note that acid condition is absent after Pebeco has been used.

Pebeco has been made in New York City since 1903. Every share of Lehn & Fink stock and every dollar's worth of bonds are owned by American citizens; not one dollar from the sale of Pebeco Tooth Paste finds its way to any alien enemy or any alien interests.

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New York
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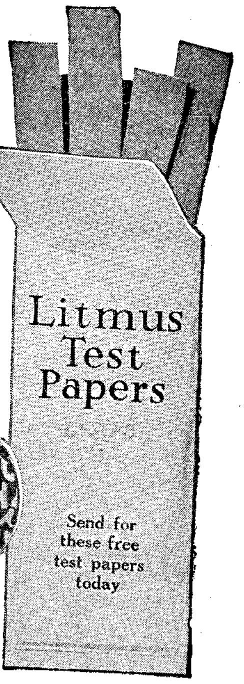
TOOTH PASTE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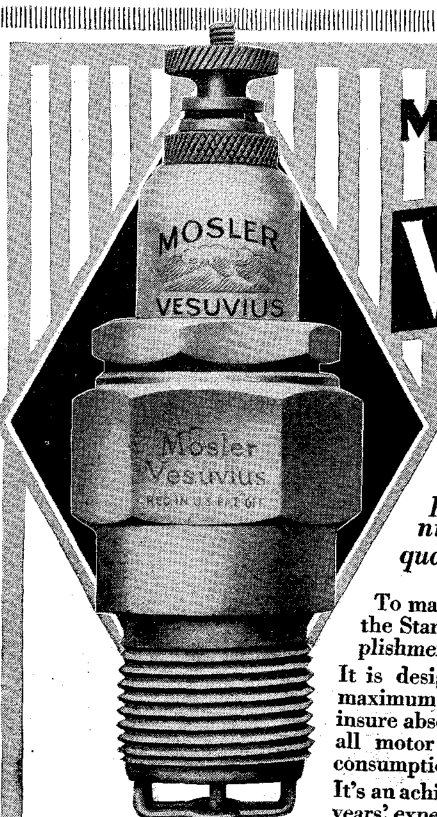

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PLUG

"The best of materials, plus practical knowledge and technical skill, make Vesuvius quality."
—A. R. MOSLER

To make the finest quality plug, sold at the Standard Price of $1.00, is the accomplishment of the Vesuvius.

It is designed and constructed to develop maximum power, to secure flexibility, to insure absolute certainty of operation under all motor conditions, to economize fuel consumption.

It's an achievement made possible only by 18 years' experience in spark plug manufacture and development.

The Vesuvius is so good—it is known as

"The Indestructible Plug"

and it lives up to its name. Guaranteed to outlast the Motor.

Buy them anywhere at the standard price—$1.00. (Vesuvius Mica Tractor Plug, $2.00.)

"Mosler on Spark Plugs" *written by* A. R. Mosler—authority on ignition problems—sent free. Tells the right plug for all motors. Address. A. R. MOSLER & CO., New York, N.Y.

Also manufacturers of the famous Spit Fire (platinum point) Plugs for Magneto Ignition Systems $2.50, and Superior Plugs for the Ford Car 75 cts.

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Each of these delightfully entertaining, instructive and inspiring little books is written by a man of recognized leadership in his subject.

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A historical account of the evolution of English and American Lexicography. Large quarto, cloth, $1.00; by mail, $1.07.

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"patrols" running into thousands of miles, of enormous distances traveled and periods of time consumed for the apprehension of criminals. Without selecting an invidious example mention can be made of the famous journey made by Constable Pedley, stationed at Fort Chippewyan, in the extreme northern end of Alberta.

An evangelist striking into the Peace River country on missionary work among the Indians and half-breeds was forced to winter in a very bleak, remote spot, with only a half-breed guide who did not understand English. The isolation drove him mad. Pedley was dispatched, found the missionary, and brought him to the post, then started with him to the nearest settlement for medical attention. They left Fort Chippewyan the second week in December, and traveled over the snow by dog-team for 500 miles. During the journey the temperature ranged from 20 to 50 degrees below zero. Their journey took them through a country infested by wolves; at one time the madman burst his bonds, and escaped. On another occasion they encountered a blizzard that lasted two days, the whole time of which they were lashed to a tree. They reached Fort Saskatchewan after almost a month on the road. The missionary was saved, but—and here was the tragic part—Constable Pedley himself lost his reason.

SEA-SERPENT SEASON OPENS WITH A TALE FROM AFRICA'S SHORES

THAT old dear, the sea-serpent, has appeared again. Ethelbert G. Fotheringay says so, and as he is not a German his word is entitled to respectful consideration. In fact, he was loath to tell the story, for he is hep to the merry ha-ha that usually greets sea-serpent tales. Of course, this is the open season, and they may be caught at any time now off seacoast summer resorts. But this serpent chose the coast of Africa for his appearance—probably he was disturbed in his deep-sea lair by a prowling submarine, and took it on the run for the south.

Mr. Fotheringay has been in Africa for two years gathering rhinoceros hides and ivory for a Chicago firm. He saw the serpent three months ago while on the way from Swakopmund, formerly German Southwest Africa, to Cape Town, and this is the way he told the story to a New York *Times* reporter, reluctantly, as has been said:

"I was on board the old African steamship *Lum-Lum,* which carried a Chinese crew with Dutch officers and was commanded by Capt. Johann Van den Woof, one of the oldest skippers on the coast, a lifelong teetotaler, and a Baptist. There was only one other white passenger besides myself, Guy de Jolipas, the famous French gorilla-hunter, and about two hundred Hottentots and Kafirs.

"It was a sweltering afternoon and the ship was about 150 miles northwest of Cape Town. The temperature was 105 in the shade, with a copper-colored sky and the sea like boiled oil. Guy, the gorilla-hunter, had just thrown a chatty at the head of Oolu, the Hottentot cabin boy, because he had brought him a bottle of beer without ice, when I heard a wild yell from the deck and saw the panic-stricken natives trying to get down the after-hatch. Looking over the port side, I saw the weirdest monster that one could possibly imagine, afloat or ashore. When I tell you calmly that the head of this animal, which I realized at once was the sea-serpent of the ancients, was as large as a good-sized pork-barrel, I do not exaggerate. I refer to the ordinary 200-pound barrel and not to the tierce of beef which is usually 350 pounds or more.

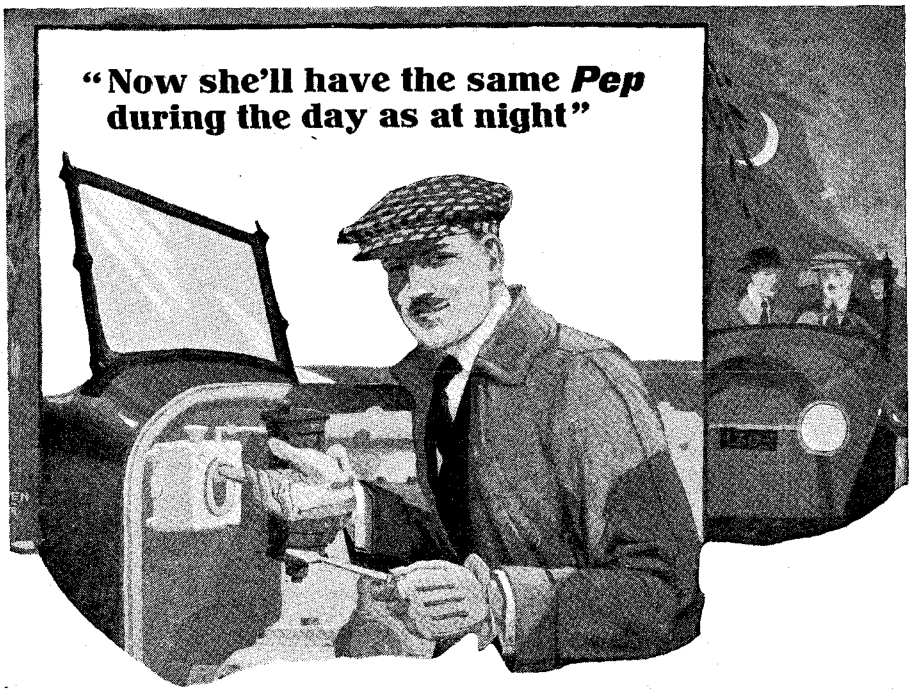
"The sea-serpent's head was about eight feet above the surface of the sea and about three feet across in the widest part. Its face was covered with bristly spikes, which stuck out at angles, and the large, round eyes gazed curiously at the steamship in a reproachful manner, as if the noise of the propeller had disturbed its afternoon *siesta*.

"The neck was not more than twelve inches in diameter and was partly hidden by dark, hard-looking barnacles. I could not say exactly how long the sea-serpent was, but judging by the last ripple when it moved I think 150 feet would be about the mark. Captain Van den Woof was very much excited as he stood with his big telescope on the bridge examining the marine monster. '*Gott fur dicker*,' he shouted, 'this was the big sea-serpent the old Danish skipper Jensen reported three months ago at Cape Town, and the people said he was crazy.'

"The Captain gave orders to the officer on watch to steam around the sea-serpent carefully and get as close as the ship could go without rushing into needless danger. Five times the *Lum-Lum* circumnavigated the sea-monster, which turned its massive head slowly, and regarded the vessel with a wistful look as if he wanted to speak to us and tell about his travels around the world. No one had a camera on board, and the finest chance to snap the sea-serpent was lost. Guy, the hunter, had one when we left Swakopmund, but he broke it on Oolu's head two hours later and threw the débris over the side. He fired his express rifle at the monster several times, and the skipper peppered away from the bridge with an old Snider rifle, but the bullets glanced off its hide without having any perceptible effect.

"Finally the Captain gave orders to resume the course, and the *Lum-Lum* steamed away for Cape Town. The last we saw of the sea-serpent astern was the great barrel-shaped head wagging slowly up and down, followed by a big commotion in the water, and then he disappeared beneath the surface. Judging by the course taken, the serpent was going at an easy thirty-knot gait toward the Bight of Benin."

WELL, TRY IT YOURSELF — When THE DIGEST printed the list of one hundred words selected by Prof. Lewis M. Terman, of Stanford University, as a test of the intelligence of the average adult it was predicted that readers would try it on their families and friends. As yet no reports have reached this office of any severed family ties or estranged friends as a result. Mr. J. H. Paap, principal of the Lodi Academy, California, tried it on his students, but they couldn't help it, and they made a brave effort. One patriotic youth defined "nerve" as "what Americans are composed of." Another thought "milksop" was a new kind of


"Now she'll have the same *Pep* during the day as at night"

Every Motorist Knows—

You've noticed it yourself—how much better your motor runs in the cool of the evening than in the heat of the day. You've marvelled how a motor which was so sluggish during the day could acquire such life and animation after dark. You've wondered what it was in the night air that put so much "pep" into its performance. You've wondered if there wasn't something which would make it run just as well during the day. *There is—It is the* ESTA WATER AUXILIATOR.

The reason why a motor runs better at night or on a misty morning is because the air is laden with oxygen—moisture—dampness. And it is this moisture in the air getting into the mixture which insures perfect combustion.

Moisture is the one thing needed to get every bit of force and energy out of the fuel.

Moisture is what gives your motor the power, pep and jump you like so well when on the open road.

And moisture is what makes it purr along so smoothly when you throttle it down in traffic.

ESTA
WATER AUXILIATOR

The ESTA Water Auxiliator furnishes the moisture so necessary for the ideal mixture. It delivers to the heart of the gasoline engine a stimulant of oxygen in sufficient quantity to insure absolute combustion of every particle of fuel. It duplicates the dampness of night air at all times and under all conditions.

The ESTA Water Auxiliator is a small metal tank which is installed in any convenient place under the hood. It is a vacuum device, half filled with water which connects either to the intake manifold or to the Vacuum line between the motor and the gasoline feed. With either connection it works the same. The same suction which draws gas from the carburetor into the cylinders of the motor is made to draw air through the water in the Auxiliator. This mixes it with the explosive charge just as it enters the cylinder. This does not thin the mixture—nor does it water the fuel—but it does introduce the right amount of moisture to insure perfect combustion.

The ESTA Water Auxiliator is simple, easy to put on and absolutely automatic in operation. Once installed it is good for the life of the car. There are no moving parts—nothing to get out of order. Its principle is as old as the hills and it works equally well on all kinds of gas engines; on trucks and tractors as on passenger cars.

Buy it because of its economy.
Use it because of its efficiency.

ESTA dealers are located in practically every town of importance in the United States and Canada. If yours doesn't happen to sell the ESTA, order direct or send coupon for booklet and further particulars. *Every user recommends the ESTA.*

The ESTA Cures the Plague of Carbon

The moisture which it introduces not only insures absolute combustion of the fuel, but it leaves any residue in such condition, that instead of forming on the cylinder walls or on the valves, it is scavenged—blown out—with each exhaust.

Scientific tests by the engineers of the Automobile Club of America, the Pratt Institute of Brooklyn, and the experience of thousands of users have proven this conclusively.

The ESTA Water Auxiliator is the only device of its kind in the world. It is fully protected and patented under the date of January 11, 1916, and under date of September 25, 1917. Additional patents are now pending.

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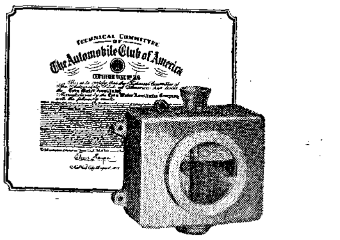
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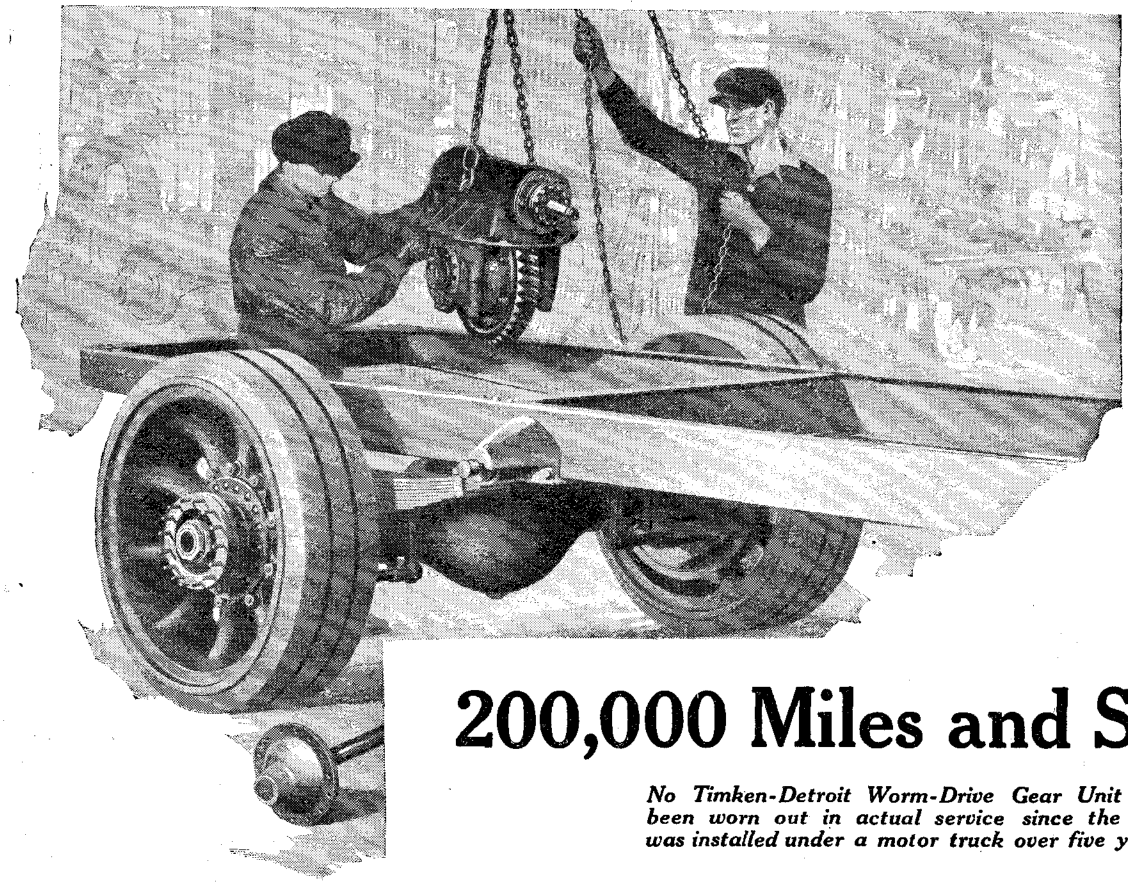
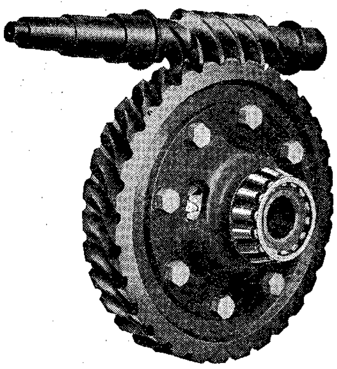


200,000 Miles and Still Good

No Timken-Detroit Worm-Drive Gear Unit has ever been worn out in actual service since the first one was installed under a motor truck over five years ago.



Many a Timken-Detroit Worm-Drive Rear Axle has been inspected and found in perfect condition after it had run over 100,000 miles. In many cases these same trucks have been continuing to give good service day in and day out without axle trouble or repairs for months since the last time the gear was inspected.

In other cases, like the one shown at the top of this page, when the *truck as a whole had reached the point of diminishing returns,* because too many parts were beginning to wear out, *the axles were still so good that they could be built into a new truck* for another 100,000 miles of service or so.

This is no new thing in Timken-Detroit history. Before the days of Worm-Drive new cars were built on old Timken-Detroit Axles as a foundation.

A notable case was that of the Walden W. Shaw Livery Company at Chicago, who literally wore out a fleet of taxicabs in this hardest kind of service, but took the twenty sets of Timken-Detroit Axles and put them under new taxicabs. *And these were not truck axles, but axles originally designed for light passenger car service.*

It would be possible of course for Timken-Detroit to build truck axles to last 75,000 miles or 100,000 miles. But that is not Timken-Detroit policy. We do not know how long a Timken-Detroit Rear Axle will last. We only know that they are *built to outlast any other part of the truck.*

That policy is based upon the belief that the rear axle is so important that its very nature demands that it outlast the rest of the vehicle. It causes too much trouble to have it in constant need of repair. It might be a very serious matter to have it quit on the road all of a sudden even though the truck had already given 75,000 miles of service. Of all the major units of the truck, *the axle is the one that gets the hardest service and the most abuse.* It is the one over which the owner has no control.

But a rear axle, on account of the duties it performs, has several hundred parts. If one part should go it may affect the life of another that would otherwise have lasted indefinitely. To properly design each one of these parts—to assemble them into a unit that will hold together and stick on the job for thousands and thousands of miles, cannot be done except by an organization which has not only the equipment and resources but the experience and ability gained by years of leadership in the automobile industry.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.
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Oldest and largest builders of front and rear axles for both motor cars and trucks.

TIMKEN-DETROIT
FRONT and WORM-DRIVE REAR
AXLES
For Efficient COMMERCIAL Haulage

breakfast food. "Guitar" was variously defined as "a disease of the head" and "a lump on the throat," while "perfunctory" was thought to mean the "organs of the body" and "juggler" a "vein."

In a letter to THE DIGEST Mr. Paap says:

> The test was taken by eighty students, who are about evenly distributed in grades 9–12. The highest mark was 90 per cent., two received 85 per cent., six others were above 80 per cent., and the rest ranged down to 49 per cent., which was the lowest. A few of the definitions given, I think, will be of interest:
>
> Nerve—what Americans are composed of.
> Achromatic—a peculiar smell.
> Piscatorial—the Episcopal Church.
> Shagreen—to feel shy, to be embarrassed.
> Laity—slow, half awake.
> Charter—to burn to a crisp ash.
> Charter—a diagram.
> Shrewd—to string, like shrewd pineapples.
> Milksop—breakfast food.
> Puddle—a small body of water together.
> Straw—the remains of a barley crop.
> Guitar—a disease of the head.
> Mellow—something nice to eat, grows on vines.
> Stave—bone or steel to support.
> Perfunctory—organs of body.
> Flaunt—when tires are flaunted they are filled with air.
> Laity—working class of the church.
> Selectman—non-working class, opposite of laity.
> Shagreen—bashfulness.
> Milksop—a rag to wipe up milk.
> Ochre—money.
> Sapient—having sap.
> Fen—used in controlling a fish.
> Drabble—to monkey around.
> Ochre—musical instrument.
> Juggler—a vein.
> Brunette—to be red.
> Guitar—a lump growing on a throat.
> Curse—to cuss.

Very Gratifying.—Addressing some public-school boys recently on the subject of "Tact," the Archdeacon of London remarked that even the Church can not invariably be depended upon to say the appropriate word. For instance, he continued, there was once a certain vicar who had long been eager to see an extension of the parish burying-ground. At length his wish was gratified.

Soon after the opening he felt called upon to speak a few words of condolence to a widower who was setting out tributes of flowers.

"Good afternoon, my dear sir," said the vicar, approaching breezily, "good afternoon." He gazed around in a contented way. "Our new cemetery," he went on, "seems to be filling up nicely."—*The Argonaut.*

Benighted Boston.—Owing to the war a distinguished Boston man, deprived of his summer trip to Europe, went to the Pacific coast instead. Stopping off at Salt Lake City, he strolled about the city and made the acquaintance of a little Mormon girl.

"I'm from Boston," he said to her; "I suppose you do not know where Boston is?"

"Oh, yes, I do," answered the little girl eagerly. "Our Sunday-school has a missionary there."—*The Argonaut.*

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Doctor's Orders.—"Why do you use such a long cigar-holder?" asked Smith.

"The doctor told me to keep away from tobacco," replied Jones.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Why She Left Him.—"Then, I understand that after your husband had made over all his money to you, you left him."

"Yes; I couldn't live with a man who cheated his creditors like that."—*Boston Transcript.*

It Comes Off

This is a grouchy world. Ah, me!
A fellow seldom laughs.
Why don't we wear the smile that we
Use in our photographs?
—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

And Then He Woke Up.—"Did you try the simple plan of counting sheep for your insomnia?"

"Yes, doctor, but I made a mess of it. I counted 10,000 sheep, put 'em on the cars and shipped 'em to market. And when I'd got through counting the wad of money I got for them at present prices, it was time to get up."—*Boston Transcript.*

Germany's Last Word.—Arthur Train, the novelist, put down a German newspaper at the Century Club, in New York, with an impatient grunt.

"It says here," he explained, "that it is Germany who will speak the last word in this war."

Then the novelist laughed angrily and added:

"Yes, Germany will speak the last word in the war, and that last word will be '*Kamerad!*'"—*Washington Star.*

Passing of the Melodious Mule

By operating on a mule scientists have succeeded in making him voiceless.—*News Item.*

A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them,
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them!
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

How often, as the dusk drew near
And vagrant breezes stirred the pool,
We've paused beside the path to hear
The evening carol of the mule.
A simple and unstudied strain,
As from a heart that overflowed,
It rose and fell and rose again,
And died in echoes down the road.

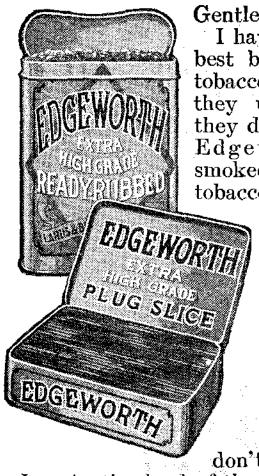
But science, with its ruthless knife,
These vibrant cords has learned to sever;
That song that spoke the joy of life
In zigzag bars is stilled forever.
A kindly and impulsive brute
In silence must pursue his ways,
The song upon his lips is mute,
And all his days are brayless days.

Now, science may be right, of course,
Perhaps the mule is no musician,
And merely brayed till he was hoarse
To gratify a false ambition.
Perhaps the Muses passed him by,
Caruso's genius may have missed him;
And yet it's sad that he must die
With all that music in his system!
—*James J. Montague, in New York American.*

Its One Big Fault

Edgeworth has a fault. Perhaps it's not good policy to advertise the fact to our friends and our competitors. Our advertising man says it's all wrong to display it in big type at the head of this advertisement—breaks all the rules of advertising, etc.—but we have always striven to be truthful in our advertising as in making Edgeworth Tobacco. So we repeat "Edgeworth has one big fault"—and here it is—written down in black and white by an ardent Edgeworth smoker at that. Read this letter which we received from the gentleman some weeks ago.

LARUS & BROTHER CO.,
Richmond, Va.



Gentlemen:

I have smoked all the best brands of English tobaccos and excellent as they undoubtedly are, they do not come up to Edgeworth. I have smoked every kind of tobacco in South Africa and Britain during my 30 years as a pipe smoker and should certainly know what pipe tobacco is. It is said of me that I have smoked anything from a cane chair up, whether it be true or not I don't know, but whilst I am in the land of the living Edgeworth will be mine.

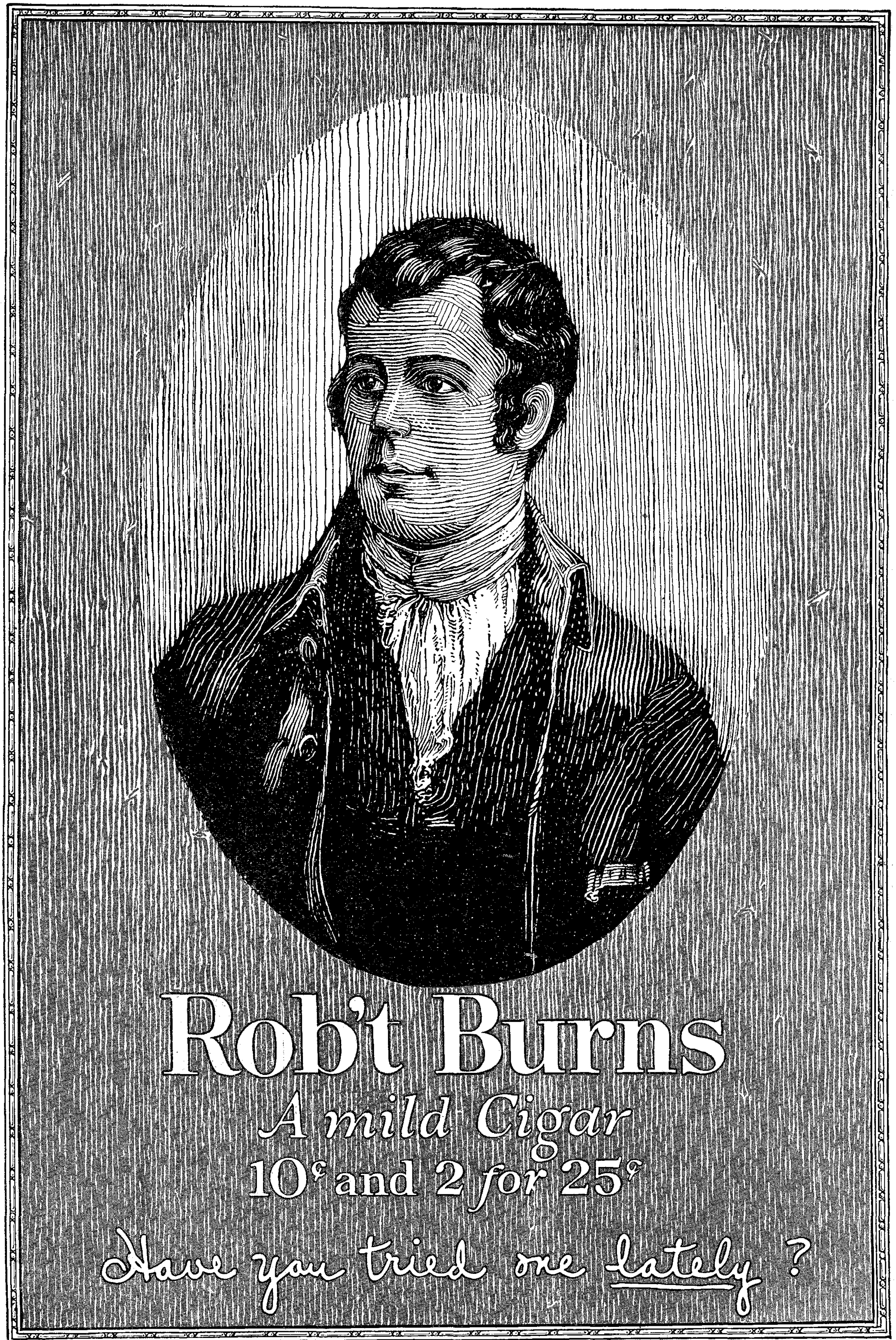
I want you to send me a pound can of your cut plug C. O. D. In conclusion, I must tell you that the tobacco in question *has one big fault* and a big one at that, the top of the can is too near the bottom.

(signed) ——————

We only wish we could overcome this big Edgeworth fault—but it can't be done. If we lengthened out the size of the package, so the top of the can wouldn't be so near the bottom, it would mean the goods in the can wouldn't be the same old Edgeworth that has been pleasing so many pipe cranks and tobacco sharks for years. In the face of increased cost of tobaccos, the tins to pack it in and the skilled workers to pack it—*Edgeworth quality must remain the same*—and it does. Do you know just what we mean by Edgeworth quality? If you don't, you can hardly appreciate the one big fault to be found in Edgeworth – as expressed in the above letter. If you are a pipe lover, it will be interesting to you to discover Edgeworth (if you don't know it already) and to make it easy for you, we offer a generous free sample of Edgeworth Ready Rubbed. For free samples, write Larus & Brother Company, 5 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. We don't claim it will suit you but the chances are that it will. Isn't it worth the cost of a post card to you to find out?

Edgeworth is sold in convenient sizes to suit all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready Rubbed in pocket-size package is 15c. Other sizes, 30c and 65c. The 16-ounce tin humidor is $1.25; 16-ounce glass jar $1.30. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 30c, 65c, and $1.20.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you a one-or-two-dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.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A mild Cigar
10¢ and 2 for 25¢
Have you tried one lately?

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1918

A Real Genius.—An Ohio man has invented a door-knob which, when grasped in the hand, illuminates an electric bulb placed just above the keyhole.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Futile Pleasantry.—SHE—"I heard a noise very late when you came in."

HE (facetiously)—"Was it the night falling?"

SHE (sternly)—"No; it was the day breaking."—*Baltimore American.*

Knew What They'd Catch.—The twins had gone in swimming without mother's permission, and they anticipated trouble.

"Well," said Tommy, philosophically, "we're both in the same boat, anyhow."

"Yes," returned Ray, the humorist of the family, "but I'm afraid it's a whale-boat."—*Boston Transcript.*

Fair Exchange.—A man who had purchased some currant buns at a bakery was distrest on starting to eat one to find it contained a fly. Returning to the bakery, he made an indignant complaint, demanding another bun in place of the inhabited one.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the saleswoman, "I can't give you another bun, but if you will bring back the fly I will exchange it for a currant."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Wisdom of the Hen.—The Smiths had a hen which insisted upon neglecting her comfortable nest to lay a daily egg in the coal-cellar.

"I can't think," fretted Mrs. Smith, as she and her small son John together hunted for that particular egg, "why this one hen insists upon using the coal-cellar."

"Why, that's easy, mother," exclaimed John. "I suppose she's seen the sign, 'Now is the time to lay in your coal.'"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Farming in Dakota.—"Speaking of farming," said the visitor from the West, "we have some farms out in Dakota that are quite sizable. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plow a straight furrow till fall. Then he harvested back."

"Wonderful!" said the listener.

"On our Dakota farms," he went on, "it is the usual thing to send young married couples out to milk the cows. Their children return with the milk."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Smudge Cure.—"Nervous breakdown, debility; nothing much to worry about. Get in the country; long walks in the open air, etc. No alcohol in any form, and—"

The patient sighed.

The doctor packed away his tools.

"And one cigar a day!"

"Oh, doctor—not that!"

"One cigar a day!" reiterated the doctor, inexorably.

Six weeks later the patient returned to town.

"How do you feel?" queried the doctor.

"Splendid! Fit as a fiddle!"

"And you liked it all?"

"Yes, everything except the one cigar."

The doctor wagged his head and smiled.

"The tobacco habit, my dear sir—"

"Isn't any joke," put in the patient, ruefully. "It is hard for a man at my time of life to take up smoking!"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

CURRENT EVENTS

THE WAR

THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE

June 25.—London dispatches state that prisoners were taken in small raids by the French between the Oise and the Aisne. Field-Marshal Haig reports nothing of interest.

The French official report states that artillery-activity was spirited in various sectors south of the Aisne.

The British report raids on the enemy trenches at Neuville-Vitasse, the Canadian troops bringing back twenty-two prisoners and six machine guns.

June 26.—London reports that the enemy artillery has been active on the Picardy and Flanders battle-fields.

The French report inflicting severe losses on the enemy northwest of Montdidier. Prisoners and machine guns were captured during night raids at Mailly-Raineval, Melicoq, Vilny, Mont Carnillet, and in Lorraine.

The Berlin report states that the Germans in a counter-attack threw back the British on wide sectors near Fenchy and Neuville-Vitasse. Artillery-activity is reported revived and the Allies repulsed between Arras and Albert, leaving prisoners. The French positions are said to have been penetrated northwest of Bures, and two officers and forty men taken prisoners. Ten guns are reported to have been captured in a forefield engagement west of the Oise. A partial attack launched by the Allied forces northwest of Château Thierry was repulsed.

June 27.—London reports several raids and the capture of an enemy position west of Vieux Berquin, with prisoners and machine guns.

The British report officially that the enemy artillery has been active at points between Givenchy and Robecq.

The French officially report lively artillery-action without infantry operations. German prisoners were taken in three raids in the Vosges.

Berlin reports no change in the situation. Artillery-activity and infantry reconnaissances are reported.

June 28.—London reports that the British in the north and the French in the south deliver smashing blows against the surprized Germans, winning a large area of ground that will be of great tactical value.

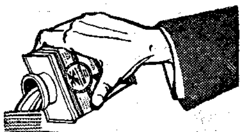
The French official report states that in an attack south of Ambleny, to the east of Montgobert, the German works were entered and the fosses above Laversine and the heights northwest of Cutry were taken and the lines advanced on a front of four and a half miles. More than a thousand prisoners were taken.

The British report the advance of their line to a depth of nearly a mile on a front of three and one-half miles east of the Nieppe Forest, capturing 300 prisoners and 22 machine guns. The enemy was taken by surprize and the British casualties were light. The Australians captured a hostile post west of Merris with 43 prisoners and 6 machine guns.

Berlin reports that north of the Lys and south of the Aisne the Germans fought to repulse vigorous Allied attacks. Lively activity on the part of the British and French on both sides of the Somme is reported as well as on the Lys.

June 29.—London reports that the best efforts the Germans could make failed to win back ground lost the day before in the fighting in France and Flanders.

The French official report states that two



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EXPERIENCED car owners have learned that "X" Liquid is the first and *only* practical method of repairing radiator leaks without solder or welding—and without injury to any part of the cooling system.

One can of "X" poured into the water finds *all leaks*—in the radiator, pump, gaskets, connections, etc., and repairs them *in 10 minutes.* "X" works automatically—without fuss or bother. And its constant use in the water *prevents future leaks.*

When you can get an absolutely Scientific product—recommended by automobile engineers and endorsed by nearly every radiator maker—why should you *weaken* your leaky radiator by soldering it? Or why take chances on choking the cooling system with cements, powders or other "dopes" in solid or liquid form?

Fact is—*you shouldn't!* Not when you realize that the same "X" Liquid you pour into the water to repair leaks—will *loosen* all Rust and Scale. And if "X" is kept in the water it will *prevent new Rust and Scale from forming!*

"X" Liquid keeps the water passages *clean,* improves *cooling* and helps the engine *perform better.*

Get "X" Liquid at your dealer's—or we will ship direct on receipt of price.

Large Size, $1.50 *will do a $25 repair job!*

Ford Size, 75c *will do a $15 repair job!*

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Be sure to get my special low factory price. Saving in fuel is now every woman's duty and my Rapid saves two-thirds fuel cost. Saves on food. Better living.

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Test my Rapid thoroughly. Money back if not satisfactory. Aluminum-lined throughout. Full set of aluminum utensils. Ask for free book of recipes.

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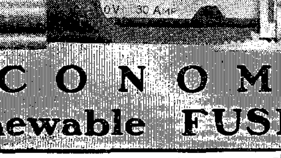

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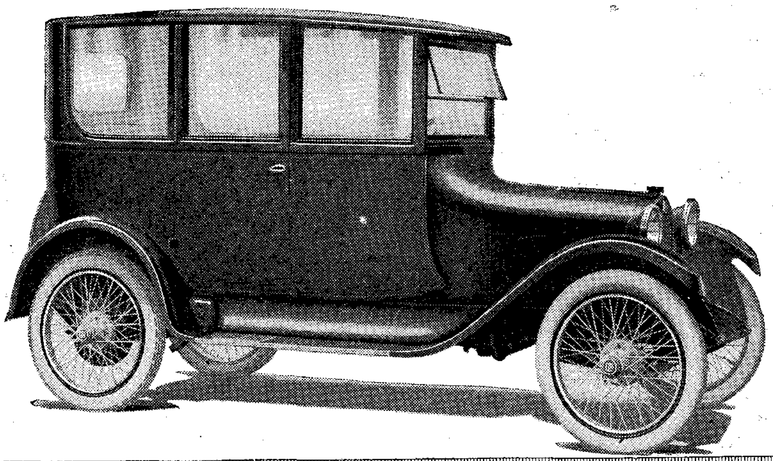

SOLDIERS, SAILORS, MARINES OF UNCLE SAM

LEARN TO SWIM

Every Army and Navy man should know how to swim, not only for the pleasure he will get out of it, but also for safety's sake. It is quite possible that his life may one day depend upon his ability to take care of himself in the water.

Swimming Scientifically Taught
By Professor FRANK E. DALTON and LOUIS C. DALTON

Shows the *right* and easiest way to learn and does it in a simple, readily understood fashion. The authors are experts in their business and their long years of experience have taught them how to impart their knowledge in the most telling way.

This book is an up-to-date practical manual explaining in simple detail all the different methods of swimming, diving, and floating. Every bit of the instructions is carefully illustrated with diagrams and photographs so that all the positions and movements shown can be accurately copied. There are explanations of water polo, rescuing drowning persons, resuscitating them, what to do if you have cramps, etc. Order the book to-day and double the pleasure of your hours off duty in camp or on leave in the hot weather.

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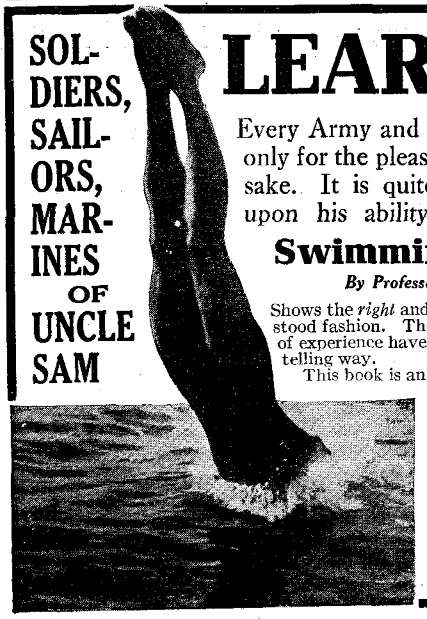

German attacks for the purpose of retaking positions south of the Aisne were repulsed as well as attacks between Fosse-en-Bas and Cutry ravine. The French lines were held intact.

Berlin reports that three assaults by the British against Merris broke down. In the middle battle-field the Allies penetrated into Vieux Berquin, but a counter-attack is said to have thrown them back beyond the village. North of Merville Allied attacks are reported to have broken down.

June 30.—London reports that the Allies achieve an advance of half a mile on a front of about two miles, taking 265 prisoners.

The French report states that a number of raids were executed west of Hangard and south of Autrêches. In local operations French troops capture the crest between Mosloy and Passy-en-Valois.

The British report a successful daylight raid east of Robecq, a few prisoners being taken. The enemy was repulsed east of Merris.

The German report states that there was artillery activity during the day and strong British thrusts south of the Ourcq.

July 1.—The French report tells of minor actions, improving the French positions between Passy-en-Valois and Vilny, in which 200 prisoners were taken.

The British report successful operations northwest of Albert in which prisoners were taken and nine machine guns. A hostile counter-attack was beaten off.

Berlin reports that British attacks north of Albert were repulsed.

A Berlin dispatch states that since the beginning of the German offensive on March 21, 191,454 Allied prisoners have been captured by the Germans according to an official statement from the War Office. Of these, it was said, 94,998 were British, 89,099 French, and the rest divided among the Belgian, Portuguese, and American forces along the Front.

AMERICA AT THE FRONT

June 26.—A dispatch from the Headquarters of the American Army in France states that the Americans extended their line northwest of Belleau Wood, capturing 264 prisoners, including seven officers and a large number of machine guns. The attack was preceded by a thirteen-hour bombardment by American artillery. The new positions give the Americans possession of virtually all of Belleau Wood dominating the ridge beyond.

June 27.—A London dispatch states that Premier Clemenceau visits the American unit that fought at Belleau Wood and expresses his warm appreciation of the gallant action of the Americans.

Secretary Baker announces that an order has gone from the War Department to General Pershing, directing him to dispatch a regiment to Italy which will be replaced in France by a contingent of troops from the United States.

General Pershing's *communiqué* received in Washington states that 240 prisoners, including five officers, were captured by the American troops operating in the Château Thierry region on June 25. Nineteen machine guns and a quantity of material were also taken.

June 29.—General Pershing reports the capture of 309 German prisoners. In the Château Thierry region the Americans have improved their positions south of Torcy.

June 30.—General Pershing reports to Washington pronounced activity by the Germans in the area before the American positions in the Château Thierry region. There has been marked raiding and patrolling at several points and increased activity by the enemy artillery is noted.

July 1.—Following is the American Army casualty list to date, according to the latest War-Department figures: Killed in action, 1,496; died of wounds, disease, and accidents, 2,246; wounded in action, 5,050; missing in action (including prisoners), 386; total, 9,178.

THE AUSTRIAN OFFENSIVE

June 26.—A Paris dispatch states that the fighting on the Italian front is dwindling to local operations, the only important action being at the southern end of the line where the Italians occupied the Capo Sile bridge-head, extending it, and holding it against Austrian counter-attacks. Nearly 400 prisoners were taken in the operation.

The Italian official report states that on the remainder of the Front there were artillery-duels and activity by small parties. The complete recapture of all Italian arms, artillery, and material is reported, while it is said that the enormous quantity of Austrian arms and material remaining in the hands of the Italians can only be established after long statistical work.

The official Austrian report states that strong thrusts were repulsed on the Zugna Ridge with heavy losses to the Italians. The "bitter struggle" of June 24 is said to have ended in complete failure for the Italians.

June 27.—The Italian official report states that Austrian prisoners and machine guns were captured in the mountains. During the operation to extend the bridge-head at Capo Sile on June 25, 520 prisoners were taken by the Italians.

Austria reports that an attack on Col del Rosso was repulsed with heavy Italian losses.

A dispatch from Italian Headquarters states that one Austrian report admits the loss of 20,000 by drowning in the Piave.

June 28.—Rome reports that on the Asiago Plateau the British penetrated the enemy trenches, inflicting losses and bringing back prisoners.

Vienna reports that the Italians in the Argo basin and the Adige valley are directing their fire far behind the Austrian lines. The Venetian Alps front is said to have been subjected to long and continuous artillery-fire.

June 29.—General March, Chief of Staff, announces that the first American troops have landed in Italy.

June 30.—Paris reports that simultaneously with the arrival of the American troops the Italians resume fighting in the mountain sector and make gains.

The official Italian report states that fighting began anew on the Asiago Plateau and that Monte di Valbella was wrested from the enemy, also a well-fortified observation on the slopes of the Sasso Rosso.

Austrian reports state that the positions on the Plateau of the Seven Communes was subjected to heavy artillery-fire followed by strong attacks against Col del Rosso and Monte di Valbella, where the Italians in desperate hand-to-hand assaults penetrated the Austrian first line.

July 1.—The official Italian report states that the Col del Rosso was carried and that the enemy in two heavy attacks against Monte di Valbella were mowed down by artillery-fire.

The Austrian report states that since the maintenance of Col del Rosso and Monte di Valbella could only have been effected at the cost of great sacrifice,

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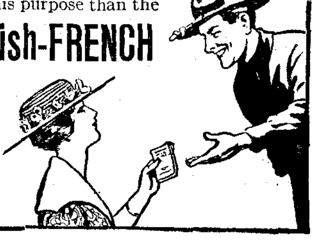

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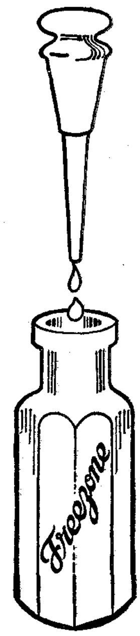

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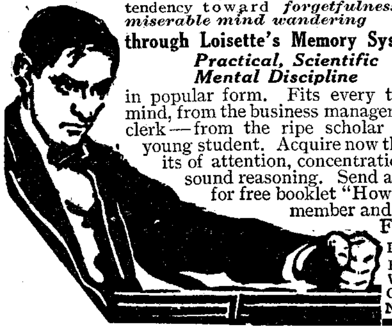

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the occupants of these points were withdrawn into their former positions in Stemple Wood.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

June 26.—A Paris dispatch states that German airplanes penetrate the aerial defenses of the city, dropping several bombs and causing material damage.

A French official report states that on June 25 twenty-two enemy machines were brought down or forced to land in a damaged condition. Three *Drachens* were burned. French bombing-planes dropt seventeen tons of explosives on aviation-grounds, bivouac cantonments, and munition-dumps in the battle-zone.

Berlin reports that five Allied airplanes were shot down out of a bombing-squadron that had flown to the Aisne on June 24. Twelve Allied planes and three captive balloons were reported to have been brought down on June 25.

June 27.—Paris reports that several squadrons of enemy airplanes penetrate the defenses of the city. Considerable material damage was done by bombs and there were a few victims.

The official British report states that on June 26–27, sixteen tons of bombs were dropt on various targets, including the chemical works at Ludwigshafen, factories and railway station at Saarbrück, and the airdrome at Bolchen. All the British machines returned safely.

Berlin reports that five Allied airplanes were shot down out of a bombing-echelon which had been raiding Karlsruhe and Offenburg.

June 28.—The British official communication on aerial activities states that on June 27 twenty German airplanes were destroyed and nine driven down out of control.

Berlin reports that on June 27 German aviators shot down 25 Allied airplanes and one captive balloon, and anti-aircraft guns shot down five airplanes.

A Paris dispatch states that the Germans have a new biplane known as the *Fokker-Desten*, one of which has been captured intact by the French. It is described as being of the same class as the French *Spad*, but of inferior speed.

June 29.—The British report on aerial activities states that since June 1 1,040 airplanes and 71 observation-balloons have been reported downed on all the battle-fronts and in the Allied raids on Germany. On the Western front 781 airplanes had been reported downed, of which 210 were reported by the Germans. The remaining 571, consisting entirely of German machines, fell to British, French, Belgian, and American airmen or gunners. British airmen destroyed 237 German airplanes and drove down 210 out of control. Allied airmen have disposed of 162 Austrian machines so far in June.

London reports that British aviators on June 28 bring down 17 German planes and send six down out of control. Naval aviators account for three machines. Three British machines are missing.

June 30.—A Paris dispatch states that on June 29 French chasing planes brought down 15 German machines and destroyed two captive balloons. On June 28 five tons of explosives were dropt on German troops who were preparing for a counter-attack at Cutry. Lieutenant Fonck brought down three German planes on June 25 and two on June 27, bringing his total of machines destroyed up to 49.

The British official statement of aerial activities states that nine German airplanes were destroyed and eight others disabled in aerial fighting on June 29. Bombing raids were made on Lille, Courtrai, Comines, and Estaires. Five British planes are missing. On June 30 an enemy aerial formation over Landau attacked a British bombing party. Three enemy machines were destroyed and two British planes are missing.

July 1.—A Paris dispatch states that five persons were killed and 14 injured at Mannheim, Germany, by bombs dropt by Allied aviators.

London reports that on Sunday British fliers shot down 22 German airplanes and drove ten others down out of control. Two German balloons were destroyed.

THE BRITISH FRONT

June 29.—London reports that the British casualties reported during the month of June totaled 141,147. The total casualties in May were 166,802.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

June 26.—Advices received in London from the Dutch frontier state that influenza is now epidemic all along the German front and is said to be hampering preparations for offensive operations. The disease is reported to be the new Spanish type that recently broke out in Berlin and other German cities. Special hospitals are being established in the rear areas to deal with the disease.

A dispatch from American Army Headquarters in France states that German prisoners say the German commanders have been telling the troops that the Germans have landed an army in America, captured New York, and are marching on Philadelphia.

June 27.—A London dispatch states that the German Emperor has sent Chancellor Count von Hertling a telegram, furiously denouncing the speech of Foreign Minister von Kühlmann.

Snow is reported to have fallen to the depth of from one to three inches in several parts of Germany according to an Amsterdam dispatch, and much damage has been done to fruit-trees by the frost. The cold wave is looked upon as an economic catastrophe.

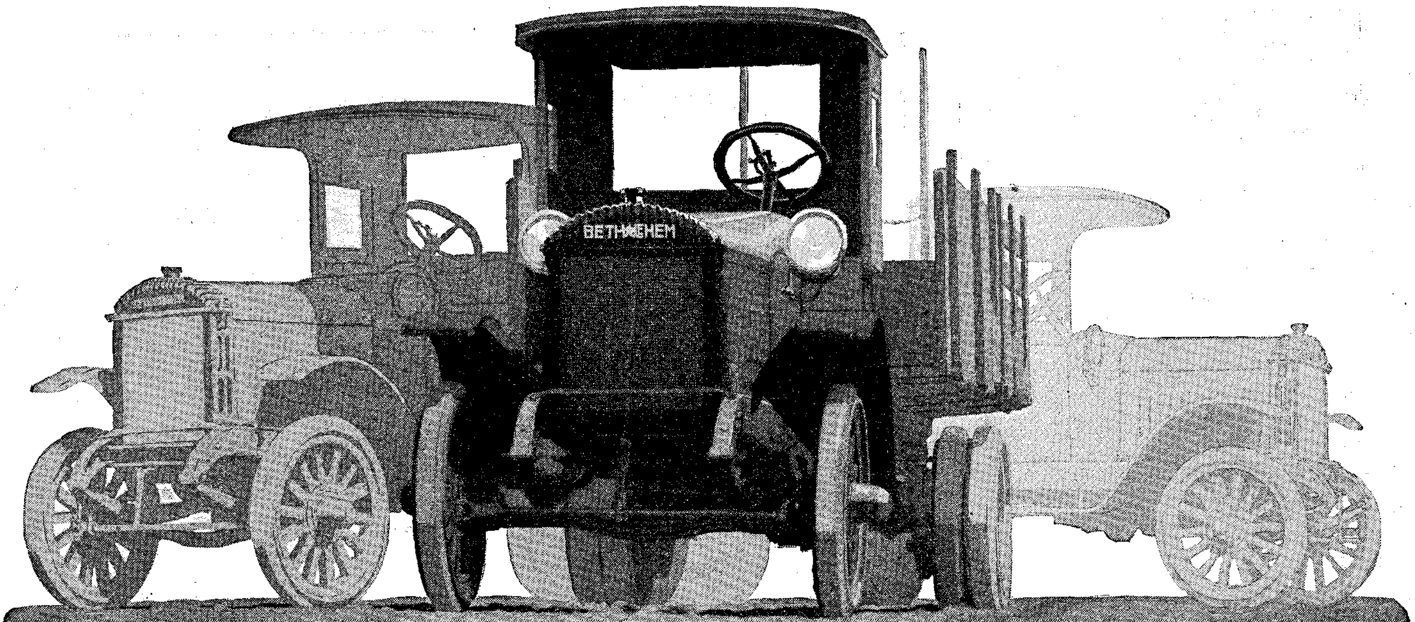
June 28.—Dispatches from The Hague state that the speech of Foreign Secretary von Kühlmann was drafted after consultation with the Kaiser, who approved it literally as did Chancellor Count von Hertling. Dr. von Kühlmann is said to have offered his resignation.

A Paris dispatch states that the industrial revolt in Austria has spread to the Army and that 2,000 soldiers involved in a mutiny in Hungary have been condemned to death.

THE SITUATION IN RUSSIA

June 27.—An Amsterdam dispatch states that the reports that Emperor Nicholas has been murdered in Ekaterinburg are increasingly persistent in Moscow. A report of the killing of the Czar is also received in Washington from Swedish sources. The first report, which came from Copenhagen, stated that he had been assassinated by the Red Guards. Another report stated that there was no foundation for the report as the Czar had been taken to Moscow for safe-keeping.

June 28.—London reports that dispatches reaching there from German sources indicate the initiation of a great revolutionary movement in Russia. There is apparently little doubt that the Bolshevik reign is near an end. Professor Miliukoff and General Gutchkoff have arrived at Harbin and placed themselves at the head of the counter-revolution, it is reported. General



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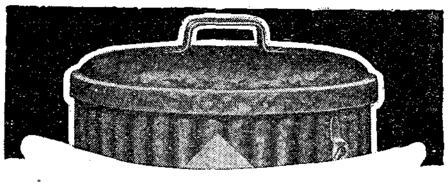

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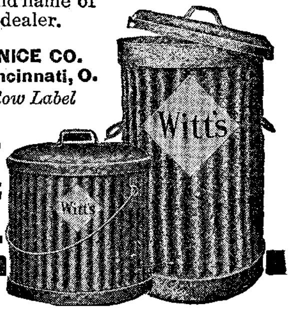

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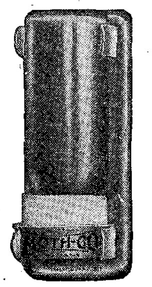

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Korniloff, former commander-in-chief of the Russian armies, and General Kaledines, commander of the Don Cossacks, are reported as participating in the movement in south Russia. Grand Duke Nicholas, according to one report, has been proclaimed Emperor, and Lenine and Trotzky are said to be in flight. London dispatches state that Mr. Litvinoff, representative in London of the Bolshevik Government, says that there is nothing in the official dispatches received by him from Russia to indicate the overthrow of the Lenine-Trotzky Government.

The Westminster Gazette, commenting on the appeal of Alexander Kerensky, former Russian Premier, for Entente Allied assistance in Russia, urges the Allies to move cautiously in anything like intervention.

A Berlin dispatch reaching London through Amsterdam states that a member of the *Soviet* Government announces that the reports that Emperor Nicholas had been brought before a revolutionary tribunal and that he has been assassinated are both incorrect. The former Czar is said to be in good health.

July 1.—A Washington dispatch states that American armed forces have landed on Russian soil and with British and French naval forces are protecting the port of Kola, in the Province of Archangel, from falling into German hands.

A Paris dispatch states that Leon Trotzky, is in Vienna traveling *incognito*.

NAVAL OPERATIONS

June 29.—London reports that on June 27 a short and undecisive engagement was fought between four British torpedo-boat destroyers and eight enemy boats. The British withdrew when the enemy was reenforced by three more destroyers. There were no casualties nor damage on either side.

July 1.—London reports that the Canadian hospital ship *Llandovery Castle*, returning to England with 258 persons aboard, was attacked by a German submarine 70 miles off the Irish coast and sunk. Only 24 of those on board were saved.

OPERATIONS IN AMERICA

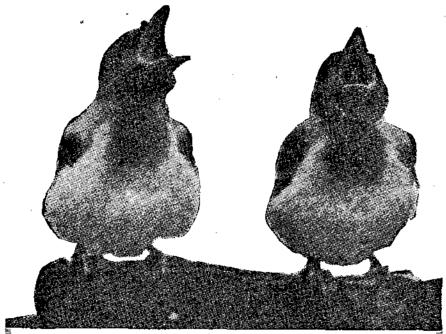
June 26.—After a three-hour conference between Secretary Baker, General March, and General Crowder, the Senate Committee on Military Affairs accedes to the plea of Secretary Baker for delay in changing the draft-age limit.

White and negro draft registrants to the number of 124,525 are called to the colors by Provost Marshal-General Crowder. Mobilization will take place during July, starting with the entrainment of 27,257 men on July 5.

Second Lieut. John T. Boyle is killed and Lieut. Allen B. Ebey seriously injured when the airplane in which they were making a practise flight fell to the ground near Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Ensign Anson Pratt, of Cambridge, Mass., and Lieutenant Malmar, of New York, are badly injured when attempting to make a landing at the naval air school at Miami, Fla.

June 28.—Lieut. Raymond Templeton, of Pendleton, Ore., and Private Edgar Sawyer, of Hartford, Conn., are killed at Mount Clemens, Mich., when their machine crashed 150 feet to the ground. John Zeller, stationed at the aviation-field at Pensacola, is drowned when his airplane falls into the Bay. Cadet John Arthur Byrnes, of the Royal Air Force, is killed at Camp Borden while making a solo flight. Aviator Noble, of York, Penn., is killed by the fall of his airplane during a flight at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill.



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June 29.—The Senate disposes of more than $20,000,000,000 of appropriation bills, passing the Army bill of more than $12,000,000,000.

June 30.—Eugene V. Debs is arrested in Cleveland as he is about to deliver an address at a Socialist convention. The indictment on which the arrest was made is said to contain ten specific counts under the Espionage Act for offenses which carry a penalty of twenty years.

Lieut. William de C. Ravenall, Jr., of Washington, and Corporal Ray L. Danning, of Cresco, Iowa, are killed near Fort Worth, Texas, when an airplane in which they are flying falls in flames.

FOREIGN

June 26.—Alexander Kerensky, former Russian Premier, unexpectedly appears at the London Labor party conference. He arrived in London quietly on June 20.

June 28.—According to Amsterdam dispatches a Ukrainian air postal-service has been established, its lines radiating from Kief with extensions into Crimea.

June 29.—London dispatches state Emperor Charles of Austria has refused to accept the resignation of Dr. von Seidler, the Premier, and has summoned the Parliament to meet on July 16.

June 30.—London reports that the Spanish influenza from which the German Army has been suffering has made its appearance in England.

DOMESTIC

June 27.—The Post-office Department at Washington announces that after July 15 the postage on airplane mail will be reduced from twenty-four to sixteen cents for the first ounce, and six cents for each additional ounce.

June 28.—President Wilson sends to the Senate the names of eight new Major-Generals and forty-three Brigadier-Generals to fill vacancies in the military service.

June 29.—Following its investigation into the operations of the beef-packing, coal, steel, copper, oil, and other industries, the Federal Trade Commission submits to the Senate its report, declaring the existence of "shameless" profiteering.

June 30.—S. J. Konenkamp, president of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union of America, has issued a call for a strike on the Western Union Telegraph Company to take effect on July 8. The right of the men to organize is to be tested and the reinstatement of men locked out is demanded.

Touched a Chord of Memory.—The burglar had entered the house as quietly as possible, but his shoes were not padded and they made some noise. He had just reached the door of the bedroom when he heard some one moving in the bed, as if about to get up, and he paused.

The sound of a woman's voice floated to his ears.

"If you don't take off your boots when you come into this house," it said, "there's going to be trouble, and a lot of it. Here it's been raining for three hours, and you dare to tramp over my carpets with your muddy boots on. Go down-stairs and take them off this minute."

He went down-stairs without a word, but he didn't take off his boots. Instead, he went straight out into the night again, and the pal, who was waiting for him, saw a tear glisten in his eye.

"I can't rob that house," he said; "it reminds me of home."—*The Argonaut.*

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If your gums are sore or tender—if they bleed when brushed—if they are soft or have begun to recede—then Pyorrhea is attacking the tissues surrounding the roots of your teeth.

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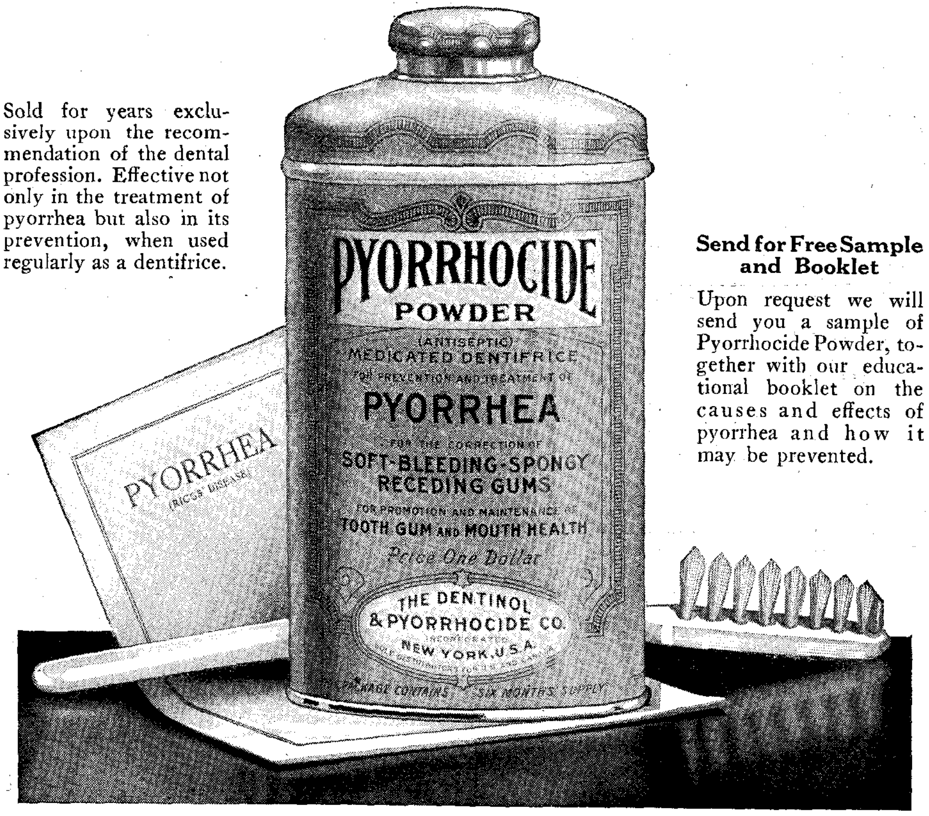

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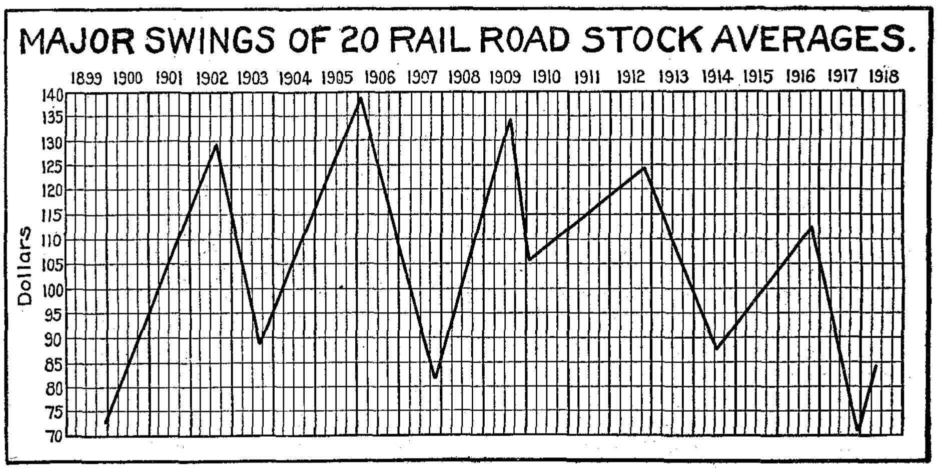
INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

A BETTER DAY FOR RAILROAD STOCKHOLDERS

FOR stockholders "at last the sun is breaking through the clouds," says J. G. Donley, Jr., in *The Magazine of Wall Street.* For years there has been "a continuous downpour of laws which have been 99 per cent. punitive and repressive and perhaps 1 per cent. helpful," he adds. But the storm is over now and the sun begins to shine. Indeed, "a new era has dawned for railroad stockholders." Mr. Donley prints a chart, given herewith, showing the course of the average price of twenty railroad stocks in the last seventeen years. It shows that the low point was reached in December 10, 1917, when it was more than 10 points below the bottom of the 1907 panic. When he was writing his article, this average price was slightly above 84, but even then it was only 2½ points above the low of 1907. Back in 1906 this average price was above 138 and in 1909 was up to 135. From those high points the low point of last December showed a decline of 67 and 64 points. "Can any one look back on the course of these railroad stocks and fail to realize that the present is the investor's opportunity?" he asks. Following are other points in Mr. Donley's article:

MAJOR SWINGS OF 20 RAIL ROAD STOCK AVERAGES.



"Who are the owners of railroad stocks? Every one who has a nickel in a savings-bank is indirectly a railroad bondholder, at least. And every one who carries a bit of insurance also has an equity in the country's railroad system, as savings-banks and insurance companies are important investors in railroad securities. It has been figured that there are approximately 50,000,000 persons in the United States indirectly or directly owners of our vast railway systems with their quarter of a million miles of tracks, doing a gross business of over $4,000,000,000 annually.

"The securities of the railroads are owned as follows: By more than 1,000,000 individuals, $10,000,000; by life-insurance companies, policies owned by 33,000,000 people, $1,550,000,000; by savings-banks with 10,000,000 depositors, $847,000,000; by fire, marine, casualty, and surety companies, $648,000,000; by benevolent associations, colleges, schools, and charitable institutions, $350,000,000; and by trust companies, State, and national banks, $865,000,000; the balance being held in channels not enumerated, mostly abroad.

"It has been estimated that fully two-thirds of the American securities owned abroad prior to August 1, 1914, have since been returned to this country. Railroad securities alone which have been liquidated here for foreign account since the beginning of the war have been estimated at a total of $1,700,000,000 to $2,000,000,000.

"It is interesting to see just how the railroads themselves have fared for the last five years. The following table gives the aggregates of gross and net after taxes for all the steam railroads in the United States:

Year	*Gross*	*Net, After Taxes*
1913	$3,241,177,000	$775,588,000
1914	2,989,140,000	687,621,000
1915	3,182,416,000	899,660,000
1916	3,753,660,000	1,136,450,000
1917	4,038,000,000	*960,000,000

*One month estimated.

"The gross for 1913 was the previous high record, but the net for 1915 went ahead of that of 1913 mainly because of the country-wide program of curtailment and rigid economy. In 1916 the roads reaped the benefits of heavy traffic due to war-prosperity, but, owing to the postponement of maintenance and extension work during the first year of the war, and rapidly rising costs of materials and labor, net results in 1917 fell back below the record of the previous year, altho the gross business crossed the four-billion mark.

"But this table seems to tell a deceptive story of growth, except for the setback of 1917. The truth is that the railroads have grown, and their earning power has grown —but they have grown on money borrowed at disadvantageous terms. They have had to borrow money at onerous rates because rate regulation has made their stocks unattractive to investors, so that for several years it has been practically impossible to float a new railroad-stock issue. Moreover, their bonds have not been well received. This undermining of credit has been progressive in its effect, because costly financing through short-term note issues has so increased fixt charges as to lessen the margin of safety, and further diminish the attractiveness of railroad bonds.

"During the first four months of unified operation, Government aid to the railroads has reached a total of $90,614,000. Most of this amount was advanced to assist the New York Central and the New Haven systems to lift short-term note issues falling due. Some $14,000,000 or so was paid to certain railroads on account of the sum estimated to be due for rentals for the quarter ending March 31, 1918.

"As part of this plan to make the railroads self-supporting, as they have a right to be, it has just recently been announced that estimates of officials of the Railroad Administration indicate that an increase of at least 25 per cent. in freight- and passenger-rates will be necessary this year to meet the higher costs of fuel, wages, equipment, and other operating expenses. [Since Mr. Donley wrote his article the increases have been allowed and have gone into effect.] The proposed increases are expected to yield about $900,000,000 additional revenue—$700,000,000 from freight

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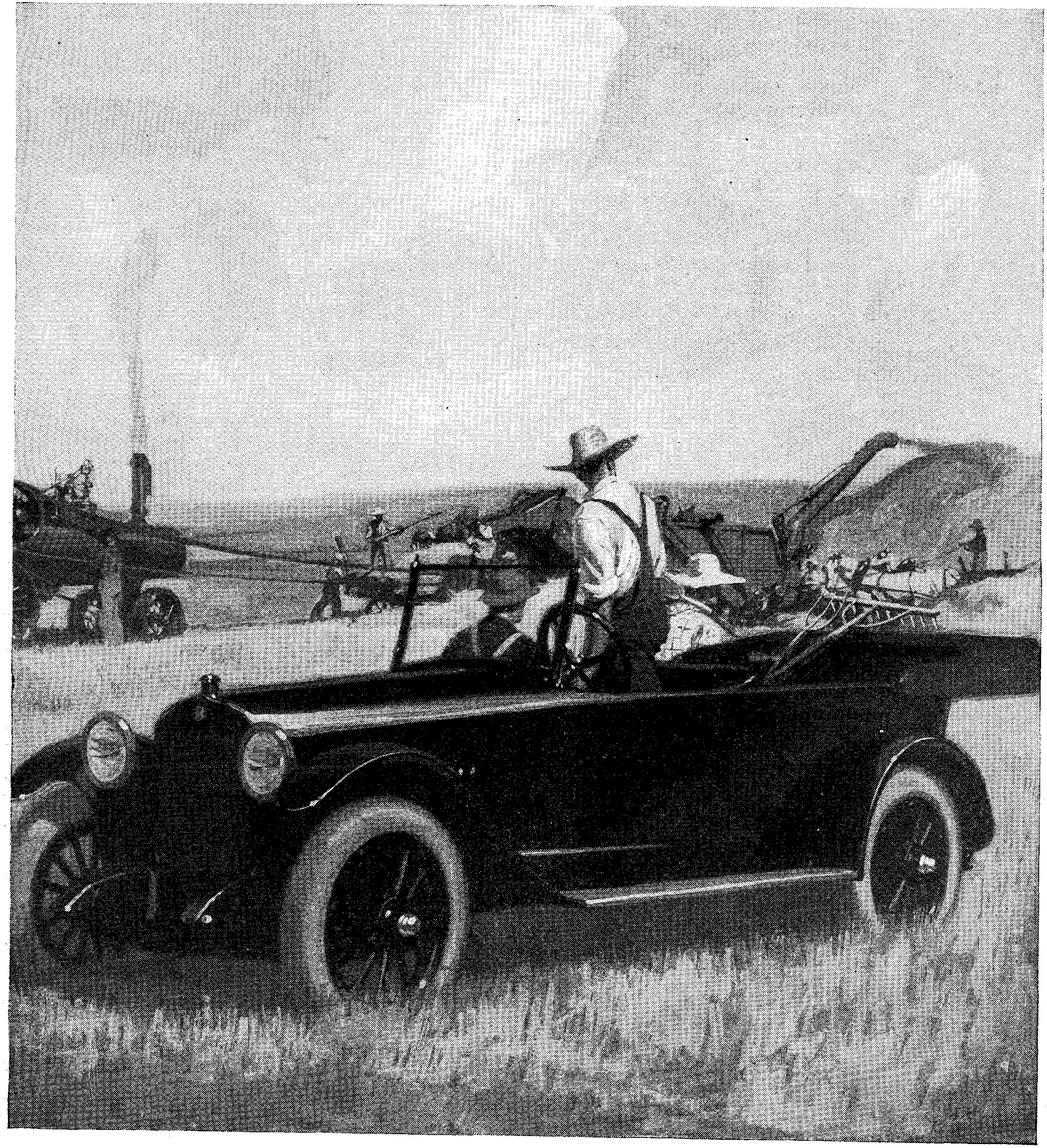

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and $200,000,000 from passenger service. Added expenses are figured at $300,000,000 to cover the recent wage-increase, $120,000,000 more for coal, and $200,000,000 more for cars, or a total of $620,000,000 as against the $900,000,000 prospective increase in revenue.

"It is generally conceded by railroad men that compensation to the roads based on the average of the three fiscal years ended June 30 is perfectly fair. These were good average years, and it is likely that the annual sum paid to all the roads may be only $100,000,000 less than the net results of the best year of the period. Application of the three-year average rule of compensation will hardly be fair, however, for the recently reorganized roads which are showing a rejuvenated earning power. But the Government has shown that it is playing fair with the railroads, and stockholders of the once bankrupt properties are taking heart in consequence. It is not at all unlikely that special contracts will be made with these roads which will allow the stockholders to benefit from present increased earning power, rather than suffer from the legacy of mismanagement.

"The Government will undertake to be a model tenant, for it is pledged to return the roads in as good order as when it took them. In England, shortage of men and materials has necessitated some little neglect on lines unessential to the carrying on of the war. But in each case a regular allowance for maintenance is made and paid into the treasury of the company when not expended. There will be no such deterioration here, however, as the Director General has ordered that work on extensions and improvements shall be put through without delay, the Government furnishing funds wherever necessary.

"As to Government ownership, it is to be remembered that President Lincoln took over the 2,600 miles of railroad in existence in Civil-War days, and appointed a military director and superintendent of railroads, under the Railroad and Telegraph Act of January 31, 1862. Government ownership after the war was talked of then as a practical certainty, but it hasn't come yet. It is unthinkable that the Government would attempt to buy the railroads for less than their capitalization, as it is now getting, or about to get, first-hand experience in the matter of raising railroad capital. Moreover, it is learning in a practical way what this capital is worth when put into terminals, road-bed, motive power, and equipment.

"Railroad stocks have for a long time been on the bargain-counter—come what come may. There are indications that investors of large caliber who began to liquidate their holdings of rail stocks in the fall of 1916 have recently been taking them back. They know that bull markets follow bear markets.

"The war has brought the railroad problem to every man's threshold. The public was made to realize last winter that there were reasons of long standing for the railway breakdown. From now on national regulation of the carriers will have to be in the public interest. The public and the large body of railroad stockholders are one and inseparable."

PERMANENT INDUSTRIAL WORK WE ARE DOING IN FRANCE

In France the American Expeditionary Forces have been creating an industrial movement "which is bound to continue when the war is over," says a letter from Paris to the New York *Journal of Commerce.* In transport work alone what is being done is "enormous." Much new construction has been necessary. In French seaports we have had to build necessary docks. In one port alone we now can handle from 6,000 to 10,000 tons a day. These works constitute a permanent improvement and will be subject to adjustment at the end of the war. It is suggested that these new docking and warehousing facilities might be used for the operation of free ports after the war "if the efforts of French chambers of commerce to obtain them should succeed." Upon such work may be built the new society of nations. Further points in this matter were explained to the writer as follows:

"Our project comprises nearly 1,000 miles of railroad construction, but not continuous. France already controls on her lines such facilities that she has been able to support her great military burden and not break. Their local development in the way of sidings and so forth is chiefly in the big towns, and small engines and cars are used. To meet our larger needs, it is necessary to establish terminals outside the towns for the change of engines and for our great storage warehouses. Our great railway construction in France, apart from a few cut-off lines, is in the way of storage yards. We have practically the use of two trunk-line tracks. The French run over them, too, for there is a tremendous civil population to be supported. The French are necessarily supreme, and we simply have the right to run over their railroads subject to their rules.

"The French have an arrangement with their railroads by which a piece of track that is put in for military purposes is paid for by the French Government. If the civil requirements of the railroad grow up to the use of that particular piece of track, then the Government is reimbursed by the railroad. We are in the same position toward these railroads as the French Government. At the end of the war the improvements which we make will be surveyed. If they are useful to the railroads our expenditures will be reimbursed. If not, we are at liberty to take up the stuff and clear the ground. Two days ago a semiofficial statement was made to the Paris press, reading:

"'Americans, in full agreement with the French authorities, are making every effort to carry out, by their own means, the debarkation of their troops in ports, their provisioning as well as their transportation over our railroads. Sidings, large stations, and establishments of every kind are being constructed by the most modern and expeditious processes. One of the warehouses has an area of about 4,000 acres, and it has a cold-storage plant capable of holding several thousand tons of meat. Aviation training-camps and repair-shops, considerable in size and with the most improved machinery, are being erected on every side.'

"I am informed that the cold-storage plant which has been built for our Army in France has a capacity sufficient for the needs of 1,000,000 men for ten days. This we can not take home with us, and I do not see why the alternative should be to clear the ground of it when our soldiers need it no longer. A large civil population will need it, and, if American exporters do not use it, the rapidly developing French colonies may. These are only particular instances of American work done in France, which may well remain in use after the war. If it can also speed the new society of nations so much the better."

WOOD-PULP FIBER AS A GERMAN SUBSTITUTE FOR COTTON AND JUTE

What is called "cellulon" is a substitute made in Germany for cotton and jute. Hemp and linen substitutes are said also to have been produced from it. Swiss spinners and weavers are reported to be keenly watching developments and are regarding them as of considerable importance. The substitute is described as an "extremely strong" article. Accounts agree in saying the process is a direct manufacture from wood-pulp. The method employed is on the general lines of those

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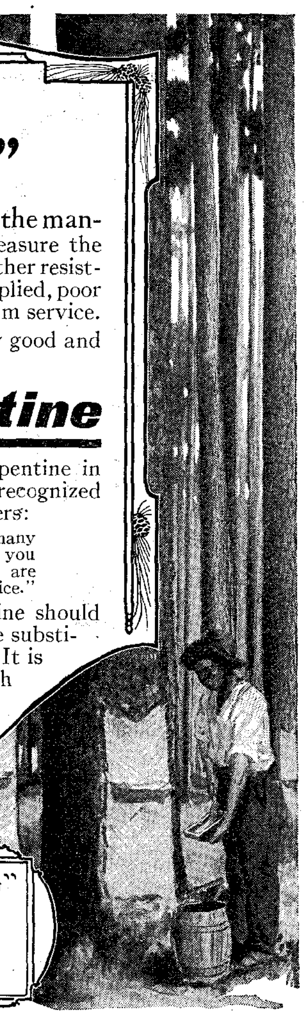

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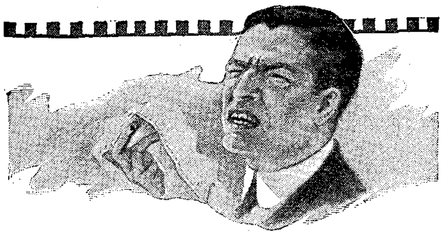

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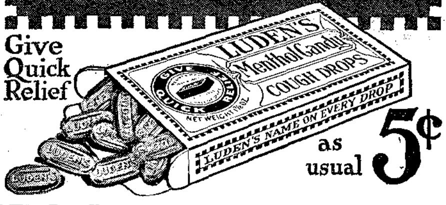

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used in making artificial silk—that is, by squeezing pulp under high pressure through small holes in plates. Artificial-silk works at Krefeld are said to be adaptable to making cellulon. A writer in the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* recently gave details of two processes: one, the invention of an engineer named Scherback, the other a revival of a discovery made twenty-five years ago by Gustav Turk. In the Turk process the cellulose pulp is conducted over drums, the surface of which is divided into parallels corresponding to the number of the yarn to be produced. The roving, which consists of a solid mass of cellulose, is taken from the drum by means of a special apparatus and then twisted (*i.e.*, finished or twined) on spinning-machines.

In the Scherback process cellulose is added to cotton-waste or wool in the ordinary mixed spinning process. The somewhat longer fibers of the cotton or wool bind together the shorter cellulose fibers, and thus a yarn is produced similar to cotton or woolen yarn. These processes materially differ from one another, but they agree in that their products are made from wood-pulp not previously converted into paper. However manufactured, cellulon is being exploited actively in Germany. The *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* says that many of the largest industrial concerns in the cellulose, paper, and textile industries have already taken out licenses for working the invention. Some large factories are already at work on it and others are being built or projected. Swedish exporters are offering to supply Swiss firms with wood-pulp for the manufacture of cellulon on German lines, but the German Government will not permit its transport through Germany. According to the *Correspondenz Textilindustrie*, the production of cellulon yarn will be reserved exclusively for the supply of the army for a considerable time to come, so that its appearance on the open market can not be expected for the present. According to this technical journal, cellulon has been recognized as "a thoroughly equivalent substitute for cotton, hemp, jute, and linen," and so has "acquired new and unexpected importance for German economic life as a textile raw material." The *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* has said that one of the processes employed in making it was used in the manufacture of yarn by South-German factories in the '90s, but afterward discontinued because it did not prove satisfactory. In any case, it is clear that a great deal of money is being spent in Germany over the development of cellulon, and that it is regarded seriously in Switzerland.

OUR GREAT FIELD FOR TRADE IN CHINA

What are believed to be the possibilities of a great after-war trade with China were recently discust in a statement issued by the Foreign Trade Department of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. It is believed in San Francisco that that city will become the commercial metropolis of the Pacific coast—the New York of the far West. Following are parts of the statement:

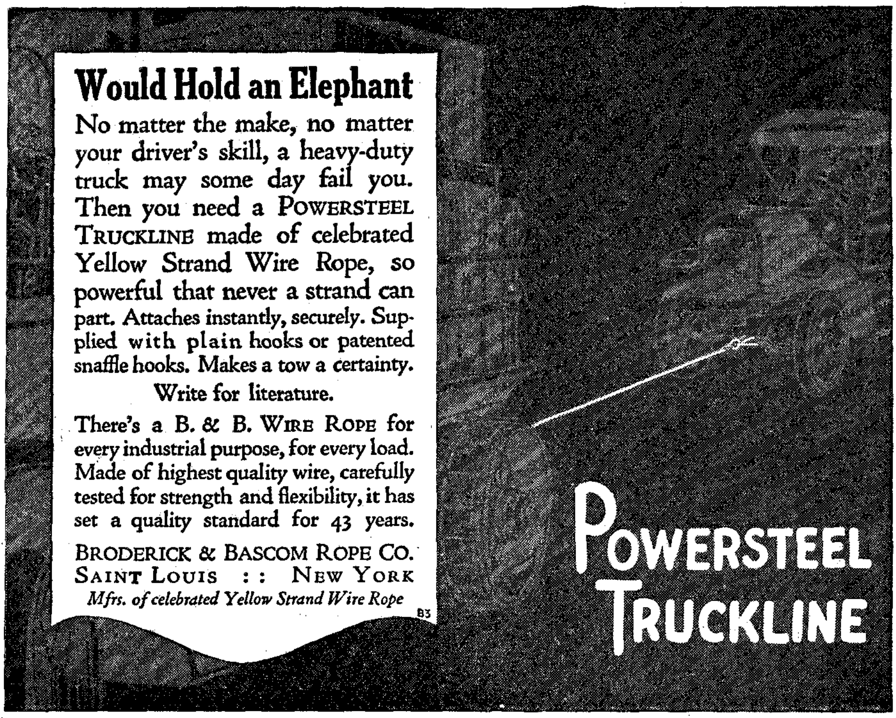
"Outside of European countries where manufacturing is the principal industry, the leading markets of the world for manufactured goods are South America, Asia, and Oceania. Prior to the war South America appeared to be mostly in favor, and the investments in and commerce to and from the Southern republics by Europe were very large. Oceania being principally dominated by Great Britain and the population being comparatively small did not play a very important part. Asia was to a very considerable extent divided up among the European nations and the United States with the exception of China, and political conditions there and the form of government were not conducive to very great trade expansion. Now, however, with China a republic, its inhabitants rapidly adopting Western methods and goods, conditions are most favorable for investment and commerce. To give a comprehensive view of the possibilities of the Far East as compared with South America, it will be necessary to make a brief comparison:

"The republics of South America consist of an area of 7,623,471 square miles with a population of 56,276,000, equal to an average of 7.38 per square mile. This population comprises about 3.4 per cent. of the total population of the world. The imports of South America in 1914 amounted to $671,072,000, or $11.92 per capita. The exports amounted to $881,712,000, or $15.67 per capita. This shows a trade balance in their favor of $210,640,000, or $3.75 per capita. Comparing with this the principal countries of the Far East, viz., China, Indo-China, India, Japan, Formosa, Chosen, Dutch East Indies, Siam, and the Philippines, we find the area is 7,686,188 square miles, almost the same as South America, but the population is 798,735,000, an average of 103.92 to the square mile. This population is 48 per cent. of the total world-population. The imports amounted to $1,608,424,000, or $2.01 per capita. The exports amounted to $1,760,612,000, or $2.20 per capita. This shows a trade balance in their favor of $152,188,000, or 19 cents per capita. If the per capita imports were increased to even one-half that of South America, or say $6 (and there is no question this will be the case in a very few years) it would represent an import value of nearly five billion dollars.

"During 1914 the United States exported to South America $116,329,000, or 17.3 per cent. of their total imports. The United States during the same period exported to Asiatic countries mentioned $123,276,000, or 7.7 per cent. of their total imports. The United States imports from South America were $221,770,000, or 25.2 of their total exports, and from Asia $227,855,000, or 12.9 per cent. of the total exports. It will be noticed the United States exports and imports to and from South America and Asia were practically the same, yet the percentages of the totals were much higher with South America than with Asia. In both cases our purchases were much greater than our sales, showing that while we had to have their products they could and did procure their requirements elsewhere. This situation will be materially strengthened after the war when the demand for raw materials is much greater, and goes to prove much greater efforts will be required to sell our goods.

"It is generally conceded that trade follows investment, and there is no greater field in the world for profitable investment than the Orient. In South America there are 49,230 miles of railroads, an average of 8.75 miles per 10,000 population. In Asia there are 54,927 miles, an average of but 0.69 mile per 10,000. In China particularly there are only 0.2 mile per 10,000 population, or 1.5 mile per 1,000 square miles. Persia is the only other country in the world with a lower percentage.

"To give an idea of the increasing purchasing power of the Chinese in 1908 the per capita expenditure of the Chinese was only 6 cents and of South America $7.80, whereas in 1915 China had increased to 75 cents, or 69 per cent., whereas South America had increased to $8.22, or 42 cents. As China is developed and opened up it can be imagined the enormous increase in imports that will result. After the war the United States will have huge sums of money to invest, whereas the European nations will, at least for some time, have ample use for their capital at home. South America is already fairly well developed, its people have been using European articles and luxuries for years, whereas China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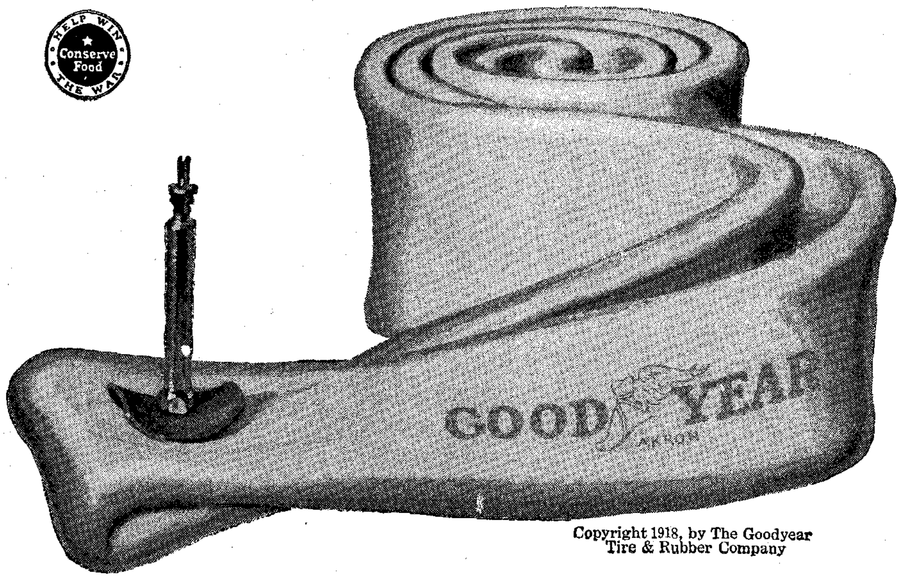

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and the Orient are just commencing to do so, and the development of its resources is in its infancy.

"While it is probable that after the war all the leading nations will take active steps to build up their foreign commerce, it would appear the United States will have many decided advantages. During the first three years of the war those European nations engaged in the conflict had to surrender a large part of their foreign trade, thus greatly decreasing their revenues, whereas their expenditures have increased enormously. This has had the effect of making them borrow heavily from other countries, the United States in particular. This country, on the other hand, made huge profits during the three years previous to our entering the war, and while our war-expenses are very large we have not only had to go outside and borrow but have been very heavy lenders.

"When peace comes, therefore, our European Allies will be under heavy financial obligations to us, and France, Belgium, etc., will require enormous sums for reconstruction purposes. In this country thousands of factories have been constructed for war-purposes, and after the war will have paid for themselves many times over, and will be in a position to manufacture articles of peace with comparatively small fixt charges; ample capital will be available for investment in foreign countries; there will be many American ships to transport American commerce, and these will be able to compete with those of foreign nations, as the commercial interests of the country will not much longer tolerate political discrimination. The business men have had the remedy in their own hands for years—the ballot—but have shamefully neglected to use it. Now, however, they are awakening.

"Prior to the war most of the imports from and exports to the Far East were handled at the Atlantic coast because they were destined to and originated at manufacturing centers east of the Missouri River, and this was the direct or natural route, because, while the distance via San Francisco and the transcontinental railroads was shorter, the rail-rates were so high that this route could not compete with the direct tho longer haul via the Canal. The United States had comparatively few deep-sea vessels, and the British and other European maritime countries supplied the tonnage and controlled the routes. The war has also resulted in building up many industries on the coast, and this will undoubtedly continue after peace is secured.

"It may be claimed that when peace returns this commerce will be diverted into its old channel and conditions revert to what they were before the war. This is highly improbable. The United States will have many ships of its own, and the demand for ship-tonnage will undoubtedly keep rates fairly high for many years. The British and other European nations will have ample employment for their vessels without allowing them to engage in commerce between the Orient and the United States. The reconstruction of Europe and the demand for raw materials will create a demand for tonnage between the various sections of the world and Europe and between the United States and Europe, and steamship-owners will not look with favor on routes which consume twenty to forty days longer than other routes where rates are the same. It is very probable that the old custom of charging the same rates between New York and the Orient and San Francisco and the Orient will be discontinued and that the San Francisco lines will demand a differential in their favor to offset the difference in distance."

Dad Was Game.—" Quick, John! Run for the doctor! Baby's swallowed a quarter!"

" Oh! be a sport and let him have it!"
—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"N. E. M.," Minneapolis, Minn.—"General Pershing has issued his first *communiqué*. How is it to be pronounced?"

Communiqué is pronounced *ko″mu″ni″ke′—o* as in *not*, *u* as in *due*, *i* as in *police*, *e* as in *prey*.

"L. M.," Bronson, Kans.—"(1) What is the proper pronunciation of the following?—*Envelop* (noun and verb); *pianist; khaki*. (2) Give in Latin: 'What is truth? The man who stands before you, is truth.' (3) What is the Espionage Act?"

(1) *Envelop*, the noun, is pronounced *en-vel′ap—e*'s as in *get*, *a* as in *final;* or *en′vi-lop—e* as in *get*, *i* as in *habit*, *o* as in *go*. *Envelop*, the verb, is pronounced *en-vel′ap—e's* as in *get*, *a* as in *final*. *Pianist* is pronounced *pi-an′ist—i* as in *habit*, *a* as in *fat*, *i* as in *hit;* or *pi′a-nist—i* as in *police*, *a* as in *final*, *i* as in *hit*. *Khaki* is pronounced *ka′ki—a* as in *art*, *i* as in *police*. (2) In Latin, the phrase is "Quid est veritas? Is qui coram te stat, veritas sum." (3) The *Espionage Act* is an act giving the Federal authorities power to arrest and punish all guilty of spying or sedition.

"L. F. P.," Raymondville, Texas.—"(1) Please tell me the origin of the word *Kaiser* and when it was first given as a title to the German Emperor. (2) When a sentence ends with an abbreviation, should there be a period in addition to the one at the end of the sentence, or is one sufficient? (3) How are the following pronounced?—*Bolsheviki, Ukraine, barrage, Guynemer, Petrograd, Entente, Vimy, Aisne, Bourgeoisie, Soviet, pacifist, Arras, and Amiens.*"

(1) The word *kaiser* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *cāsere*, from the Latin *Cæsar*, Cæsar. The grandfather of the present Kaiser was proclaimed Deutscher Kaiser on January 1, 1871, at Versailles, France. The name has simply been handed down from one ruler to another. (2) When an abbreviation ends a sentence, only one period is used to mark the omission of letters and the end of the sentence. (3) The pronunciations which you ask for are as follows: *Bolsheviki*, *bol″shi-vi′ki—o* as in *or*, *sh* as in ship, first *i* as in *hit*, second and third *i*'s as in *police; Ukraine*, *yu′kren—u* as in *rule*, *e* as in *prey; barrage*, *bar″raz′—a* as in *artistic*, *a* as in *art*, *z* as in *azure; Guynemer*, *gin′a-me—i* as in *police*, *a* as in *final*, *e* as in *prey; Petrograd*, *pe′tro-grad—e* as in *prey*, *o* as in *obey*, *a* as in *artistic; Entente*, *an″tant′—a* as in *artistic*, *n*'s as in French *bon*, *a* as in *art; Vimy*, *vim′i—i's* as in *police; Aisne*, *en—e* as in *prey; bourgeoisie*, *bur″zwa-zi′—u* as in *burn*, *z* as in *azure*, *a* as in *artistic*, *z* as in *zest*, *i* as in *police; Soviet*, *so′vi-et—o* as in *go*, *i* as in *police*, *e* as in *get; pacifist*, *pas′i-fist—a* as in *fat*, *i* as in *habit*, *i* as in *hit; Arras*, *a″ras′—a* as in *artistic*, *a* as in *art; Amiens*, *am′i-enz—a* as in *fat*, *i* as in *hit*, *e* as in *get*, *z* as in *zest;* or (French) *a″mi″an′—a* as in *artistic*, *i* as in *police*, *a* as in *art*, *n* as in French *bon*.

"D. R. H.," Columbia, S. C.—"What is the exact meaning of *Lese Majeste?* How is it pronounced, and from what language is it taken?"

Lèse-majesté is French, and means: "An offense against the sovereign power," and is pronounced *lez″ma″zes″te′—e* as in *prey*, *z* as in *zest*, *a* as in *art*, *z* as in *azure*, *e*'s as in *prey*.

"J. J. L.," Ulysses, Neb.—"What is the derivation of the word *camouflage?*"

Camouflage is a French word and is derived from the Italian *camuffare*, to disguise.

"E. H. F.," Rea, Pa.—"What is the meaning of *nikalgen?*"

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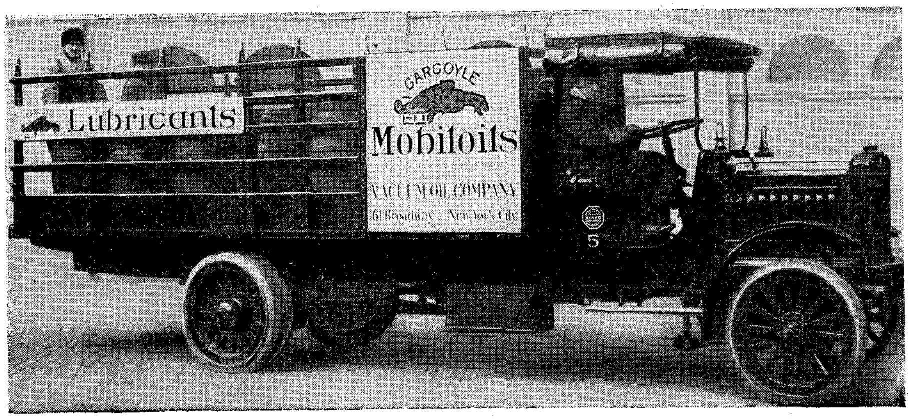
"N. E. M.," Minneapolis, Minn.—"How are the following pronounced?—*Messines, cantonment, mobilize, Bailleul, aviation, Neuve Eglise, nationality*, and *Joffre*."

Messines, *mes″sin′—e* as in *get*, *i* as in *police; cantonment*, *kan′ton-mant—a* as in *fat*, *o* as in *not*, *a* as in *final; mobilize*, *mo′bil-aiz—o* as in *go*, *i* as in *habit*, *ai* as in *aisle; Bailleul*, *bai″yul′—ai* as in *aisle*, *u* as in *burn;* not *ba″yul′—a* as in *art*,



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u as in *burn; aviation, e''vi-e'shun—e*'s as in *prey, i* as in *habit, sh* as in *ship, u* as in *but;* not *av''i-e'shun—a* as in *fat, i* as in *habit, e* as in *prey, sh* as in *ship, u* as in *but; Neuve Eglise, nuv e''gliz'—u* as in *burn; e* as in *prey, i* as in *police; nationality, nash''an-al'i-ti—a* as in *fat, a*'s as in *final, i*'s as in *habit, sh* as in *ship; Joffre, zofr—z* as in *azure, o* as in *go.*

"P. K. P.," Westfield, N. Y.—"Please tell me the proper pronunciation of *Sinn Fein.*"

Sinn Fein is pronounced *shin fen—sh* as in *ship, i* as in *hit, e* as in *prey.*

"J. W. M.," Gastonia, N. C.—"How is the word *allies* pronounced?"

Allies is pronounced *a-laiz'—a* as in *fat, ai* as in *aisle.*

"S. D. J.," Galva, Ill.—"(1) At a patriotic rally one speaker called *Marne Marn-ee,* and another pronounced it with one syllable. Which is right? (2) Some years ago, I heard Senator La Follette introduced on the Chautauqua platform as *La Fol'lette.* If I remember correctly, he said his name was *La Fol-lette',* with the accent on the third and last syllable. Which is it? (3) Last week Judge Landis, of Chicago, gave a speech near here and he said the *Sool'ton* of Turkey. We commonly say *Sul'tan.* Are we incorrect?"

(1) *Marne* is pronounced *marn—a* as in *art.* (2) Senator *La Follette's* name is pronounced *la fol'et—a* as in *final, o* as in *not, e* as in *get.* (3) *Sultan* is pronounced (Anglicized) *sul'tan—u* as in *but, a* as in *final;* or (Arabic) *sul-tan'—u* as in *full, a* as in *art.*

"W. S. H.," Etowah, Tenn.—"Please give the pronunciations and meanings of the words *Bolsheviki* and *Mensheviki.*"

Bolsheviki is the name of a party of Russian revolutionists and means "much more." The word is pronounced *bol''shi-vi'ki—o* as in *or, sh* as in *ship, i* as in *hit, i*'s as in *police. Mensheviki* is also Russian and means "less," "minority"; in other words, the party that wants less than the *Bolsheviki. Mensheviki* is pronounced *men''shi-vi'ki—e* as in *get, sh* as in *ship, i* as in *hit, i's* as in *police.*

"L. A. McC.," Whitcomb, Mont.—"(1) Please pronounce the following: *Meuse, Cologne, Louvain, Boulogne, Reims, Giotto, chaise-lounge.* (2) Kindly tell me if we should give the foreign pronunciation to the foreign proper names."

(1) The pronunciations of the names which you give are: *Meuse, muz—u* as in *burn; Cologne, ko-lon'—o* as in *obey, o* as in *go; Louvain, lu''van'—u* as in *rule, a* as in *fat, n* as in French *bon; Boulogne, bu-lon'—u* as in *full, o* as in *go;* or (French) *bu''lo'nya—u* as in *rule, o* as in *go, a* as in *final; Reims, rimz—i* as in *police;* or (French) *rans—a* as in *fat, n* as in French *bon; Giotto, jot'to—o* as in *not, o* as in *obey; chaise-longue, shez''launj'—sh* as in *ship, e* as in *prey, au* as *ou* in *out.* (2) The only reply the LEXICOGRAPHER can make to this question is that when you are in Rome do as the Romans do—follow the majority.

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